

The Australian

June 12, 1968

Women's Weekly

Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as a
newspaper.

PRICE

15c

New Zealand 15c
New Guinea 34c
Malaysia \$1.00

JORDAN'S TWIN
PRINCESSES

... page 2



What it's like
to marry an
older man
Pages 27-29

16-page lift-out
FURNITURE COLLECTING
for enthusiastic amateurs

WEAR YOUR TEAM'S
FOOTBALL SWEATER
—AS A DRESS
Pages 18, 19

**Indonesian
Cookery**
Pages 55-59

Overseas prices of The Australian Women's Weekly: New Guinea, 34c; New Zealand, 15c; Malaysia, \$1.00 (Malaysian currency).

Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney 2001.

Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne 3001.

Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 4007, G.P.O., Brisbane 4001.

Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide 5001.

Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 481G, G.P.O., Perth 6001.

Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

Printed by Compress Printing Ltd., of 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney, at 81-83 O'Riordan St., Alexandria, for the publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Ltd., of 168-174 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

JUNE 12, 1968

Vol. 36, No. 2

OUR COVER

● Princess Muna of Jordan with her twin daughters, Zein (which means "beautiful") and Aisha ("lively"), who were born in Amman on April 23. The Princess—formerly English typist Toni Gardiner—and King Hussein were married in 1961; they have two sons, Prince Abdullah (5) and Prince Feisal (4).

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IRISH TV PERSONALITY



Co-judge in our Bake-Off contest

● Mrs. Monica Sheridan, of Dublin (pictured at left), will arrive in Australia in September as one of the two judges in our giant 1968 Bake-Off recipe contest.

SHE is Irish. And that explains pretty well everything. When you meet Monica Sheridan, famous cook, outstanding journalist, winner of the Irish TV Personality of the Year award, authoress, traveller, hostess, you are captivated.

Because in spite of all these things (or because of them?) Monica Sheridan is a natural.

And over and above every other thing she does she has the charm to make you very much part of her sphere and win you over to her way of cooking, thinking, living.

It is a good way. Monica lives in Dublin, in a new modern house into which she and her husband, Niall Sheridan, have just moved. It overlooks Dublin Bay and is a halfway house for people from all over the world. Here, Niall and Monica Sheridan are the perfect host and hostess.

Wit sparkles around their dinner table.

"It's the good conversation that makes the meal, not the sauce," says Mrs. Sheridan, who has known and entertained every Irish writer from Yeats to Frank O'Connor, Kate O'Brien, and Brendan Behan.

You are under her spell from the moment you sit to the table, set with priceless Limerick lace table-mats, fine china, and gleaming Georgian silver. "I use all my treasures," she says. "Don't hoard things in cupboards, they are all meant to be enjoyed."

Monica Sheridan captivates and seems to put the spell of Ireland on all who know her. This accounts for

her popularity in America, where she appears on coast-to-coast television hookups, over radio, and in the glossy magazines. Her Irish humor seems to come through with all the dishes she cooks and introduces from the regions they are native to.

"Irish stew isn't the only dish we have in Ireland," she says, and produces a delicious assortment of traditional recipes, from Wicklow pancakes to pancakes flamed in Irish Mist to Irish coffee pudding and colcannon potatoes.

Australians will meet Monica Sheridan in September when she arrives by Qantas. Her audiences will be delighted with her spontaneous approach to cooking and the wealth of anecdotes she brings to every dish.

Monica Sheridan has always loved to cook. But it didn't occur to her to make it a career until she was asked to do a cookery column by a friend who was frequently a guest in her house.

A career starts

"I said to myself, 'Why not?' There's nothing to good cooking except commonsense, and I started the column."

That was to lead in a few years to a TV program, her own television kitchen, writing books, travelling as a famous cook to demonstrate all over Ireland and America, and a well-earned television award of Personality of the Year.

"Cooking, for me, goes back to the country kitchen of my great-grandmother. It was in a thatched cottage with a turf fire and a basable oven suspended from the chimney. It hung over red embers and its iron lid was smothered in glowing sods of turf. There was always a smell of Irish stew in the warm kitchen.

"I can remember every detail and loved it all. Then great-grandmother moved to a more modern house, bringing

By Anne Matheson,
of our
London office

ing a shovelful of embers from the old kitchen fire to kindle a fire in the modern house."

The original fire had not been quenched in 200 years and should it ever have gone out it would have been considered an omen of the greatest ill fortune.

Monica remembers even more vividly the old lady's daughter, her grandmother, who had what was considered a much more luxurious kitchen with water coming out of a tap, and a real oven.

When Monica's mother married she continued to churn her own butter, cure her own bacon, bake her own bread. She made hats with the feathers from the rooster's tail.

Monica, one of a family of 14, remembers her mother's kitchen.

"Flitches of bacon hung from hooks on the ceiling—and plum puddings, too."

"And always there was that wonderful smell of cooking—a ham simmering at the side of the range, with a wisp of hay at the bottom of the pot; a sultana cake in the oven; apple tarts, stuck with cloves, on the kitchen table; a whole salmon cooling in a fish kettle.

Monica says, "My childhood memories are always lit with sunshine and kitchen."

"I suppose that is why I think there is nowhere fit to eat a good meal except there."

So emphatic is Monica about this that she is planning alterations to her modern home to bring the kitchen and the living-room into one by knocking down walls, pushing others out.

"There is no other way to enjoy food and good conversation except sitting around a kitchen table," she said.

The new house has a small little dining-room, nicely furnished with the gleaming mahogany and Regency pieces she and Niall brought with them from their much larger house on the other side of Dublin.

"But you know," said Monica, "I'm lost away from my kitchen. Even though now I've only a small modern one I strive to make

something traditional out of it."

Monica Sheridan's husband not only enjoys good food but is one of the literary circle that Monica insists is the true garnish to a good meal.

Niall was formerly editor of the "Irish Digest," is well known as a writer of TV plays, and now works on the literary-features side of Irish television.

Definite ideas

At no time does Monica pull her punches. Definite in her ideas, she says cooking is not a load of recipes reading like doctors' prescriptions. She says, "There is a great deal of pretentious nonsense talked and written on the subject."

Although in Australia Mrs. Sheridan will offer some of the traditional cooking lore of Ireland, you will find that she can satisfy the curiosity of people interested in Continental food as well.

She has not only travelled in Europe extensively but has lived in France, where she worked in French kitchens and even served her apprenticeship as a goose-girl!

"I really went over to perfect my French, but it was French cooking I learned," she told me.

"After I had been in the Midi of France for a while I became fascinated with the geese.

"I thought I might start a little industry that would keep me in luxury in my old age," she explained. But why she didn't has never been told.

Monica, coming from a family of 14 children, says that as a child she never saw anything less than a



● Her bed, an ornate gilt and padded blue velvet one with a blue velvet bedspread and pillow.

MONICA SHERIDAN will be one of the two overseas judges at our 1968 Butter-White Wings Bake-Off at Myer's, Melbourne, October 1 to October 4. She will visit Sydney, Brisbane, and probably Adelaide and Hobart, and make appearances in several stores before arriving in Melbourne. She will also appear on television.

The other overseas judge is S. Edoardo Moglia, of Real Fini Hotel, Modena, Italy.

whole ham cooked at a time.

"It was always boiled in a huge elliptical pot and some of the ham water was kept back to add to a chicken soup or to boil spring greens in. When the ham was cooked, it was skinned, coated with fresh bread-crumbs and sugar, studded with cloves, and put in the range to roast."

Boiled chicken and hot ham is a traditional dish all over Ireland, and though it may not be *la grande cuisine* it is very good indeed.

The real thing

Monica sets out to prove to the world that Ireland stands for more than just Irish stew, and adds that, traditionally, the stew is made from kid. "Sheep were far too valuable to put in the pot for the poor man's family dinner, but young kids had no value." She thinks it is a pity that kid is rarely eaten now.

On the practical and stimulating side of cookery there are some small things Monica Sheridan cautions cooks to remember, such as sugar being as essential as salt to flavor tomatoes.

"And garlic is the perfect partner, either raw or cooked. If the tomato is the flamboyant husband, then garlic is the neglected wife. Never underestimate the power of a woman. The same thing is true of sweet basil."

The Irish have good reason to bless Monica for her cookery on TV, because she has brought back to their tables many recipes forgotten and many flavors that had gone out of fashion. Garlic is one of them. "When I was young, garlic was even given to the cows," she says.

See page 25 for entry coupon and details of the giant 1968 Butter-White Wings Bake-Off contest.



● Monica Sheridan in front of curtains she made from multi-colored scraps with black insets, giving a stained-glass effect.

● Monica and husband Niall Sheridan at home. Monica uses her best china and Irish linen every day. She doesn't believe in hoarding things.

● Regency bookcase has been in the Sheridan family more than 200 years.



HOW A DUCHESS TAMED A PLAYBOY

By ENNIS EISENBERG

AT a glittering banquet for 700, given in honor of King Faisal of Saudi Arabia in London's Guildhall last year, the royal guest happily finished his lamb chops and boiled rice, then turned to confide to a guest, "She is delightful. Such nobility. If one day I need a queen for my kingdom I shall send for her."

"She" was sitting at Faisal's other side—Katharine Lucy Mary, blue-eyed, blonde, 35-year-old Duchess of Kent—and she was in her charming understated way occupying something of a royal hot-seat.

There had been wide Press and political criticism of this red-carpet reception for the 62-year-old oil-rich, but autocratic, Arab ruler. And in just another month Arab-Israeli tensions would erupt in war.

In the circumstances, the Queen commissioned Kate, rather than the senior-ranking but less predictable Princess Margaret, to represent the royal family at Faisal's side and to do and say the right thing. Kate not only coped—she captivated.

Increasingly, this daughter of a wealthy landed Yorkshire family is being handed royal chores, from travelling with her husband to the 1966 independence celebrations of both British Guiana and Bar-

bados to the usual charity bazaars.

Even for the most minor event, time-consuming preparation is essential: a briefing on what must and must not be said to whom, checking timetables and organisation, arranging a faultless hairdo, make-up, and costume.

But the investment is apparently worth it. Kate is a hit with both the public and the palace courtiers.

Although she addresses her servants by their christian names, gives them her unused lipsticks, and buys three-dollar dresses at Marks and Spencer, the Duchess is no rebel fighting the world of royal privilege she entered on her marriage.

Her background is strictly upper crust, with inherited wealth and land.

Commonsense

She attended a finishing school at Oxford. Her father, Sir William Worsley, is lord lieutenant of the North Riding of Yorkshire, went to Eton and Oxford, and has all sorts of upper-class interests, including the presidency of the Yorkshire County Cricket Club.

Her brother Marcus is a Conservative Member of Parliament. Another brother, John, gentleman-farmer at Uxbridge, outside Toronto, but holds down a trust company job in the city.

Mixed with the upper crust is a streak of hard Yorkshire commonsense — and independence.

It was the commonsense, displayed in her natural dignity and modest good manners, that immediately won over Queen Elizabeth when Kate was introduced as the girl her cousin Edward planned to marry.

Just a few months ago Kate got into trouble by buying a blue Italian coupe (\$2145) for her personal use.

This huffed the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders and a spokesman said:

"We always hope and expect the royal family and the British embassies abroad to use British cars. It's farcical of them to use anything else."

Replied the Duchess' spokesman, "She chose it because she liked it and because it exactly suited her requirements."

Kate thus remains the first member of the royal family to buy a foreign car.

The independence surfaced early in her married life. When the Duke was posted to Hong Kong in 1962, his wife turned down an offer of a VIP first-class seat, to join 90 other Army wives on the crowded service flight to the Far East. With her baby son, the Earl of St. Andrews (now six years old), in her arms, the Duchess made the 34-hour flight and joined the other wives in helping to change nappies, warming feeding bottles, and sopping small talk.

Later Kate chose to follow her husband to his Army posting near Hanover, Germany, to a home just like the other officers' wives: a bare, cream-walled, semi-detached Army house located lament-

ably close to a cheese factory.

Not only did she do her own cooking but she scrubbed and polished floors, washed her baby son's nappies, and hung out the family wash to dry in the small overgrown back garden.

And she's had full scope to demonstrate both her independence and tact since December, 1965, when she and Edward took over the 36-room family mansion, "Coppins," at Iwer, Buckinghamshire, from Edward's mother, Princess Marina. Marina, who had lived there since 1934, moved into an apartment given her by the Queen in Kensington Palace — where Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon also live.

"Dilapidated"

From the outset, the new mistress of "Coppins" was determined to make changes — but tactfully.

On first sight she was frankly taken aback by the primitive conditions in the kitchen and in the servants' quarters. The stone-flagged floors, ancient stoves, and dilapidated gas heaters were out of another era.

The neglect wasn't so much due to Marina's unconcern but to the harsh fact that money has always been a problem with the Kents since the late Duke's death in a wartime air crash.

With no personal fortune of her own, Marina had to manage frugally to educate and clothe her daughter, Princess Alexandra, and sons, Michael and Edward. Frills were out.

Kate modernised the staff's quarters and installed television for them.

At the same time she and her husband decided to make do with fewer attendants.

No one was fired, but some who retired just weren't replaced.

When the head gardener resigned last year his assistant took over, without a replacement, reducing the total garden staff from its original five to one.

Under the Duchess' direction, flowerbeds were replaced by lawns—although, in the interest of food economy, Kate had the kitchen garden expanded.

Redecorating has gradually begun. The main six visitors' bedrooms, all with sheepskin rugs, have been

papered in blue for male guests, pink for women.

Four bathrooms, each with its wall electric fire, serve these rooms.

Six other bedrooms are reserved for family use.

The central-heating system still needs to be overhauled, though, for both Kate and her husband are obliged to take hot-water bottles to bed with them.

They share Marina's old bedroom, and do not even pretend to live up to the royal family's official image of husband and wife sleeping in separate rooms.

Edward uses his father's former bedroom as a dressing-room.

The couple do, however, have separate bathrooms, which reveal, characteristically, HIS bath salts specially and expensively blended for him by a London shop, and HERS from a chain drugstore.

Kate has known what to leave alone at "Coppins."

A large oil painting of Marina hangs over the Duke's writing-desk in the drawing-room, and his late father still looks down on the opposite wall above the grand piano.

A collection of not-very-popular bird paintings, also a favorite of the late Duke, hangs untouched in the main hall.

Kate is superstitious, and the expanding table in her dining-room is designed to seat only twelve guests. When an unexpected 13th once showed up at a shooting lunch he was served—but he had to eat standing in the pantry.

Her weekly dinner parties mix a variety of guests: One close friend is Countess Basia Pokleski-Koziele, wife of a Polish aristocrat, who may arrive driving herself in a clattering delivery van.

The Countess, currently down on her luck, earns \$40 a week delivering dresses for a Mayfair shop.

Edward and Kate have a good family relationship with his sister, Princess Alexandra, and her husband, Angus Ogilvy, and the couples dine together fairly frequently.

But there's a coolness toward their cousins the Snowdons.

Indeed, none of the Kents, neither Marina nor her children, Alexandra, Michael, and Eddie, are on good terms with the Snowdons.

They never visit each other and avoid engagements, private or public, if the other is attending.

The Press, which delights in comparing Margaret and Kate, usually to the former's detriment, has done nothing to help patch the rift.

The "Sunday Express" (in London) published the photographs of the two women side by side, and cattily commented:

"Oh, dear. Look at these two pictures. On the left, the Duchess of Kent representing Style, in an outfit that is plain, simple, elegant, a fashion writer's joy, a photographer's delight. On the right, Princess Margaret representing Glamor, all fur and sparkles and jewels and curves. The Duchess' style is clean, clear - cut, and unfussy."

Another columnist praising the Duchess and obliquely criticising Margaret said, "The Duchess had achieved the difficult art of how to dress up elegantly for grand events without ever looking overformed, fussy, or ten years too old."

Kate herself is modest about her fashion image.

When she was included by an American magazine on its best-dressed list, she exclaimed, genuinely astonished, "What! Me! There's some mistake!"

Her favorite color is pink, and she likes shopping in London's "swingingest" boutiques.

Unassuming

Her friends will admit that perhaps Kate overdoes the modesty bit, but she is genuinely unassuming.

She admires those with academic learning and deeper intellects than her own.

Two years ago, when she was installed as Chancellor of Leeds University, she won hearts when she said quite simply, "I am very conscious that I have no experience of university life to draw on."

While she may regret her lack of a degree, her commonsense, no-nonsense Yorkshire qualities seem to suit her husband ideally.

Their courtship was not entirely smooth sailing.

Kate was so nervous meeting her future mother-in-law for the first time that she walked through a wrong door; then, over cake and wine, she took a sip of wine, only to let the glass slip through her fingers and crash to the carpet.

Only Marina's laughter helped smooth her embarrassment.

Now, when the couple



"COPPINS," at Iwer, Buckinghamshire.

OR, how quiet Kate Worsley became a favorite royal stand-in, made the best-dressed list, enchanted the hard-boiled Press, and turned her swinging prince into a family man.

dine alone, as often as not Kate does the cooking—chicken, fish twice a week are typical of the plain fare they prefer.

When Edward comes home in the evening she opens the door for him herself, and doesn't mind people seeing her throw her arms around his neck and greet him with, "Hello, Porgy," her own irreverent nickname for him.

Edward has certainly changed since meeting Kate.

As a bachelor he had a reputation as a playboy interested only in cool music and fast sports-cars, with beautiful girls, tilled and not, throwing themselves at his feet.

Then, at a ball in Yorkshire, Eddie met Katharine Worsley and asked her out after she had danced with him.

The couple fell in love walking across the windswept moors near Kate's home.

She was overawed neither by his reputation nor by the fact that he was the Queen's cousin, and his friends were startled to see this quiet girl firmly take command.

One day when the Duke was involved in a conversation and Kate knew that they had another engagement, she broke in briskly, "Come on, Eddie. We will be late if we don't hurry." And off she strode.

There was no argument. The Duke of Kent, former lady-killer, meekly followed.

Even today the Duke's friends are amazed at the way he has been domesticated.

Newspapers invariably show him in typical proud-father roles, such as driving his son to school, or holding his four-year-old daughter, Lady Helen Windsor, in his arms while mama plays the piano.

True, Edward hasn't lost his fascination for fast cars and he still owns an expensive green one.

At weekends he can be seen grovelling under the hood with spanners and oil-can, but this doesn't fool anyone.

He is very much the family man, the beaming father who recently patted six-year-old George on the head after the youngster won a goldfish at the hoopla stall at a village fair.

Kate would be happy not being in the public eye at all.

When she has to accompany her husband on trips, she deeply misses her children.

In fact, Kate adores all children, and before her marriage worked for a short time as a kindergarten teacher in York.

Her at-home routine is straightforward. She is up every morning at 7.30 and goes through her mail over breakfast.

She takes immense trouble over her toilet and spends at least 20 minutes on her hair; but she doesn't wear make-up or earrings at home.

Every Tuesday and Thursday she drives herself the 18 miles in to London—about an hour's trip depending on traffic—always calling first on her mother-in-law, with whom she gets along very well.

And she can still forget that she's a member of the dignified royal house.

"A sandwich"

Last Christmas she rushed into Jules' Bar in Jermyn Street (London) at lunch-time, announcing casually, "I just want a sandwich," only to be rebuffed by the waiter, who hadn't recognised her: "Sorry, madam, no sandwiches. Only lunch."

Luckily, a barman who did recognise her rushed over to apologise and find her a table. "I will just have an omelet," continued Kate, quite unruffled at the ensuing hubbub.

Accompanying Kate on these expeditions is her personal maid, Lillian, whom she brought from Yorkshire.

Kate's loyalty to Yorkshire is fierce, and journeys to the north are not as frequent as she would like. Her links with her home, "Hovingham Hall," are highly important to her, and at least once a week she spends half an hour on the phone talking to her parents.

They are deeply attached. Two years ago, as Chancellor of Leeds University, she conferred an honorary degree on her father.

As he bent over to kiss her hand, Kate was so moved that she was close to tears.

Said her father, "She has always bestowed love and affection on me, why not a degree?"

It seems to sum it all up.

The one-time tomboy who outdid her brothers climbing trees, and who still beats her husband on the tennis court, is today a major figure on the royal scene.

But at heart she is still Kate Worsley. Loving, uncomplicated, content.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT. Since his marriage to Yorkshire's Kate Worsley, the former lady-killer has become a devoted family man. The Duchess' personality has also expanded, and she's now a major, well-liked figure in royal circles.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 12, 1968

● One man's tribute to five who teach people to be safer drivers...

"You saved my life, thank you"



● Mr. Neville Blundell learning how to control his car in a skid.

MY car went skidding through a large patch of mud. I was driving a Morris 850, so I held the wheel in a lock position, put my foot hard on the accelerator, and the car swung neatly back on the track, completely under control.

A few hours earlier I would have been badly frightened by the skid, had no idea how to handle it, and would probably have panicked myself into a serious accident.

But in those few hours a team of Sydney driving instructors had put me through a high-performance driving course to teach me advanced driving skills.

The techniques they showed me, combined with what they taught me to expect in performance from my own car, eliminated my fear of skidding and made me much better fitted to handle an unexpected situation on the road.

This "High Performance Driving School" is run by Bill Tuckey, editor-in-chief of a group of motoring magazines and an ex-racing driver, and Sib Petralia, also an experienced racing driver.

These two and three more instructors — Ray Griffith, Jerome White, and John Dean, all members of the Advanced Motorists' Chapter and very experienced drivers

— have been devoting weekends for more than 18 months to teaching people how to be better, and therefore safer, drivers.

"A phone call the other day summed up what we are trying to do," Bill Tuckey said. "An ex-pupil rang and said, 'I just wanted to tell you that you saved my life, thank you.'"

"Obviously, the man had been in a dangerous situation and what he had learned at our school had helped him. It proved to us that we are succeeding in what we are trying to teach."

More than 350 people have gone through the course. Many are young, but some have been driving for years and still appreciated the chance to improve their skills. At least 40 percent have been women, ranging from a 17-year-old to a grandmother.

Drives smoothly

"One woman who did the course rang and said, 'There are no corners on the road any more,'" said Bill.

"Before, she had difficulty in cornering. Now she drives so smoothly, corners mean nothing to her."

"Some of the women drivers are very good. They have certainly proved the idea that men are better drivers to be a fallacy."

"I think women are naturally inclined to be better drivers. They are more

By
BARBARA MARTYN

careful, possibly because they value the preservation of life more highly than men, and their attitude to driving is usually better than a man's.

"All the women have come with the attitude, 'I am not a good driver, but I want to learn to be a good one.' Some men come with the attitude, 'I am a good driver and I'm going to prove it.'"

"These are the ones who are usually in for a big surprise. The course can be very good for frightening the arrogance out of some drivers."

"In other words, we are attempting to teach not only advanced driving techniques but also advanced driving attitudes," Bill continued. "No driver should be arrogant about his driving skills. A good driver can go from point A to point B at whatever speed he likes and never impose on another driver."

The Advanced Motorists' Chapter suggested to Bill that he organise a "higher performance" driving course.

"The A.M.C. do a wonderful job examining drivers, and they have voluntary advisers who will help drivers, but they do not provide any full-scale instruction course," Bill said.

"About 18 months ago they asked me if I would

run a course for their members.

"The course got such a tremendous response I decided to start a school for advanced driving. I asked Sib, a friend for many years, to help me run the school. He is a professional entertainer, but also raced cars for about six years."

Bill and Sib have arranged instruction courses at four levels, held at Warwick Farm, an outer Sydney suburb.

The first is an elementary course for learner-drivers.

"We are keen to get school-leavers in on this course, and we would ultimately like to work with schools in arranging driving lessons for older pupils," Bill said.

The second level, run on Sundays (the one I attended), is a basic training course to improve driving skills and show the driver the special characteristics of his car and how to handle it in various situations.

First the instructors take each pupil over the course (including a mud track for skidding) to show the correct handling of the car, then the instructor accompanies the driver and advises him on his driving performance. Finally the driver goes over the course himself, observed and judged by the instructor, and a final report on performance is given.

Drivers who score more than 80 percent on this course (and not too many do the first time) are invited to

take their third-level course — a "special emergency course." This presents them with a variety of driving challenges and unexpected situations and teaches them how to handle them.

Bill and Sib are also arranging a fourth-level, open-road course.

"So far only about six drivers who have been through our courses are ready for this, so we haven't run it yet, but it will be a beauty," said Bill.

Family groups

The school is trying to encourage family groups to attend the classes.

"We have had about five father-and-son pairs and three married couples," Bill said. "One wife proved a better driver than her husband, so we were in trouble!"

Bill stressed that no driver was expected or asked to do more than he was capable of. Instructors take each driver at his own speed.

After finishing my course, from 9 a.m. to about 4.30 p.m., I asked the other 14 people who had done the course that day what they thought of it.

Mrs. Gwen Powers, of Hunter's Hill, a grandmother and a driver for 30 years, was delighted and had booked for a second class.

"I've never had an accident, but I still don't consider I am a good driver," Mrs. Powers said. "I wanted experienced drivers to teach me as I am going on an

overseas trip and I will be driving all over Europe."

"Years ago, I did the return trip from Australia to England, driving with my husband, and I wish I'd known then what I know now about driving."

Mrs. Ann Sykes, a housewife from Wahroonga, wanted to improve her driving for a long trip with her husband and three children.

"On an earlier trip, our car suddenly skidded when we were driving on a road with a lake on one side," she said. "Luckily my husband was driving and managed to stop the car going into the lake, but I know I would have done the wrong thing. Now I know the right thing to do."

Lucy Glen, of Castle Hill, is a young but very enthusiastic driver.

"I wanted to take the Advanced Motorists' test, but I've been driving only two years, and you have to have a minimum of three for that," she said.

"I've been looking for a course like this for a long time. I go in a lot of car rallies and I want to be a good driver."

Lucy passed the course with a very high score and has been invited to take the third-level course.

Television personality Phil Haldeman, doing the course for the second time, had brought his wife, Joan.

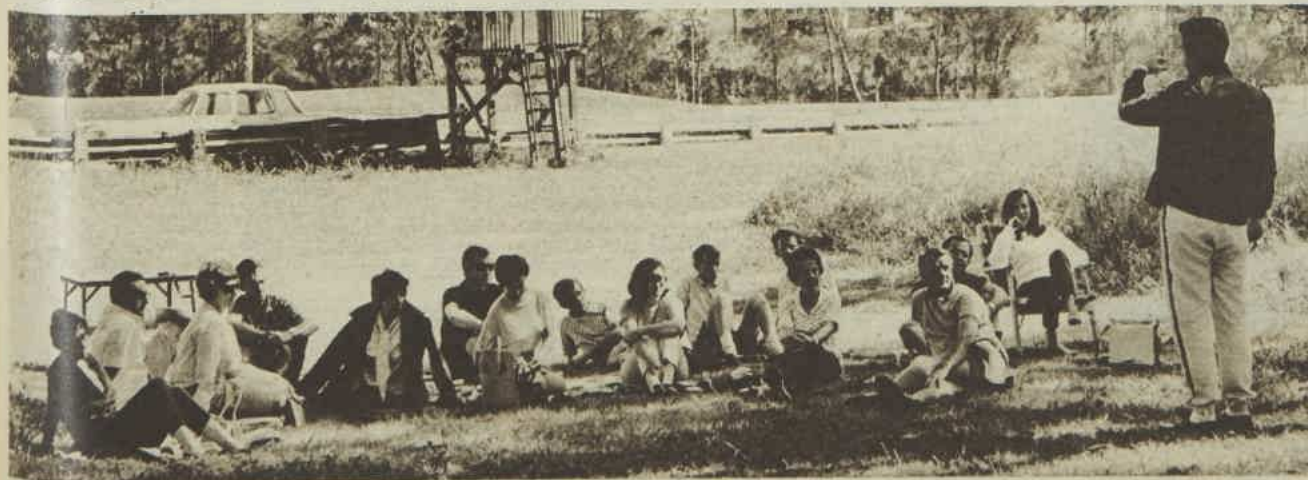
"I must admit I wouldn't have thought to do the course myself," Joan said, "but Phil was so enthusiastic about it. Having done it, I think it very worthwhile."

John Yates had been driving for five years and was also a keen rally contestant.

"My father taught me to drive and I have been interested in cars for many years," he said. "I want to learn as much as I can about driving — there is always room for improvement."

Bill gave me my performance report, and I found I had passed by one mark. I'll be back for more lessons!

● Bill Tuckey giving students a 90-minute lecture on driving theory at the beginning of the high-performance course.





The rescue of MRS. GEORGE

By
MARGARET ANN KANDAL

"MRS. GEORGE," as Dooley Manns called her, looks unexpectedly alert after her perilous ordeal at Blowering Dam. Rescued with a joey in her pouch, she was being released when this picture was taken.



DOOLEY AND ALLAN MANNS. Dooley holds their little terrier, Spike. Spike loves to go out in the boat, but he also "loves" the possums, so he is usually left at home.

Pictures by Ron Berg

"T" was just a little round ball of grey fluff huddled in the tree fork. Then an inquiring head emerged from the furry depths, its tiny pink nose quivering inquisitively at the intruders.

Lack of food had made her weak. The biting winds and near-sleet rain had made her even weaker. But she was still strong enough to fight desperately for the precarious safety of her tree.

She fought tenaciously to keep her grip on the wet bark, emitting little hissing screams of protest, but in her weak state she was no match for the man's strong, gentle hands.

Terrified, her pink claws still clung to anything that meant a moment's reprieve from her supposed captivity, but with a final jerk she was pulled tail first off the branch and lowered headlong into the hessian sack.

Another possum had been saved from its marooned tree home in the rising waters of Blowering Dam, 13 miles from Tumut, N.S.W.

Her rescuers were 64-year-old "Dooley" Manns and his 30-year-old son, Allan. They had been fighting a battle against time and weather for three weeks to save the hundreds of animals cut off from the dam's shore, and slowly dying of starvation, exposure, and drowning.

I spent a day out in their homemade boat, the *Kindred Star*, during a series of these rescue operations, and have never seen a more pathetic sight in my life.

The temperature was only 37 degrees when we set out. It was so cold that a snake found at the water's edge was rigid. The chilly valley winds made the rain sting as it fell on unprotected faces.

Dotted over the rising waters of the dam were floating debris, felled trees, and an occasional still-standing wattle.

A few possums that were lucky enough to be stranded with mates nestled together for comfort in the bad conditions. Small native rats huddled with other possums. There was no discrimination.

No food

And there was no food, either.

All outstanding trees had been cut down before the dam began filling, and the only living, remaining flora was wattle.

But wattle, like the floating willows and teatrees, was of no use to the possums. They live on eucalypts, though, strangely enough, small gnaw-marks could be seen on the willow bark, which they had turned to in desperation.

The method of capture was the same in each case. Dooley would manoeuvre the outboard motor-boat into the most accessible part of the brush, allowing Allan to get as near as possible for the pounce.

The safest and quickest way to land the possum in the boat was by grabbing its tail, so avoiding many of the bites and scratches that it instinctively gives in its fright.

There is no pain caused to the animal, because of the tail's great strength, which

enables the possum to hang from tree limbs.

Once in the boat, Peter Jeffery, who volunteered to go out with the Manns, held open a large hessian sack, and Allan lowered the possum in, using a broad, thick stick to help it slide down.

Some possums were not so fortunate as to be caught. Trying to flee the outstretched hands they climbed higher, far out of reach in the topmost branches, and had to be left for the next day's rescue attempt — although another day might be too late.

A possum can survive without food for about one week. Dooley estimated that the silver-greys in this area of the dam had been stranded at least five days, so time was running out.

When the main embankment wall of Blowering Dam was completed, the gates were closed to put in some final outlet works, and water storage began immediately.

Rain, which was so needed in the drought-stricken area, came suddenly. It coincided with the closing of the gates, and the dam was filling at the average of 3ft. every 24 hours.

Construction of the dam, which began in September 1966, will cost the N.S.W. Government \$42 million, and it will be operating fully through the outlet works by September.

It will have a capacity of 1,300,000 acre feet, and will store water diverted from the Eucumbene River under the Snowy Mountains Scheme, of which it is part.

When the water started banking up at the dam wall, only the possums in the immediate area were in danger.

But the water was continually rising all the way down the river, so that the possums which were safe this week would be marooned next week, when the deepening waters reached their area.

The distressing part is that nothing could be done beforehand to help the animals.

They live in tree-hollows and under logs, and come out at night in search of food, and it was not till the rising waters forced them into the open that any effort could be made to save them.

The possums were not the only ones suffering. Hundreds of rabbits, bandicoots, lizards, and smaller life had already died from starvation or drowning—though some had drifted to the dam's banks and scampered to safety up the hill.

Dooley and Allan first realised what was happening when they were up at the dam looking for rabbits.

They decided to collect as many of the possums as they could and take them high up the mountain, far from the waters.

Helpers

Someone saw what they were doing and word got round among the townspeople. Soon they had helpers.

The rescue operations raised widespread interest. Tumut Shire Council rostered a few men to assist the Manns, and Wally Fowler, a publican at Tumut, put up a sign in his hotel asking for volunteers.

Rescuers were out in full force when we arrived at the dam early in the morning. Tony Davies, a ranger from the National Parks and Wild-

• But for the men, the possums would have died.

Life Service, had come from The Rock with his wife, Kathy, to help in the capture. Mr. Vladimir Jerabek, State president of the RSPCA, was also there with an assistant, Norm Crawley.

Ronald Morse, well known as "Mr. Smith" in the "Hunter" TV series, who was having a week's holiday in Tumut, had seen the notice in the hotel and come along.

Two men from the Snowy Mountains Authority were there in charge of the Carmichael, a pontoon lent to carry some of the volunteers round the dam, and there was one other boat apart from the Kindred Star.

By lunchtime 20 possums had been caught and the racks were full.

Everyone was so cold we returned to shore. Though the rain was still coming down, Dooley managed to get a fire going higher up on the hill, but by this time we were wet right through, and warmth was impossible to attain.

Shivering

What those possums felt I don't know.

Some had been put into the RSPCA cages, waiting to be loaded into the Davies' truck. They had no protection from the rain at all, and Allan, showing surprising tenderness for one so toughened to these everyday rains, tried to cover a particularly drenched and shivering creature with one of the bags.

Another possum found Norm's fingers sticking through the mesh of the cage and started nibbling them. Dooley declared this possum wanted eucalyptus, as Allan was off immediately to find the choicest gum-leaves, which were quickly wilted down.

Finally, we started back to town. The possums were taken to an area, nine miles from Tumut, belonging to the State Park Trust.

Here they were released, and there was a mad scrambling to get to the trees and the gumleaves.

One poor little fellow, probably from a combination of weakness and slippery bark, kept slipping down until somebody gave him a helping hand up.

Back at the hotel everyone discussed the morning events round a large log-fire.

Boots and shoes were lying everywhere while toes thawed out, and rescuers tried to reckon the number of possums that had been saved since the beginning of the rescue operations.

Dooley thinks it would be well over 100, for he and Allan had saved nearly 60 themselves. But people had been going out in their own boats during the week, and the estimate was a rough one only.

"I knew this would happen to the poor little fellows,"

Dooley said. "But I really didn't give it a thought till I saw them actually stranded."

"I'm sorry now I didn't. I used to hunt possums for their pelts (and so did a lot of the others here), but now I couldn't hurt one if my life depended on it."

"I've realised now what this killing-off of our native animals is doing to Australia's wildlife. The animals have to be preserved."

Both Dooley and his son, Allan (the only one in a family of six girls), are carpenters and have lived in Tumut all their lives.

Allan has his father's love of animals — that was obvious out at the dam. He is very warmhearted, laughs a lot, and has a contagious giggle, often heard.

Like the time Graham Thompson, one of the volunteers, slipped on to the nose of the boat with a possum in his hands. Or the time Graham actually fell into the water (with no possum).

But we couldn't stand round that comforting fire all afternoon. There was still a lot of rescue work to be done.

My sneakers had shrunk, so I borrowed gumboots, slightly big (almost a size ten) for my size five foot, and off we went.

There were Dooley, Tony, and myself in the boat this time, and I was determined to try my hand at the tail-grabbing.

The winds had come up gustier, the rain sleetier, and the cold more intense. Add to that a thickening mist, and it's a pretty miserable boat-ride.

But the men had done a good morning's work—there were very few possums left in that particular area.

Two we did come across jumped out of Tony's way into the water, swam to another tree, and climbed far out of reach.

If only they had the sense to know we were trying to rescue them. If only . . .

We found a possum at last. It couldn't have been stranded for too long because Dooley said it was "a magnificent creature — a beautiful-looking thing."

It certainly kicked up a ruckus—more so than the others—but it was probably because, as we found out later, it had a joey in its pouch.

Releasing it later, Dooley affectionately named the little creature "Mrs. George."

By now it was quite dark and the Kindred Star began spluttering. And stopping. Spluttering and stopping. Dooley gave her a few kicks.

I think it was about this time that Tony gave me his well-meant advice.

"If you happen to fall in the water with those boots on go straight to the bottom and take them off down there. If they fill up with water first, you've had it."

On this cheerful note I looked round the shore.



A POSSUM, flushed from its home by the rising waters, has fled up a tree. Dooley steers the boat close so that Allan can grab the possum. Right, a wider view of Blowering Dam.

There wasn't a soul about, or even a light. Dooley coaxed the Kindred Star on.

"Come on, girl, you can do it." To me he said, "It's only a little water in the petrol."

Finally we were off again, though at a decidedly slower pace in the now choppy water.

I hadn't caught any possums, but I knew what conditions these brave men worked under.

A sanctuary?

Later, when we returned to town, I found out that the people of Tumut weren't fighting only for the lives of the native animals, but also for the right to make a sanctuary of the thousands of acres belonging to the State Park Trust, where the possums have been released.

Two years ago a number of the townspeople formed a group called the Fauna Protection Association.

Headed by the president, Clem Roddy, a shire councillor, and vice-president, Wally Fowler, they are trying to get this reserve handed over to the association, and then hope to encourage the breeding of the native fauna.

Tumut, like many other areas of Australia, once abounded with wildlife, but the kangaroos, wallabies

(both black and red), wallaroos, wombats, and, of course, possums (silver-grey and ringtails) are gradually dying out.

Most of these were—and many still are — classed as pests. But, according to Mr. Ian Cork, an association member, they are only pests when humans make them so.

"The natural fauna is running out so fast it's destroying the balance of the nature," he said.

"For example, when birds disappear the insects multiply, and this is very harmful to crops."

"Wallabies and rabbits will not eat long grass. They can't get at it. So when farmers cut the grass down it's an open invitation to the short-grass eaters."

One of the saddest aspects of the possum migration to the new area is the unavoidable break-up of families.

"Possums live in colonies,"

said Mr. Peter Foster, Wildlife Management Officer of the National Parks and Wildlife Service in Sydney.

"If a strange possum trespasses a colony he is out-cast. Many such possums will be left on their own."

"The possum population does not depend on the amount of food available but on the number of warm hollows. Any area can take only a certain number, and the home-sites are what they fight for. Many die through competition for these sites."

If the reserve becomes available, Dooley intends to supplement the number of ready-made hollows with makeshift homes of suitably placed wood planks. This way he hopes to find dwellings for all the possums, including the released ones.

But why did these problems occur at Blowering and at none of the other Snowy Mountains dam projects?

Have thousands of animals died and starved to death unnoticed, or were there just different circumstances?

No one seems to know. Dooley suggested that it could be that because Blowering was wider than many of the others, it presented a wider distance for the animals to swim.

Others feel it could be just that there was no one interested or alert enough to notice.

Now, two casualties have been employed by the National Parks and Wildlife Service to act as rangers out at the dam.

A third man, a permanent ranger transferred from his own area, will also be there to assist in patrolling the dam to save the possums.

And so the hard rescue work of the Tumut people, and especially Dooley and Allan Manns, has not been in vain.



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TO WED. Miss Sue Wills and Dr. Richard Barnett, who have announced their engagement, plan to marry in January. Miss Wills is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Wills, of Seaforth. Her fiancé is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Barnett.



JUST ENGAGED. Miss Sally Cooper, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Cooper, of Lindfield, and Mr. John Sturrock, son of Dr. and Mrs. Douglas Sturrock, who have announced their engagement, plan to marry in January at Shore Chapel.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By
Mollie Lyons

BELIEVE the Bill Adams' had a delightful stay at their property, "Lambrook," Mullaley, exchanging visits with their son-in-law and daughter, Archie and Caroline Kennedy, who are on a property nearby — "Merridgerri," at Collie.

WHAT to do with pets during holidaytime is always a problem, but Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hull Smith, who are touring up north by car for three and a half weeks, solved their problem. Close friends moved into their house and are looking after their six cats.

NEWS this week of two Sydney girls planning to wed in London. The first is popular North Shore girl Debby Auchinachie, who will wed Dr. Alistair Barron, of New Lambton Heights, Newcastle, on June 8 at the Church of Christ at Kensington. Debby, who is touring in Italy at present, went abroad with her parents, the George Auchinachie, as her 21st birthday present. Alistair has been working in England, and after their marriage they will go to Canada to make their home for three years.

THE second wedding is that of Wendy Muir, whose parents, the John Muirs, left on April 31 to make their way to England via Hong Kong and Athens. They'll arrive before July 13, which is the date on which Wendy will say "I do" to Englishman Peter Kirk Symonds at St. Mary's-in-the-Boltons, London. Wendy rang her mother the day before they left to give her final names for the invitation list. Her bridesmaids will be former Abbotsleigh schoolfriends Julie Dillon and Anne Woodham.

AND, from Canada, news of the marriage of Rita Lackey, of Maroubra, at Calgary to David Kelly, Professor of English at the Mount Royal College at Calgary. The newlyweds will come to Sydney for three months before going on to Europe.

ADMIRER the military-look chartreuse wool suit worn at lunch midweek by Mrs. Bill Taylor, jun. The suit complemented her lovely olive skin. Her exactly matching cloche had a self-tie.



REUNION with Melbourne friends for Adrienne and Lucio Lussu when they took their baby son, Matthew, to spend a few days in Toorak with the Brian Monahans before going off to Italy. Matthew's christening in Venice will be one of the highlights of a round-the-world trip for Adrienne's parents, the Peter Andrews, who leave from Melbourne in mid-June.

NEWS of an interesting engagement in the country... Margaret Archibald, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Archibald, of "Dunwell," Scone, to Barrie Webster, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Webster, of "Sarun Stud," Kingaroy, Queensland. They plan to wed late in August.

YES, it's another son for Elizabeth and Hunter Mansell, who now have four bouncing boys. Born on May 24 at the Mater-Misericordiae Hospital, the latest addition to the quartet, Ian Michael, is, according to his proud mother, "a typical Mansell guy with blond hair and those blue, blue eyes."

IT was a really unexpected reunion for former sweethearts Julie Westwood and Captain Danny Deayton when they met giving blood at Victoria Barracks. They lost contact about three years ago, when Danny was posted interstate, but will now be married on June 7 at The Wayside Chapel with a full military guard-of-honor.

CHATTING with Mrs. Neville Christie through the week, I heard talk of the coming snow season. The whole family arrived back a few weeks ago from two and a half months in America and Mexico, and, as they're such enthusiastic skiers, in their luggage was lots of exciting ski-wear. Believe Victoria's one-piece quilted-and-belted waterproof ski-suit in electric-blue is really dashing, and am looking forward to seeing Mrs. Christie in her new navy suit. They'll be up in the snow country in July and August.

SEARCHING the shops for her dream engagement ring, Margaret Pippin finally found one she adored — and it cost one dollar! So she took it to a jeweller and is having it copied exactly, using the lovely diamond which Phil Devereux has presented to her. Margaret and Phil will officially announce their engagement on June 6 (the anniversary of their first date, four years ago), and will marry at Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Church, Randwick, on September 14.

EARLY start for members of the Penrith Pre-School Kindergarten Association on June 15, which is the first day of their Antique and Treasured Ware Exhibition. They'll be at the Melrose Hall at Emu Plains at 7.30 a.m. to receive all sorts of exciting pieces, which will then be arranged in time for the opening at noon. The show will be open from noon until 6 p.m. on the 15th and 16th, and there will also be a display of Dutch folk-dancing on the first day and an International Doll Exhibition.

SCOTTISH WEDDING. Alistair Brodie of Brodie with his bride, former Sydney girl Miss Mary Louise Johnson, leaving St. John's Episcopal Church, in Forbes, Scotland. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. F. M. Johnson, of Mosman. The bridegroom is the son of the Brodie of Brodie, head of the Brodie Clan, and Mrs. Brodie. A reception was held at historic Brodie Castle in the Scottish Highlands.



AT LEFT: The Prime Minister of India, Mrs. Indira Gandhi, with the Deputy Premier, Mr. C. B. Cutler (at right), Lady Lloyd Jones, and her son, Mr. Charles Lloyd Jones, chatting together before going into the dining-room at the Australia Hotel for the State Dinner which was given in Mrs. Gandhi's honor.



AT RIGHT: Physician to Mrs. Gandhi, Dr. K. P. Mathur (at left), with Air Vice-Marshal K. S. Hennock and his daughter, Miss Jacqueline Hennock, at the pre-dinner gathering at the Australia Hotel which preceded the State Dinner.



AT LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. Kym Bonython (at left) with Mrs. John McCallum (actress Googie Withers) at the luncheon given at the Caprice Restaurant, Rose Bay, by the Minister for External Affairs, Mr. Paul Hasluck, and Mrs. Hasluck for Mrs. Gandhi. The Bonythons flew from Adelaide for the luncheon.

BELOW: Also among guests at the Caprice luncheon were Mr. Peter Hall, Miss Penny McDonnell, and Mr. Peter Scriven (left to right). The 70 guests invited to meet Mrs. Gandhi at the informal luncheon were chosen from a cross-section of the community. She arrived after inspecting the Opera House.

ABOVE: Young host Warwick Bowes offered committee president Mrs. Ormond O'Shea (centre) and Mrs. Jeffrey Tripp a pre-dinner drink at the Celebrity Luncheon and House Inspection which the Golden Years Committee held at the home of Warwick's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Bowes, at Abbotsford Point. Proceeds will aid the Old People's Welfare Committee of New South Wales.

AT RIGHT: Youthful foursome Mr. Tim Harrison, Miss Janette Gilligan, and Mr. and Mrs. Michael Robertson (left to right) at the gala preview of the 15th Sydney Film Festival, held at the Wintergarden Theatre, Rose Bay.



NEXT WEEK

● Our 16-page lift-out is a condensation of a handbook approved by the Medical Commission on Accident Prevention in England . . .

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● Garden expert Allan Seale offers some constructive advice on plants for those difficult, shady areas in the garden.

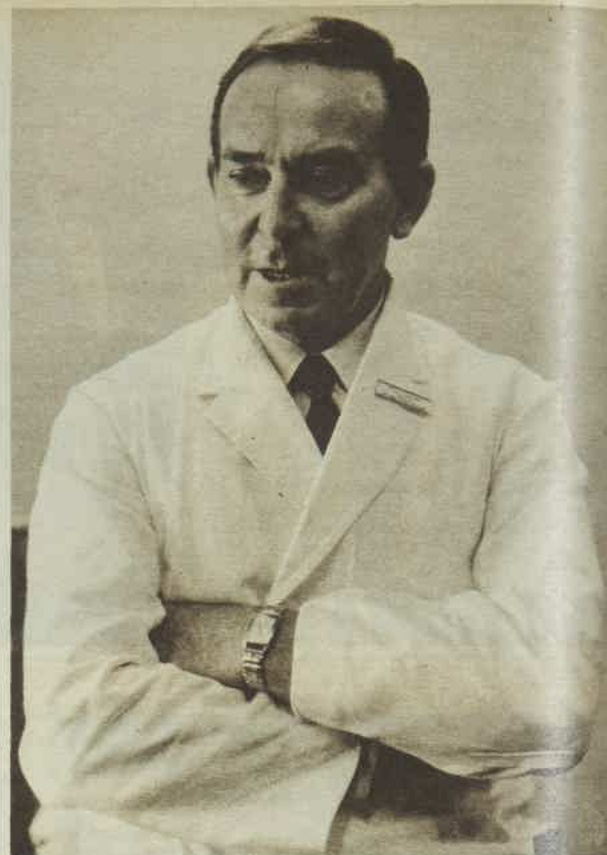
and . . .



OUR HOUSE OF THE WEEK IS SPACIOUS—AND CHILDPROOF

● Dr. George Burniston, head of the Department of Rehabilitation Medicine, Prince Henry Hospital.

● The third Australian Medical Congress, to be held in Sydney from August 12 to 16, will be attended by some 2500 doctors from all over the world. Papers will be read on a wide range of subjects, including "Transplantation of the Heart" by Professor Christian Barnard. There will be four plenary sessions and group and section meetings, involving papers followed by general discussion. The fourth plenary session will be devoted to the theme of "Back to Work," dealing with a handicapped patient's needs in returning to a normal working life.



THEIR WORK IS TO HELP HANDICAPPED

THE awful thing is how easily it could happen to you, or me, or your son, or my daughter.

It might be a car-accident or a water-skiing accident or a stroke. With Bill, whom I met at the Prince Henry Hospital, N.S.W., it happened when he called in one night on his way home from work for an innocent beer, and was hit by a drunk with a bottle.

Ever since, and that's 12 months now, this fine young father of two has been a quadriplegic, paralysed in all four limbs as the result of damage to the brain.

Young Trevor was, at Prince Henry, too. Trevor loves the water. One day he dived in, struck his head hard, and became a quadriplegic.

With Paul, a young sailor, it was an accident in the gym. With Martha, only 22, it was a kind of stroke. With Anne, a mother, the paralysis was due to hysteria.

With Mr. Parker, it was sheer *anno domini*. These days, people are living so much longer that it very often is Mr. Parker suffered vascular obstructions, which led to the amputation of a leg.

Like all the others, he was battling his disability with the aid of a wonderful professional team at Prince Henry's Department of Rehabilitation Medicine.

The department probably leads Australia in what has been called "the third phase of medicine" — the three being prevention, cure, rehabilitation.

The department's head, Dr. George Burniston, the only full-time director in the country, explained, "Rehabilitation of the ill or injured is moving right into

By
KAY KEAVNEY

the forefront of medical science.

"In fact, it will be one of the major subjects discussed at a plenary session of the Third Australian Medical Congress in Sydney, from August 12 to 16, when 2500 doctors, Australian and overseas, will meet in the largest medical assemblage ever seen in Australia."

At this plenary session, Dr. Burniston will be assistant to the chairman, Mr. Robert V. Cooke, senior surgeon, Bristol Royal Hospital, and president of the British Medical Association.

"The theme will be simply 'Back to Work,'" he said, "and two non-medical members will sit in with the medical experts. They are the Federal Minister for Social Services and a judge of the Workers' Compensation Commission."

"Rehabilitation," continued the doctor, "is looming ever larger in modern

society — for a number of reasons. One is the great increase in accidents, due to road traffic and the often dangerous techniques of modern industry.

"And medical techniques are saving lives. Up to 1943, 90 percent of spinal-injury patients died. Now 90 percent live. But so many have terrible disabilities. More than 100,000 people are drawing invalid pensions, some for years.

"Also society is aging. Because people live longer, there is an increase in chronic illness, such as affections of the joints. Old people, too, are subject to injury from falls and other accidents.

"Quite apart from the human suffering involved, it's uneconomic for the community to pension off people who could be rehabilitated, and get back to work either on the open market or in sheltered workshops.

"The last war taught us this. Until fairly recently, charity organisations tried to do this work. Now the Government has stepped in.

"The Commonwealth Rehabilitation Service was set up in 1952. It's concerned with converting tax consumers into taxpayers, so it only accepts those who can hope to get back to work.

"But this leaves many handicapped people who can at least be taught to live with some kind of inde-

pendence in their own homes."

The Prince Henry Department deals with all kinds of patients. It aims to begin its work from the moment the patient enters hospital.

"We even contact the patient's solicitor to get him in on the team," said Dr. Burniston. "Some of these accident cases take years to get to court."

On the medical staff of the big, shining, airy building are the full-time director, a part-time assistant director, a registrar, and a junior medical officer. Another full-time assistant director is soon to be appointed.

There are 19 physiotherapists, 13 occupational therapists, nine social workers, and two speech therapists. The department works closely with its brother-hospital, the Prince of Wales (which deals mainly with children with disabilities).

Dr. Burniston knows every patient, not as a problem but as a person, and co-ordinates the team's work.

"The team, as I've said, goes into action as early as possible," he said. "Disaster to the breadwinner is disaster to the family, so the social worker needs to understand the situation very early.

"The whole department co-operates to lessen the load of anxiety and advise the patient of his rights and the relief open to him.

"The occupational thera-

● Patient, below, having hydrotherapy under a physiotherapist's supervision. The department has 19 physiotherapists.

● By use of quadrupeds on either side, a woman patient, right, can leave her wheelchair and cook in the remedial kitchen.



piet is involved very early, especially in the case of spinal injury."

The team broadens still further when needed, calling in clinical psychologists, vocational counsellors, and, of course, the designers of mechanical aids.

"Where children are concerned," said Dr. Burniston, "we co-operate with the Department of Pediatrics. Wherever possible, we guide the children toward the best educational and vocational goals."

"We also counsel the parents — often the real handicap. There is no such thing as a disabled child, only a child who happens to have a handicap."

Dr. Burniston led the way round his big department. He had a smiling word for every patient.

Bill, the victim of the drunk wielding the bottle, was having hydrotherapy in a big swimming-pool. Bill can't walk or stand now. But he can move about under water, exercising his muscles.

The remedial gymnasium was big and busy. There were amputees, toughening up and learning how to cope with artificial limbs.

Two good-looking young men in wheelchairs played table tennis. One, a painter, had fallen out of a window. The other had been thrown from a water-ski and fractured his neck.

An old man, victim of rheumatoid arthritis, worked patiently at an elaborate mechanical contrivance.

A handsome young former

lifesaver lay on a table in the physiotherapy section. He had a good job, was being groomed for overseas. He was a clever young artist. Came a car accident, and there he lay, unable to speak, being trained slowly to move again.

A mother, victim of polio, who manages to look after her house and family, goodness knows how, had come in for more remedial exercises.

The physiotherapists can

simple, clever gadgets which help the handicapped toward independence in the home. Dr. Burniston showed us some of them in the section called A.D.L. — Activities of Daily Living.

They ranged from specially designed kitchens, lavatories, bathrooms, and bedrooms to simple suction gadgets which make it possible for a handicapped person to scrub his nails.

● Will you help to build a hostel and sheltered workshop for quadriplegics near the Prince Henry Hospital? Many quadriplegics are young men, mentally alert, who now have to live in homes for the aged and travel to hospital for treatment.

A hostel specially built for them would revolutionise their lives. A sheltered workshop would enable them to earn their own living, which all long to do. The need is urgent. Send donations to the Australian Quadriplegics Association, 1 Hughes St., Belmore, N.S.W. 2192.

handle only eight patients a day, such care do they take.

The occupational therapists are painstaking and imaginative, too. Their patients worked quietly and doggedly, exercising limbs and minds.

In the heavy workshop, an elderly engineer who had had a stroke labored at making a cupboard. Other patients planed and shaped and made stools, some of them strapped upright against a contrivance because they were unable to stand.

Sometimes the heavy workshop produces the

"Really," said Dr. Burniston, "it takes surprisingly little adjustment to turn a kitchen, say, into a remedial kitchen. It's largely a matter of adjusting height levels and organising utensils so they're all in easy access."

"As far as the cost of these things is concerned, we work very closely with various Government and private organisations. We find out what can be done, and try to see that it is done. Especially in the wage-earning age-group we co-operate closely

with the Commonwealth Rehabilitation Service."

Patients are painstakingly trained to do everything from pulling themselves up in bed to driving their own specially designed cars. Some of the team will visit the patient's home to note heights and layouts, and train the patient accordingly.

Engineering has produced some remarkable mechanisms, like the so-called "possum," whereby a quadriplegic patient can learn to type up to 30 words a minute by sucking and blowing.

There are special eating utensils, brushes, combs.

The department believes in group therapy. A group of amputees, for instance, working together, can encourage and help each other.

In-patients sleep in the wards, but spend all day in the rehabilitation section.

Dr. Burniston looks forward to the building of a big new section, in which in-patients will live under home conditions.

The department also is teaching young medical graduates and students the principles and techniques of rehabilitation, and looks forward to the day when no doctor will need to go overseas for this training.

"We want all doctors and all patients to think in terms of rehabilitation from the very onset of the illness or injury," said Dr. Burniston.

"If medical science is keeping people alive, it must help them toward the fullest life they can live."



● Victim of a sports accident, above, happily plays table tennis in the remedial gymnasium. Below, an older patient, a stroke case, plans a cupboard in the heavy workshop. Dr. Burniston knows every patient, not as a problem but as a person.





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THE ACTIVE CAR FOR THE YOUNG AT HEART



TCN9's espionage series gets a different look

NOW HUNTER CAN WIN FIGHTS WITH VILLAINS

• Tony Ward is delighted with new set-up

Television

TONY WARD, who plays the name role in "Hunter," this week gave the lie to rumors circulating in the TV world that his hero role in TCN9's espionage serial is to be taken over by Gerard Kennedy, formerly the crew-cropped villain Kragg.

Kragg recently defected from CUCW to COSMIC in the series of episodes that give fans a glimpse of a new "Hunter" — a serial that now looks as if it could soon match overseas series in entertainment value.

On the heels of Kragg's defection came his testing by COSMIC in an episode that saw the fictional death of the local boss of CUCW, Smith, played by veteran actor Ronald Morse.

With Kragg in COSMIC, and Smith dead, "Hunter" will have a very new look. I thought Ward may be gradually edged out of his hero role, or share star billing with Kennedy as a younger hero.

Rumor supported this and added that Ward was worried and disliked discussing this "touchy" situation.

All the rumors were wrong. "I am not worried about Kragg's defection to our side, I am delighted," Tony Ward told me.

"As for Gerard Kennedy, as Kragg, taking over the main hero role, I can tell you that doesn't happen.

"I don't see him stealing any of my thunder. We are quite different, I see no thing but advantages for myself as Hunter in Kragg's defection."

"I don't mind discussing or talking about these stories at all. Off-screen, Gerard Kennedy and I are quite good friends, and we enjoy working on 'Hunter.'"

"Getting back to Kragg, his defection to COSMIC is a good thing."

"The removal of a fixed villain from 'Hunter' is splendid. A permanent villain was never intended, and the situation had become quite untenable."

"Kragg and I were always getting into fights in which I always had to let him go so he could survive for the next episode."

"Hunter couldn't win. It was a problem."

"Now that Kragg has gone, there will be new villains all the time, and from time to time I will clean one up."

By
NAN MUSGROVE

Off-screen Hunter looks very capable of cleaning-up a villain. The camera is not kind to Ward. He is a much tougher, fitter-looking character in person than on the screen.

He stands 6ft. 2in. tall, weighs a shade under 13 stone, and has a 34in waist.

His dark brown hair is inclined to be very wavy and is cut short; he has blue eyes, nice ones, a clear complexion on which he wears a smidgin of suntan make-up for his "Hunter" role.

Summertime would find him without that necessity, I am sure, for he spends all the time he can in the sun.

I was amused at my first meeting with this allegedly "temperamental" star, who was in the throes of filming scenes for an episode on the 46th floor of Sydney's soaring Park Regis building.

Tony, through binoculars, was watching Kragg up to something way below near Sydney's Town Hall. The scaffolding was still up at the Park Regis and he climbed round it. There was a howling gale blowing.

Later he invited me inside out of the wind. "Inside" was something that looked as if it may eventually be communal laundries. Tony's dressing-room was a piece of plank that kept his gear out of the piled-up dry cement.

His gear was a walkie-talkie that worked most impressively down to the cameras at Town Hall, binoculars, a much-travelled plastic bag of pancake make-up, tissues, and a round shaving-type mirror he hooked on to a protruding wire.

Remains calm

It wasn't a bit Hollywood, didn't even match local stories about "star" caravans.

Later in the day, when I finally interviewed Tony over coffee, he showed even less temperament.

He had been filming since 7.30 a.m. on a most unpleasant winter day, his schedule had run nearly two hours late, we'd just settled with coffee and got under way with our talk when guests from a nearby birthday party surrounded us.

There were ten of them—ten ten-year-old girls, giggly with excitement at seeing a TV star in the flesh, and

capitalising on their good fortune by breathlessly asking for autographs.

I admired Ward. By the time it got to the tenth fan I'd have been sick of the whole thing, but he was just as nice to the last little girl, and happily dealt with the situation, when the top of the queue joined on to the end to get more autographs for brothers and sisters at home.

He told me he gets horrified at the blood-lust of his small girl fans who are always demanding that he kill someone.

I found talking to him interesting. During TV's 114 years in Australia I have seen him go from a kind of human prop and straight man with

the way we are we may do still another year after this.

"I have tried to base my role as Hunter on myself as much as I can. I believe these sorts of roles are personality roles that are a matter of embellishing your own self."

"What I badly need in 'Hunter,' I think, is a sophisticated, mature woman who will supply a constant challenging romantic interest and give me an opportunity to exhibit some charm."

"You can't be charming while you are being grim and ruthless. From time to time I would like to be less a dedicated officer of COSMIC and more a pleasing personality."

Ward is a pleasing per-

SWEET AND SOUR

• "Not in Front of the Children" (ABC-TV, Wednesdays, 8 p.m.) is 30 minutes of quiet fun—the family life of an English schoolteacher, Henry Corner, his wife, Jennifer, and their three children.

TV children are generally sugar-coated or revoltingly precocious, always beautiful or cute to look at. The Corner children aren't.

Their parents are nice, too, but not glossy productions. Jennifer (Wendy Craig) doesn't have her hair set and has a funny profile. Henry (Paul Dancman) is rather shaggy looking. Both act like the parents you meet.

Richard Waring, who wrote "Marriage Lines," is responsible for "Not in Front of the Children," and his new series is full of both the same sweet and sour facts of reality.

Del Cartwright, a news-reader, commentator, and interviewer with Bill Peach on the original "Telescope" to his present role as Hunter.

I asked him how he liked being the star of "Hunter."

"I like it," he said. "When I was asked to take the role, I found it combined many of the characteristics most men would like to have — dash, ing, clever, able to cope with any situation."

"I have very strong feelings, too, about Australia's defence, our standards, and the way we live."

"I am an Establishment man really, in the broadest sense, and I felt playing the role of a security man in Australia would be good."

"Hunter" also appealed to me as a piece of TV pioneering. I thought of continuing TV drama would be splendid for the industry and I'd like to be part of it."

"We are now into our second year, the series is showing in New York, Northern Ireland, and Scotland, and I think if we go

sonality. At 38, he has not yet married, but he has a deep romantic interest that he hopes will reach the happy-ever-after stage.

"I have waited for marriage," he said.

"I don't want a showbiz marriage that breaks up in a few years. I want stability and success in marriage, and I don't think you can achieve this if you are separated most of the time."

"Till now I have regarded marriage as impracticable for me for this reason, and until recent years I was not in a financial position to contemplate it."

"I want a marriage that sticks, and a family, too. I find an increasing interest in children, and I'll have a family even if it's an adopted one."

Today, Tony, with his two large feet firmly on the ground, feels some security in show business.

He has a thriving banana plantation at Boambee, near Coff's Harbor, on the north coast of New South Wales,



TONY WARD clings precariously to a stairway in Sydney's towering new city apartment building Park Regis, where a "Hunter" episode was filmed.

a contract in his pocket, and a backlog of hard work behind him.

"My banana plantation represents reality to me in the unreal world of show business," he said.

"I have had a great interest in growing things ever since I was a kid. I mean in horticulture, in growing flowers, shrubs, flowering trees."

"I love the beauty of nature, I find great satisfaction in growing things, in creating beauty in a garden, or at my place in Coff's Harbor."

Keen surfer

Ward is a sun-worshipper, a dedicated body surfer, has sailed Sydney Harbor since he was a boy, owns his own catamaran.

"I hate winter, hate the cold," he said. "I went for a holiday to Coff's in the winter of 1965. It was warmer than Sydney. It was a small, modern town, there were good surfing beaches, a good little harbor, there was a catamaran club. So I bought this plantation, about five miles out."

"It's got this lush, green hillside, gorgeous rich brown soil, a creek running through it, a big dam, and as well as bananas I have some cattle, mostly Herefords."

"I've always studied growing things, and at present I'm up to my eyes in pasture improvement. I've got a marvellous manager on my place, and wish I could spend more time there myself."

At present, shooting "Hunter" — 39 episodes in 48 weeks — is a full-time job, and he has ordinary living to get on with.

Ward is a mad-keen motorist, loves driving the Mustang in "Hunter." He is a member of the Rolls-Royce Club, has a 1950 Bentley that he drives all the time and keeps in trim himself.

Even his car has a showbiz background. It used to

belong to Sydney restaurateur Jim Bendrodt.

He has just installed air-conditioning in the car, and the Rolls-Royce people are so intrigued that he has done this with a 1950 Bentley that they want to see it.

"I get a lot of therapy out of doing things with my hands," he said. "I do all my own car repairs and bodywork. The air-conditioning installation was a very difficult job, there was a lot of work under the bonnet involved."

During his time on location in Sydney, Tony's relaxation was pruning the wisteria and roses in his Epping home where his mother, Mrs. Ellen Ward, and his grandmother, Mrs. Margaret Pugh, now 93, live.

I found Tony Ward a pleasant character, with some steel-lined principles and a great love of Australia.

"I am not ruthlessly ambitious," he said. "I don't want to kick people in the teeth, I'm not good at political manoeuvring. I always expect the job I do to speak for me."

It does speak for him—and speaks well.

Tommy Hanlon's

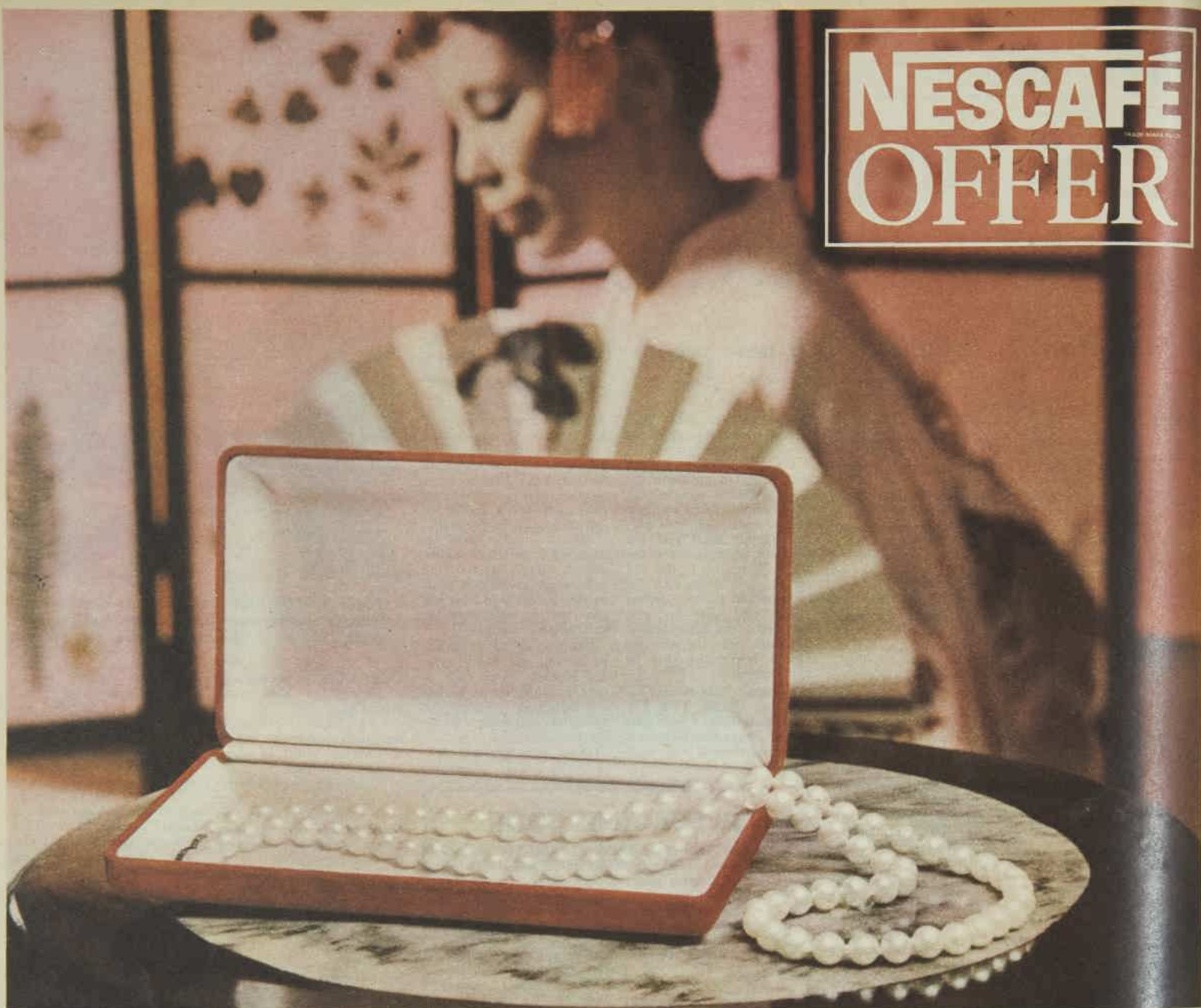
Thought for the week

Momma once said when my daughter was going out on her first date and I guess I showed my thoughts — the ones all fathers with daughters think . . . "Well, he looks a nice enough lad, and she'll be married soon and leave our house. And where did the years go? Will she be happy? Won't the house be quiet. If she'd just stay another couple of years I'd never again complain of her transistor blaring."

MOMMA'S MORAL:
There's no bigger worrier than a doting father with a doting daughter.

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

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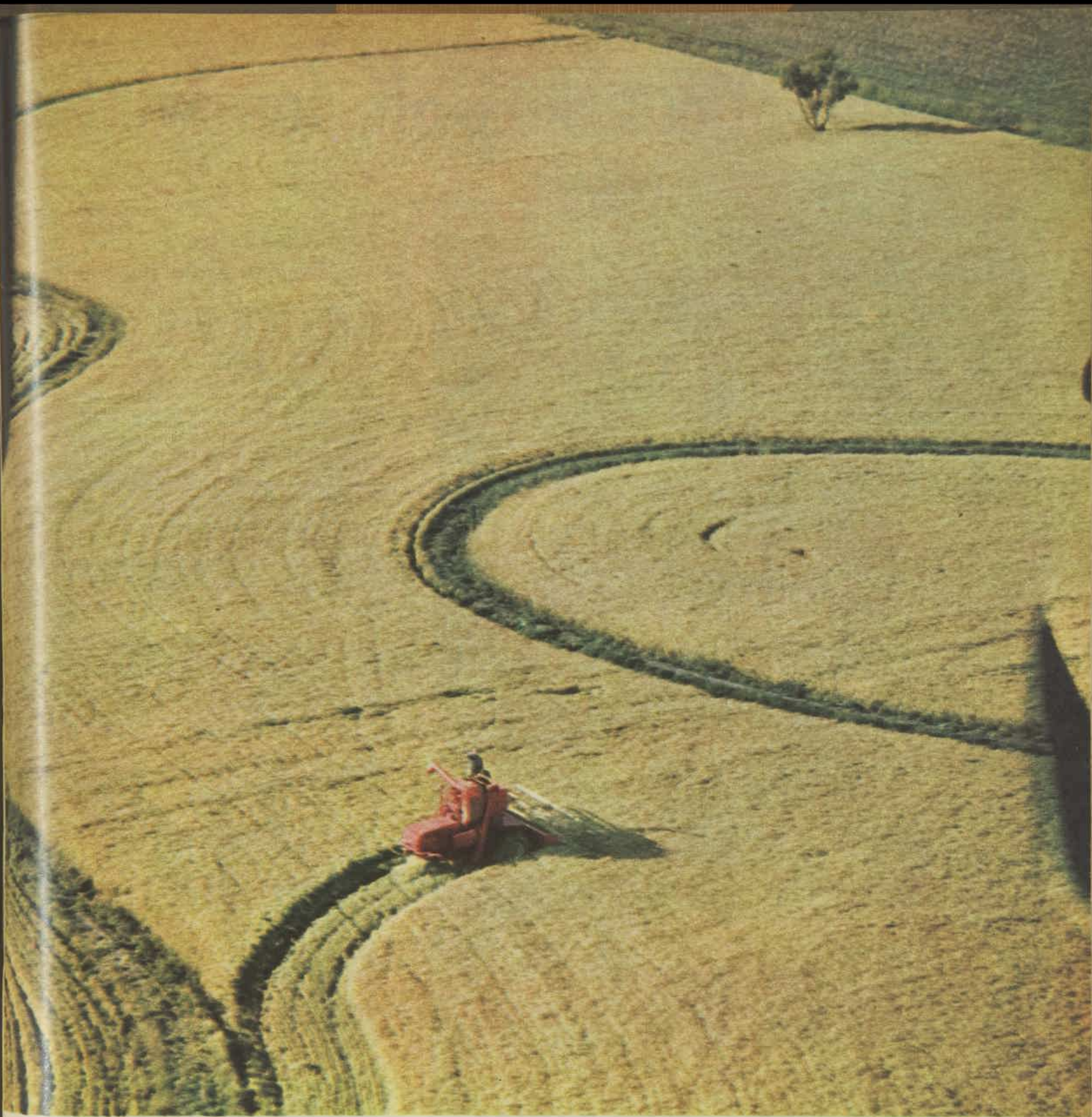
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HARVESTING THE RICE

Beautiful Australia

IT is rice harvest time in the Murrumbidgee Irrigation Area, and the machine is working inside the contoured banks which held the water in which the crop was planted on Mr. Jim Tiffin's property near Lecton, N.S.W. Harvesting lasts till near the end of June. Many Australians are not aware that their country is a big producer of high-quality long- and short-grain rice, and now exports more than 100,000 tons a year, worth \$15 million, to such places as Hong Kong, Okinawa, Guam, the Pacific Islands, Papua-New Guinea, and Britain. Australia holds the world record yield of almost five tons an acre. The field being harvested in this aerial picture is expected to yield more than four tons an acre, and will help feed Australia's Asian neighbors.

Scrum-ptious kick-off for winter



RED, WHITE, AND BLUE of the Footscray guernsey are repeated in the striped socks, skivvy, and hair ribbon. This picture and the one at right were taken near the stand being built at Melbourne Cricket Ground.

MAGPIE LOOK (right), especially for a Collingwood barracker. Pert black beret, black stockings, long leather boots, and skivvy complete the in-gear mood.

● Play the football guernsey game in one of these gaily colored winners. You're sure to score a goal, and be a s-winger of the party team.

There's only a small penalty on your budget, too, so make a run for your nearest sports store, where you'll find lots of scrum-ptious team guernseys.

Wear them just as they come, or try converting those long sleeves into short, and that high neck into a scooped style.

If your guernsey has a pointed collar, cut the sleeves short and wear a broad tie to match one of the stripes. Or cut out the sleeves and/or a scooped neckline and wear it over a skivvy.

Alternatively, substitute a cravat for the tie, a demure blouse for the skivvy. Add a beret and jaunty shoulder-bag.

A tunic-style would look good over slacks or tights. Cut out the sleeves, undo the side seams, hem the four edges, then tie a loose belt round the waist. If you want a matching waist-tie, cut one from the discarded sleeves.

Pictured are examples of Melbourne teams (this page) and (opposite) Sydney teams. But whatever guernsey you choose to wear it's sure to raise cheers.

—MARGARET ANN KANDAL





TWO VERSIONS (ABOVE AND BELOW) of the Parramatta team guernsey. Above, with cut-out sleeves and chain belt slung round the hips. Below, sleeved, with beret and socks, but given a more sporty air by a broad tie to match the stripes.



RED TIGHTS AND SKIVVY pick up the red of the South Sydney guernsey. Alternative idea: Stockings, one red, one green. Unbelted, this has the jumper-that-grew look, comfortable and warm for week-ends, for town wear — or even, come to think of it, to a footie match!



Welcome warm-up!

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**When it's cold outside, warm them inside with
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Bowls full of cheery tomato soup with crisp Saltine Cracker Biscuits on the side... to build up steam on cold winter days.

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MIXABLE SEPARATES: ONE PATTERN

By Butterick young designer Gayle Kirkpatrick



**ZIP-FRONT JACKET
AND SLIM PANTS.**



**ZIP-FRONT JACKET,
ABOVE-KNEE PANTS.**

Here is a good, smart fashion investment—mixable separates in plaid and plain, the colors right and bright. The separates consist of jacket, skirt, shorts, and pants. Jacket has front-zipper closing, standing collar, and full-length sleeves. Slim skirt has drawstring waistline. The shorts and straight-leg pants have an inside waistband.

Butterick pattern 4517 is in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. The price, 75c, includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D.

Butterick Patterns are also available at leading stores throughout Australia.

**ZIP-FRONT JACKET
AND SLIM SKIRT.**



DRESS SENSE By BETTY KEEP

● The A-line dress, below right, with its crisp white bow trim and matching buttons is chosen for a young reader to make in a checked fabric.

HERE is part of the reader's letter and my reply:

"I have 2½ yds. of 36in. fabric in a small black-and-white check. Could you let me have a style and pattern to suit a girl in her teens?"

Perhaps I should brighten the dress with an accent color, if so, please give me your advice. Also what color stockings should I wear with the dress?"

Illustrated, below right, is the dress I have chosen to answer your style query. The dress is

A-line and has short sleeves and a crisp white bow trim matched to tiny buttons. Wear black stockings and matching shoes. A paper pattern is available for the design. The hat is not included in the pattern. Underneath the illustration are how-to-order details.

"I am a big build, 43in. bust, but am well in proportion. What do you consider the best type of outfit for afternoon wear?"

My choice would be a dress

and matching jacket, the dress slim and beltless, with a scoop neckline gathered into a tiny neckband and finished with a bow at centre front. The jacket should be slightly fitted and cardigan-style.

"I wondered if you have a pattern for an Empire-line dress that I could vary a bit with different sleeves and necklines. I take a 38in. bust size."

Our pattern department has a design for a basic dress with an Empire-line silhouette. Variations of the basic pattern include a round collarless neckline, bias rolled with or without a bow,

short straight sleeves, bias pulled short sleeves, full-length sleeves finished with cuffs, and three-quarter-length bell sleeves. To order, quote Vogue pattern 1743, price 85c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W., 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"I am tall and thin for my height. Though I am tall I have good features, I have a very small face. My problem is my hair, I have worn it long and have also had a short cut—both make me look dull and uninteresting. Is there anything you could suggest to help?"

I suggest you wear your hair medium-length, pulled back neatly from your face to show your features. Keep the back hair in place with a hair-slide or a bow attached to a small comb. Another idea would be to brush back your hair and tie it with a soft scarf.

"I have very muscular legs and have tried dieting to no effect. Could you please tell me if there is anything I could wear to make my calves look thinner?"

The only way to disguise calves is to cover them, and the only daytime way to achieve this is with pants—but, of course, they are not by any means right for all occasions. Avoid patterned stockings and keep an all-over color look. Sorry I can't be more helpful.



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- 1 can White Wings Country Style or Buttermilk Scones
- 1 cup (8 oz) tinned Cream of Mushroom soup
- 2 fl oz (1/4 cup) milk
- 4 oz grated cheese
- 1 small tin whole kernel corn
- 1 teaspoon sherry
- 6 thin fish fillets
- 4 tablespoons finely chopped parsley

Combine mushroom soup, milk, grated cheese, drained corn, sherry. Roll fish fillets and, if necessary, secure with toothpicks. Place in a greased 2-pint casserole dish. Open White Wings Scones according to directions—separate and roll the edge of each scone in the parsley. Place on top of mushroom mixture in casserole and bake in a moderately hot oven—375° F. for 20 to 25 minutes.



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- SECTION 2** DESSERTS. Hot or Cold. You must use Butter, White Wings Flour, and state number of serves.
- SECTION 3** BISCUITS AND PIES. Use Butter and White Wings Self-Raising or Plain Flour.
- SECTION 4** MAIN COURSE DISH. For recipes using Butter, White Wings Flour, and featuring other typical Australian ingredients.
- SECTION 5** BUSY LADY RECIPES. Quick recipes for busy ladies using White Wings Yellow Butter-cake or Chocolate Buttercake mixes—plus your favourite Butter. Alternatively, enter recipes using Butter and White Wings Poppin' Fresh refrigerated dough products.

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International Judges and Finalists will stay at Melbourne's



ENTER NOW!

Simply write out your favourite recipe/s and send to:
'68 BUTTER/WHITE WINGS BAKE-OFF
P.O. Box 63, Chippendale, N.S.W. 2008

Note: Recipes must include name of recipe, ingredients, quantities, method of making up, baking time and temperature (gas or electric). Professional Chefs and Home Economists ineligible.

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ADDRESS _____

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Tick sections in which your recipes are entered:

☐ 1 ☐ 2 ☐ 3 ☐ 4 ☐ 5

If not yet 18 on August 9 place tick in box ☐

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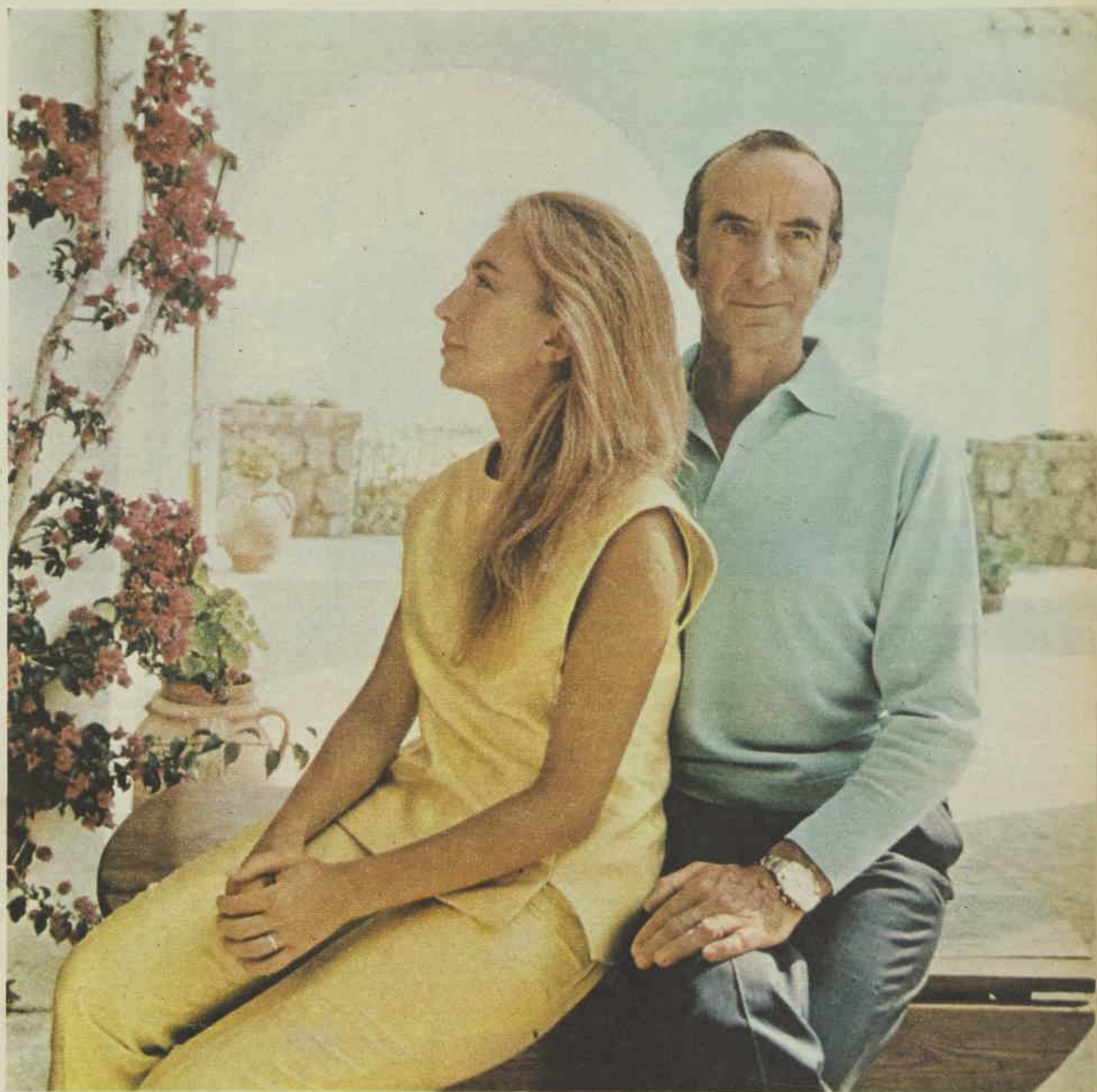
**Better bank National . . .
the only one with Pocketbank.**



National Bank.

IN PRAISE OF OLDER MEN

THE half-dozen men pictured in this article, besides being older than their wives, are talented and famous. The women they married are astonishingly bright and capable in a variety of fields. Mrs. Edward Steichen flies an aeroplane, was a successful advertising copy-writer, and is turning now to literary criticism and fiction writing. Mrs. Yousuf Karsh is a witty fashion commentator, a medical and scientific researcher. Mrs. Pablo Casals plays the cello well enough to teach the daughter of Rudolf Serkin, the pianist, and her other talents range from watch repairing to cooking. Mrs. Omar Bradley has had as many as seven television scripts on the air in a week. The Baronne de Rothschild is a journalist, and Marchesa Emilio Pucci is an organiser who helped her husband achieve miracles during the floods in Florence. These women did not marry simply to achieve reliable instant immortality. Each found a man she admired and loved, one with whom there was a common interest that seemed to wipe away the years. "In older people," said Mrs. Steichen, "vitality has endured. They have confidence, accept themselves, the future, the human race. And they appreciate us. A younger man wants a young woman — but to him, her youth isn't the wonderful, rare gift it is to an older man." More is told about these famous marriages in the stories below and overleaf.



EMILIO PUCCI, THE DESIGNER

By RUTH WEST and
GERALDINE HOTCHNER

PICTURES by KARSH

MARCHESE EMILIO PUCCI, the Florentine fashion designer, is so committed to half a dozen careers that he has little time to spare for home life. Paradoxically, his wife, the Marchesa Cristina, has her hands full maintaining the five Pucci homes, among them the 13th-century Palazzo Pucci, in Florence, which she recently modernised and equipped with 26 bathrooms. They live in these houses with their two children. They give "two parties a year — that's all," and they have turned certain areas into offices and factories.

Cristina was one year out of school and not quite 21 in 1959, when she and the Marchese were married. He was more than twice her age, a man-about-town who had

been an Italian flying ace, a friend of Mussolini's daughter, Edda Ciano, and the first member of his ancient family to work for a living. Business had little appeal for Cristina, but now, when her husband asks her advice, she speaks out clearly and perceptively. "I give him a clear view," she said. "Emilio's great strength is that he believes in what he does. Mine is that I can say no."

Besides clothes (dresses, coats, underwear for men and women, furs), Pucci makes perfume, pottery, \$45 towels, and furniture. He has designed plane interiors, houses, packages, and a holiday city. Three days a week he sits in Parliament. He makes four trips a month to New York. Even when he's home, his door is closed, because he's working. But, said Cristina, "I'm always there when he wants me, and that's a lot of the time." Does it concern her that he's more than 20 years older than she? "Of course not," she said, "I only like self-made men, which eliminates most of them under 40." (In picture above.)

Continued overleaf



De ROTHSCHILD

"I CAN'T say this is a love marriage, but rather the mutual devotion of an older man and a younger woman." Speaking is Yvette de Rothschild, a blacksmith's granddaughter, who was 27 in 1966 when she married Baron James de Rothschild, a widower of 70. She thereby fell heir to one of the powerful names of France, clothes, jewels—and the easy life of the ultra rich. Yvette was an usherette, who met her husband when he came to her theatre. She liked water-skiing, cars, and journalism (she is Paris correspondent for a small German magazine). He preferred the hunt, his own racehorses, politics, and finance (he once worked in the Rothschild bank). Now, she watches television until midnight; he goes to bed at 8.30. She has her own tiny flat in Montmartre, where she sees friends her own age, and can keep in touch with their lives and news. Still, the marriage is working well: "You don't know how good this man has been to me," she said. "I love his kind heart." (Pictured.)



GENERAL BRADLEY

WHEN it was proposed some time ago that General of the United States Army Omar N. Bradley go to Vietnam on special assignment, he quickly accepted—for himself and his wife, Kitty. In the little over a year that they had been married, the Bradleys (aged 74 and 45) had barely been separated, and they didn't propose to begin. Kitty, who has written more than 90 scripts for TV ("I'm very good at love stories"), knew the General in California where they and the first Mrs. Bradley were regulars at the racetrack. After Mrs. Bradley's death, they continued as friends and fellow gamblers. "I have no idea what it's like to be married to an older man," said Kitty Bradley. "My husband's the youngest man I know—vibrant, handsome, virile." They walk together, swim (with their poodles, Omaha and Utah, chasing them the length of the pool), bet, write together (she is editing his speeches). But, she said, "We don't golf together. After all, we want this marriage to last." (In the picture above.)



PABLO CASALS

PABLO CASALS, the 91-year-old master cellist, proudly lists the achievements of his 30-year-old wife, Marta. She is a mechanic, electrician, typist, watch repairer, a medical expert, a cook. She speaks five languages, teaches cello, and, like her husband, is a peace crusader. Said Marta: "Our life together is so full, so happy. With one hand, I try to smooth the path of his work; with the other, I try to make him rest." Her husband said: "She protects me. These years have been the happiest of my life. I am at peace." She was his pupil when they married ten years ago and moved to Puerto Rico, her home. Since then, they've hardly been apart. They never go to films or dinners for pleasure—it's better at home alone, with Marta cooking the rice. Casals insists it's a perfect marriage in every way; and certainly they manage to keep each other lively and young. Cellist Misha Schneider remembers a picture he saw of Casals' mother. "It was painted maybe 80 years ago, and would you believe it," he said, "it's an exact likeness of Marta as she is today." (At left.)



STEICHEN

"BEING married to an older man does a strange thing," said 35-year-old Mrs. Edward Steichen, whose husband, now 88, is one of the world's great photographers. "It increases one's time span in a way. One's experience goes back vicariously, farther than actual experience." A city girl married to a country boy, Joanna Steichen stays in New York four days a week for writing courses at Columbia. Steichen comes to town Thursdays for meetings at the Museum of Modern Art, and they spend weekends together at their farm in Connecticut. "It would be too easy," she said, "to lead the pleasant life, furnishing an apartment, and seeing friends. I need self-discipline and a sense of achievement." He has given up still photography and is exploring a new career as a sculptor. It is her husband's continuing growth that so appeals to Mrs. Steichen. "Everyone can move horizontally and vertically fairly easily through society," she said. "But great achievers can move more." Behind them in the picture at left is the famous shadblow tree, filmed in a recent picture symphony.

YOUSUF KARSH

ESTRELLITA KARSH has extravagant praise for the older man she married. She described Yousuf Karsh, the famous photographer from Ottawa who made these portraits, as "compassionate, tender, and resourceful, with more energy than any other man I've known." That, explained her 59-year-old husband, "is due solely to my youth." Estrellita, who is 37, and pretty energetic herself, claims that chronological age is meaningless. "Between two married people," she said, "it simply evens out." Her primary job outside the house (as a cook or housekeeper, she said, she's pretty useless) is to keep her husband's engagement book, steer him on his schedule, and answer mail. She is also a fashion writer, a medical researcher, and is working on a leadership study at Ohio University, where Yousuf is a visiting professor. "I never ask how old a man is," said Mrs. Karsh. "The question is meaningless. If an older man marries a young woman, it's not because he's trying to recapture his youth but because he is eternally young and alive. Anyhow, that's true of Yousuf." At right, Karsh, standing with his wife in the foyer of "Little Wings," their house in Ottawa, holds the bulb he has just pressed to take the picture. The Thai head is part of their art collection.





the pie
for '68

NAME THE PIE

and win a red carpet holiday for all the family as the guests of Golden Circle—sight-seeing round the fabulous Gold Coast, Sunshine Coast and nearby mountain resorts... staying at the best motels, travelling by luxury car. Interstate winners will travel by air. This is all you do:

- 1 Make up this Golden Circle Allamanda Pie.
- 2 Ask the family to taste it, then give it a suitable name. We called it Allamanda, but you may have better ideas.
- 3 Then say in your own words why this pie makes a good winter dessert.
- 4 Add your name, address and postcode, put your entry in an envelope and address it:

PIE CONTEST, Golden Circle, Northgate, Qld. 4013.

The Contest closes on JUNE 21.

Employees of Golden Circle, their stockists and their advertising agency are not eligible to enter. The decision of the judges will be final and no correspondence will be entered into. The prize will be awarded to the most suitable and original name, and neatness of entry will be taken into consideration. The winner will be announced on JULY 1 in capital city morning newspapers, and advised by mail. All recipe names submitted will become the property of Golden Circle. Use back of can label, or send the coupon below.

The name I suggest for your 1968 Pineapple Pie is:

I consider this pie a suitable winter dessert because

NAME

ADDRESS

Postcode

I usually buy Golden Circle Pineapple from

NAME OF STORE

ADDRESS

Golden Circle's "Allamanda pie"

One 15oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE Crushed pineapple, 2 tbsps. custard powder, rind of $\frac{1}{4}$ lemon, 2 egg yolks, extra cream to garnish.

Pineapple, 2 tbsps. custard powder, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cream.

Drain pineapple, reserving syrup. Combine pineapple, custard powder and pineapple syrup (made up to $\frac{1}{4}$ cup with water) in saucepan and bring to boil, stirring constantly. Beat egg yolks and sugar until thick and creamy, add to thickened pineapple mixture with lemon rind. Bring to boil, boil one minute and cool. Fold in whipped cream. Just before serving, spoon into cooled meringue case (made with the two egg whites) and decorate with whipped cream.

make it with ➡



The Golden Circle Cannery, Northgate, Brisbane, Q.

Prefer to be called "Grandma"

WHEN asked by our married children what we would prefer our grandchildren to call us, my husband and I stated very definitely, Grandpa and Grandma. Only our grandchildren will be entitled to use this very special form of address and we will hear it with great pride from this very special group.

\$2 to Mrs. J. MacDonald, Kempsey, N.S.W.

EVER since we were small we have never called our grandmother Nan or Nanna. It reminded her of goats and she would not answer us. Now that my sister has three small daughters, they have solved the problem of what to call their grandmas by referring to them as Grandma Meg and Grandma Thelma. Although I am only 18, I know my grandchildren will not be allowed to call me Nan or Nanna.

\$2 to Miss Nonie Ford, Mounta, S.A.

I HAVE 18 grandchildren and am Nanna to all but one. When he was seven I asked what was troubling him and could I help. He said I couldn't, as the only thing he wanted was a granny, and he knew he could never get one. When I told him I was his Granny, he was overjoyed. Now he is over 12 and when he greets me it is always, "Hello, my dear old Granny." My husband has always taught them to call him by his Christian name, Jack.

\$2 to "By Request" (name supplied), East Brunswick, Vic.

INDEED there are still grandmas and grandpas. I have nine grandchildren, and one and all come flying over to Grandma's. The six-year-old, told by her teacher at news time to stand up in class and say what she thought the most important event on that day, said in a loud, clear voice, "It's my Grandma's birthday!"

\$2 to C. R. (name supplied), Mackay, Qld.

IT SEEMS that grandparents today are not the silver-haired, rocking-chair folk we like to think of. Some are only in their early forties, and to be called Grandma or Grandpa at this age would be wishing them into wheelchairs. Let's stay young while we can.

\$2 to G. Snars, Randwick, N.S.W.

AFTER an experience in our own backyard, I can't help but agree on the unavailability of Nan or Nanny as a replacement for Grandmother. The eight-year-old daughter called to her cousins next door to look at Nanny jumping up the fence. The look on their faces was one of astonishment — they could hardly believe that 17-stone Nanny was climbing the fence. The climber was, of course, a goat.

\$2 to "Poor Nanny" (name supplied), East Devonport, Tas.



LETTER BOX

Apt advice

ON seeing Sydney's unfinished Opera House, I was reminded of the biblical advice to would-be builders of towers (and, presumably, of opera houses). "Which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it. Lest haply, after he hath laid the foundation, and is not able to finish it, all that behold it begin to mock him." Luke 14: 28-29.

\$2 to Mrs. A. D. Bunker, Glen Waverley, Vic.

Lesson in flowers

GOD made the various flowers, all of different hues, to blend beautifully together and grow wherever they choose. He also made the human race of many distinctive tones, so they could live in contrasting zones, with love and harmony for each other. But instead, the world is filled with hatred, resentment, mistrust, and dread. As the flowers blend in harmony, why can't man?

\$2 to Joyce Price, Dianella, W.A.

Wife's fault, of course!

AS the cars crawled along bumper to bumper this summer, a neighbor's husband turned to her and said, "No one else but you would suggest going to the beach on a day like this!"

\$2 to "Alone in a Crowd" (name supplied), Aspley, Qld.

Wasn't "with-it"

A "HOUSE OF THE WEEK" in a recent issue jogged my memory. My late husband had accepted the position as sharefarmer on a property he had not seen. When we arrived, with our wagon-load of furniture, we were dismayed to find earth floors, and growing in the centre of what was to be our bedroom, right through the roof, a hefty shooak. Not being with-it, I thought the tree was a monstrosity and was glad when our time there was over. No imagination, had I?

\$2 to "Shoak Apple" (name supplied), South Brighton, S.A.

Bad timing

COULD someone tell me how it happens that on car trips, whether they last 20 minutes or several hours, children always fall asleep five minutes before the destination is reached?

\$2 to D. G. Morrison, Te Kuiti, N.Z.

Ross Campbell writes...

CLEVER CAKES

I HAVE been, for years, a decorated-cake fan.

At Sydney's Royal Easter Show I have seen outstanding cakes featuring vintage cars, the Opera House, Bo-Peep (with sheep), and even the Queen (with blue Garter Sash).

The skill of the decorators is remarkable. They will tackle anything — pianos for musical cakes, Masonic aprons for lodge cakes, and babies for christening cakes.

One thing, however, worries me while I am admiring their cleverness. I cannot help thinking: how do you eat this cake?

The idea of eating the babies on christening cakes, even when they are made of sugar, somehow goes against the grain. And no loyal per-

son could really enjoy eating a model of the Queen.

Moreover, some decorations contain inedible material, such as the wheels on vintage-car cakes and the stumps (made of matches) on cricket cakes.

These thoughts occurred to me again when I was reading a new book on the subject: "The Magic



of Cake Decorating," by Beryl Guertner.

Miss Guertner's book contains colored pictures of many attractive specimens, such as a Twin-Heart Engagement Cake and a Canopied Bed Cake.

There are full instructions and helpful hints. For example, in making the Canopied Bed Cake, "before adding bolster, don't forget to dampen the fondant bed-cover where bolster will lie." Some people might not think of that, and their bolster could easily roll off.

But an item which raised doubts in my mind was the Bride Doll Cake.

To make this you first bury an undressed bride doll, standing upright, nearly waist-deep in the middle of the cake. The instructions say: "Make the bust and top of the cake out of fondant at the same time."

After she is in position you fix a wedding dress on her, with a big tulle skirt and underskirt that completely cover the cake. The dress has a "snail's trail design" round the bodice — an off-beat touch.

This Bride Doll Cake, when completed, looks very pretty. The disadvantage is that, in order to cut it, you must either lift or remove the bride's skirt.

The only alternative is to slice through the skirt and get pieces of tulle mixed with the cake.

In short, you have to choose between impropriety and indigestibility.

One more item I must query in this otherwise admirable book. It is a 21st-birthday cake decorated with two pansies and the words "Congratulations, Maurice." I'm not sure that Maurice would like it.

THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT



In youth, one gazes in windows
And covets, with passion, a dress.
Hooray, when such frenzies have faded,
How lovely. One couldn't care less.

It's required, of course, to be seemly,
But the heart isn't wrung any more
By jealousies over appearance,
And clothes are a terrible bore.

One prattles of cars or a garden
But never of gorgeous gear.
A party, you said? What? Tomorrow?
Good gracious, what shall I wear?

— Dorothy Drain

Oh, for a boudoir!

IN homes today the living-room is treated like the old-time parlor, kept spruced-up for company. The family gathers in the rumpus-room or den. I would like to see a revival of the boudoir — a special place for mother to relax, sew, read, or write letters undisturbed, in feminine seclusion.

\$2 to "Sanctum" (name supplied), Geelong, Vic.

It helps to laugh

WHAT a day! Up late, and no fuel to start hot-water service, so no hot water. Get going one hour later. Kick my first bucket of hot water over laundry floor, fall over tree-root going to line, hang out wash, and put steak on for lunch. Clothesline breaks, clothes fall on the ground, and husband asks what have I been doing? Feel like having a good howl. Telegram arrives. Reads, "Many happy returns of the day." I sat down and had a really good laugh. It was my 66th birthday.

\$2 to "Birthday" (name supplied), Warrandyte, Vic.

Eliminate All Household Insect Pests This Winter

After a period of intensive scientific research into the most powerful insect-killing substance, a powerful new insecticide has been developed that is lethal to insects yet perfectly harmless to humans and pets. This insecticide can be sprayed anywhere in the home, in the presence of children and pets and where food is stored.



To prevent damage to furs, woollens and clothes by moths and insect pests, spray into cupboards, where clothes are stored, with powerful "safe" Pea-Beu. After a few short bursts close doors to seal in the powerful insecticide to eliminate pests and larvae. Pea-Beu is non-staining, and its high safety factor proves a unique advantage to Australian housewives.



As cockroaches are especially attracted to storage places near the kitchen sink it is very important to have these thoroughly cockroach-proofed by sprinkling Pea-Beu cockroach powder on ledges, shelves and round pipes. Cockroaches harbouring and breeding in these hideouts will soon be stamped out. Pea-Beu, which is odourless — non-poisonous, has the advantage of retaining its killing action indefinitely. The powerful "safe" easy-to-use Pea-Beu insecticide and cockroach powder is now available at most leading chemists and stores and is the safe effective way of destroying all insect pests in your home.

Is your washer modern enough for your family's clothes?

More man-made fabrics. More family-made dirty clothes. That's the washing story for 1968. And as fabrics get newer, your machine gets older. It's time to take a good look at your washer . . . and at the modern washers of 1968. Because it's fantastic what the maker of your machine has done. Today's

washers look better . . . and they wash better. And they care for the finest fabrics. See for yourself. Ask your washing machine retailer to show you just how modern washers have improved. In a drip-dry world, every family needs a modern washer.



***Every woman deserves a washing machine...
every family needs a modern washer***



HL66146C



All washer manufacturers recommend Power Rinso for the whitest wash in your machine.

Now is the time to buy...
IT'S NATIONAL WASHER MONTH



WASHDAY HINTS

DON'T use guesswork when putting the soap powder or flakes into your washing-machine. It's surprising how much longer the packet will last if you measure out the soap powder each time. Keep an old plastic mug or cup in the laundry for this purpose, and mark the half-cup and full-cup measures on it with nail lacquer. Use your kitchen measuring cup as a guide.

Save time and trouble by washing small white articles together. Put handkerchiefs, cotton or nylon socks, lace doilies, etc., in a pillowslip turned inside out, knot it loosely at the top, and put in the machine.

Many modern cotton and nylon floor rugs can be washed in your machine. Before washing, always shake rug thoroughly. Put into lukewarm suds in the washer and agitate for two or three minutes. If the suds become very dirty, take rug out, change water, make fresh suds and wash again. Rinse until water runs clear. Squeeze out slightly, then spread in shade to dry.

Your wash load should never contain more than four large articles, such as tablecloths or sheets, with the remainder made up of small pieces. Large, bulky objects such as blankets and bedspreads are best washed alone.

Curtains of white nylon, terylene, or cotton lace should be soaked an hour or so in cool or cold water before being laundered. This will remove the dust that usually collects in them.

A little time spent in the pre-treatment of very soiled spots is worth while because of the improvement in final appearance and the decrease in wear on clothes that will result. Treat spots with a thick mixture of water and detergent or soap powder before the garment is put in the machine. Always use the same soap in this pre-treatment as you are using in your washer.

Do not leave water standing in your washer for long periods. Even if left only overnight, the water may cause corrosion. After using a wringer machine, dry the rollers carefully, especially if synthetic detergents have been used.

Two **COMPACT** views on show business



2

● Left to right: Stephen Agnew, Sandi Greentree, John Orcsik, and Margaret Anketell.

MARRIAGE COMES BEFORE A CAREER

"I'D rather push a broom and have a happy marriage than let our careers come between us," said 26-year-old actor Sandy Harbutt, pictured below with his wife, Helen Morse.

"We've seen so many show-business marriages fail that we're very conscious of the risks involved. If we found our marriage was failing, we'd give up our careers immediately."

He smiled at his pretty wife and added, "In our work we get numerous offers to travel. If they're for any great length of time we turn them down. A marriage can't possibly last if both partners are constantly apart."

Sandy and Helen met while starring in "A Taste of Honey" on a week's tour to Newcastle. When they returned, Helen had to go on another tour for six weeks, but before she left Sandy popped the question.

The six weeks was their testing period and on Helen's return they were married. After only 15 months of marriage, Sandy and Helen have discovered that actor and actress plus marriage can equal problems.

If both are acting on stage at night (usually in different plays and at opposite ends of town), they consider themselves lucky. They have the day together.

But if one or both are also doing television work during the day, they do not see each other until one o'clock in the morning.

The only time they like to be apart is when there are new scripts to be learnt.

Helen stays in one room and Sandy goes off to another. He likes to learn his lines to a background of

shrieking tape - recorded music.

During the past five years Sandy has played in eight productions with the Ensemble Theatre, North Sydney, and in numerous television episodes.

His ambition is to be a writer and producer. But he thinks that by working in the business first he

can become thoroughly acquainted with all its aspects and techniques.

Helen, 21, has been acting since she left school five years ago. Her last play was "Terror Australis" at the Old Tote Theatre, Kensington.

Both insist that the other is the better actor. This loyalty even stretches to cooking.

"Helen is the most fabulous cook—she conjures up incredible Continental cuisine with lashings of garlic, which must be terrible when we go on stage breathing all over everyone," said Sandy.

"And you cook the best scrambled eggs," returned Helen.

Sandy and Helen both want the same things. And they don't mind working hard to get them.



What a little bird told us

● Do you remember Dora the Sydney Harbor Duck (right) who appeared in our May 15 issue?

Well, we recently received a note from "Dora," and this is part of it: "I read page 35, and I was appalled. My name is Donald, not Dora."

So we rang Donald at the number he gave us, and this is what we found out.

Donald was bought at Paddy's Markets in Sydney about two-and-a-half years ago. He lived at Pymble, N.S.W., then, and his swimming-pool was a laundry tub in the garden.

Last November his owners moved to Mosman, and Donald discovered Mosman Bay.

He now comes home once a day to say hello, then tootles off to play chicken with the ferries in the largest swimming-pool he has ever been in.

1 ACTORS' 'TOUR DE FORCE'

THE talents of a 20th-century strolling player aren't confined to dazzling audiences with his acting. He has to be prop boy, lighting expert, wardrobe master, and scenery shifter all rolled into one.

This is the kind of life two actresses and four actors — all professionals, all about 21 — in Western Australia have grown accustomed to.

They are Christopher Winzar, Margaret Anketell, John Orcsik, Sandi Greentree, Lloyd Norris, and Stephen Agnew.

They call themselves The National Theatre Players, and, with their director and manager, tour Western Australia by bus for eight months of the year.

Sometimes they cover more than 1000 miles in four weeks, visiting 22 towns, and giving 39 performances.

Because of all this travelling, great demands are made on the actors. They have to be their own stage technicians, electricians, and box-office management.

They also have to be versatile as actors.

The company presents plays to both children and adults. This means the actors have to change their mood and costumes from children's fantasy to drama in a matter of hours.

But the life of a strolling player has its compensations. The ever-changing scene, in fact, can be as dramatic as any stage setting.

One of the company's stops on its 1968 country tour was Hyden, an oasis in the historic centre of Western Australia, where the rocks, caves, and vast plateau abound with legends.

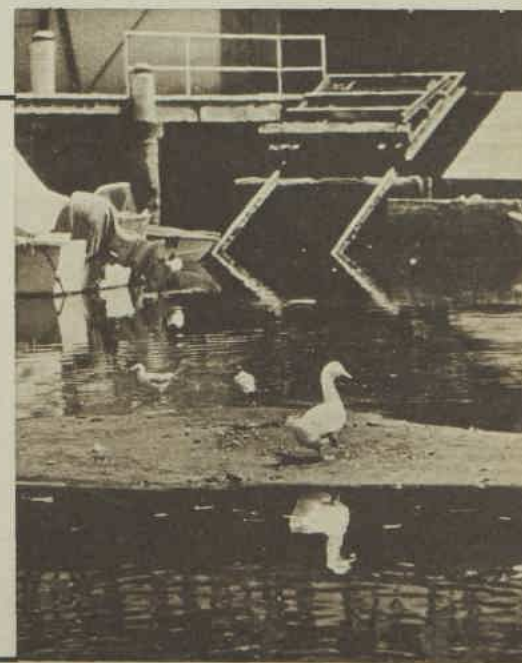
One rock, known as the Hump, is sacred to Aborigines, who will not go anywhere near it. Once it was inhabited by two tribes at war with each other, and today residents often see a peculiar light shining from the area.

Another "stage-set" stop was York, 60 miles from Perth.

The company labelled this town "a little bit of England," because of its old stables, barns, lanes full of wild sunflowers, and the Town Hall with a vast blue edifice typical of the facade of English theatres.

The wonderful hospitality which awaits the actors in every town (where in many cases they stay in private homes) compensates, too.

Yet this tiny band of strolling players deserves a warm welcome. For sometimes it is the townspeople's only chance in a year to see the professional actor at work.





The great new freedom movement
in makeup happening now!

NEW 'DEMI- MAKEUP' BY REVLON

the first totally translucent finish-for-the-face
...for today's soft, soft, softest look

Demi is the today-fashion in facewear. It's the makeup that is and isn't. A silky slip-on of color-in-creme . . . gives your face a sheer, supple, flexy, flawless finish that looks and feels (and moves) . . . like spontaneous skin.

It's a whole new demi-world of translucency — light-reflecting, layerless coverage that lets the 'skinness' of you show through. It even feels translucent. With so much moisture in its makeup, it

slips on with a new sort of sleek, skimmy ease. You can work with it, play with it, blend it almost endlessly. (You simply can't wind up with a masky, smothered-up, covered-up, 'makeup-y' look.)



THE 'MOON DROPS' DEMI-MAKEUP COLLECTION:
Translucent Flowing-Creme Makeup • Pressed Powder • Loose Facepowder
Blushing Powder • All in soft, soft, softest demi-shades.

If all you restless beauties hadn't asked for the absolute moon, we might never have invented this face-age phenomenon. (But now Demi-Makeup is here. Aren't you glad that you thought of it?)

Necklace by Van Cleef & Arpels

AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

● I often think how rich we'd all be if we hadn't let our parents clean out our grandparents' attics and cellars and woodhouses, throwing away all that gorgeous Victorian junk that's now so much in demand.

THINK how much you would get for that hideous pokerworked canterbury, for Grannie's wardian case, for Great-grannie's etagere, or Great-grandfather's genuine cuspidor chair.

I didn't know the names for any of these things, though I'm sure I've seen some of them, until I borrowed from the local library a great tome called "Victorian Comfort," by John Gloag.

A canterbury was a thing to keep your music in, all ready for those frequent occasions on which you "favored

the company" with a solo. They stood either on extremely flimsy and spindly legs or on great massive carved legs ending in a lion's paw. They had slatted compartments for your music manuscripts, and they could be carved, inlaid, or made of papiermache inlaid with chunks of mother-of-pearl.

Apparently the Victorians were rather fond of the name canterbury, for they used it also for a supper tray that was the forerunner of today's dumb waiter, and also for a music stool with a hinged lid and a space underneath for keeping sheets of music.

A wardian case was a must in every drawing-room. It was named after Nathaniel Bagshaw Ward, who, in 1829, accidentally discovered how to grow plants successfully in glass cases.

The drawing-room wardian case consisted of a great dome of glass which fitted inside the raised board of a small solid table supported on a solidly carved pillar ending in a tripod base on carved claws. Under the glass dome, Grannie grew ferns and other small plants.

She might also have a miniature conservatory permanently built over the lower sash of her drawing-room window. This was built on the outside, so that from inside you looked through the clear glass of the window into a tiny garden of growing things.

It shielded those inside from the impertinent glances of passers-by, it softened the light in the room, and if the outer glass casing was made of little decorative panes of blue, red, and green glass it threw a kaleidoscopic pattern on to the floor when the sun was shining.

The Victorians were odd about windows. They loved lots of them, and they liked them big. There'd been a window tax until 1851 (a good way of getting money from rich people with big houses), and when it was finally abolished people got their architects to put more and bigger windows into their houses, and then went to work covering them all with lace curtains and heavy velvet or serge or damask curtains trimmed with fringes of bobbles and tassels.

An etagere was fearfully French and with-it, and you simply couldn't do without one to display your "articles of vertu — bouquets of flowers, scientific curiosities, or whatever else of this kind the owner may indulge his taste in."

An etagere usually had a large mirror with a semi-circular top, and the mirror was flanked by lots of little shelves, carved, fretworked, and ornamented, on which the knick-knacks stood.

Dusting must have been a major work — no quick flick of a cloth in those days. Still, hermetically sealed and thickly curtained windows helped keep a lot of it out, I suppose.

A cuspidor chair is something you'd certainly recognise if you saw one. Smokers found it necessary to spit a great deal, and were usually banished to a special smoking-room or out into the garden or the stables.

In the smoking-room they had spittoons on the floor, or salivariums — highly decorative inlaid mahogany boxes with a lid that lifted to reveal the spittoon bowl inside.

By the 1890s the really fashionable smoking-room was furnished with comfortable, leather-upholstered wooden armchairs with a drawer below the seat which could be pulled out, making the spittoon available.

Soon after this everybody began smoking cigarettes and stopped spitting, and even the confirmed pipe and cigar smokers found it wasn't absolutely necessary, either.

The Victorians loved to cover

everything decently with drapes

PEOPLE often say that the Victorians were so prudish that they covered even the legs of their pianos with skirts of some sort, because "nether limbs" were not nice, even when made of wood. I don't think this is true.

If you look at magazine illustrations of the period you find that it was not only the legs of things that got covered. The Victorians loved drapes of all sorts, and they screwed them, nailed them, stuck them, and hung them on every inch of space. They seemed most of all to dislike bare wood.

If you had a beautifully polished walnut side-table, for instance, any good magazine would give you directions for making a long, concealing cloth of brown Java canvas, embroidered in cross-stitch with pale brown and maize filoselle so you could cover it up and make it presentable.

The fireplace was a problem in the summer months. You could fill it with an embroidered screen, close it with a framed mirror that reflected a tizzy little garden of maidenhair fern on the hearth, or "purchase a yard and a half of tarlatan, and pull it entirely to pieces, thread by thread.

"Fill the grate and fender entirely, as full and lightly as possible. Arrange a slight wreath of myrtle on top of the threads, or carelessly throw a few well-made muslin roses about. A little gold, sold for the purpose, looks well on the colored cloud thus arranged in the grate."

Well, we think it's funny now, but what I'm wondering is whether I should keep that old coffee percolator and my original steam iron so that my great-grandchildren can scream with laughter over them and then go out and sell them for vast amounts of money at some junk shop.

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Cheese, crackers,

By CAMILLE MIREPOIX

who describes herself as 21, plus, plus! Widow of a French artist and author of five books, she is an American citizen, born and educated in England. She has written her way around the world three times, in younger years as a youth-hosteller, now reluctantly travels on planes and occasionally trains.



DID you ever buy a ticket for trains going from one country to another and find they started with a boat ride?

I did, just before Easter week, from Lisbon, in Portugal, to Cadiz, in Spain.

Many people know that Lisbon has seven hills, but who would know it had ferries in its railway stations? I didn't.

Sol and Sueste station looked like a railway station, but once on the platform I could not see any tracks, only a river in the dark distance.

Then a large ferryboat sailed casually in and loads of people got off on my platform.

I began to feel like Alice in Wonderland. Everything became curiouseer and curiouseer.

Suddenly the stationmaster cried out, "Last call for Vila Real — last call — board the boat now."

"Why, Sari," I screamed to my landlady, who had come to see me off, "that ferry is for me, too. I am booked for Vila Real. It's the first place I change at."

Sari pushed me aboard and shouted goodbye, but I was still too confused to realise she was leaving.

The ferry left, groaning with its load. The night closed in on the dark, cold river. I saw a porter with my baggage and asked him how would I ever find seat 26 on the midnight special.

He roared with laughter and replied, "Senora, didn't you know that for a whole hour you travel on this ferry, then you arrive at the railway station, then you will find seat 26 on your first-class train."

"That is why I, your porter, am still here. I carry your suitcases on this boat, I carry them off, I put them in your train compartment — all for one charge. Is that not marvellous? And what a bargain! Only one porter all the way."

I had to agree and laughed with him. The hour disappeared into minutes, and I settled down at last for a comfortable snooze in seat 26 on the long-awaited train.

About 4 a.m. we stopped for half an hour. Everybody went inside the station to

eat hot pork sandwiches, a specialty of the region.

They were delicious, even at that hour. Back on the train, I slept like an infant with a tummyful and woke to find sunshine streaming in, the compartment deserted and at a standstill somewhere on the Spanish border.

"This can't be real," I thought, "I must be dreaming. Where is everybody?"

The silence was eerie and the surroundings as barren as a desert.

I ran up and down the train in alarm, then relaxed and returned to my seat.

A conductor was sitting there. He surveyed me with fatherly interest.

"Good morning," he said. "Did you sleep yourself out, miss?"

"We arrived here an hour ago and I was told by the departing conductor that this was your last stop, and knowing there is a six-hour wait for your next connection we decided to let you sleep."

"That is why you are the only remaining passenger."

"If you will allow me, I will show you where to eat breakfast and you may look around the town afterward. Vila Real is pretty and you

American was passing through — quite an event in Vila Real.

Over good, hot coffee in the warm sunshine, I took stock of my surroundings. What a quiet, friendly place with friendly people to whom each train arrival was an event.

How wonderful it was not to have to rush. London, New York, Paris, and Lisbon were all crowded, but not here. I knew I would always remember this small town where the stationmaster knew enough about my itinerary to let me rest after an all-night trip.

After breakfast, I strolled through the main plaza and acknowledged continual "Good mornings" from all the residents whose custom it was to congregate there.

The small houses were enchanting and painted in bright flower colors of cornflower-blue, daffodil-yellow, pink, and fresh green. There were quaint shops with village touches.

I explored, visited the town hall, and read all the city's old rules and regulations, until my friendly conductor returned to see me through Customs and put me on another ferry that would take me across the river to

What a quiet, friendly place with happy, friendly people

may enjoy our countryside, for it is the last town on the border in Portugal."

I smiled at him. Such consideration! "Thank you," I said. "Yes, I would like breakfast now, but how about my baggage? Do I leave it here? Will it be safe?"

"Look," he replied, "here is my nephew (who suddenly appeared from nowhere), he will take care of it. Remember, this is still Portugal, miss, and as safe as your own home. You couldn't be any safer with your blessed mother. Come, I will take you to the restaurant."

We marched over to an open-air cafe facing the waterfront.

A cheerful waiter greeted me while hugging the conductor as if he were a brother. He was his brother!

In no time the whole town seemed to know an

the Spanish border town of Ayamonte.

I left reluctantly, but was thrilled to find pleasant company on the ferry.

In Ayamonte, an open-air cafe beneath shady trees made lunch an anticipated treat. Three most unusual ferry acquaintances — all men — sat down beside me. We all spoke English and the link of a common tongue bound us together.

Two were young priests on an Easter pilgrimage from Belgium. They were so tall and handsome they turned all heads. The third was an architect from Argentina.

We were the object of great attention because the priests wore habits different from local ones.

I discovered we were all booked on the same train



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and Holy Week

—European train journey that started with a ferry trip had other surprises

for Seville, several hours later.

The architect and I invited the priests to be our guests for lunch. They agreed to sit with us, but said they were not hungry, since they had eaten breakfast that morning. However, they said they might have a glass of wine.

Breakfast had been seven hours ago and I felt they must be very hungry, but proud, as priests usually are. They would not accept our invitation and I realised they could not afford the food in such an elegant place.

I felt sad for them. The food was delicious, but much as I wanted to enjoy it I could not. I choked on every bite knowing the priests were hungry. I couldn't stand it and made up my mind to buy some food they could eat later on the train. I gobbled up my entrée and excused myself, saying I would return soon.

Once out of their sight, I dashed into a tiny fruit store (called *tiendita*) and bought oranges, bananas, and tomatoes, but the next-door bakery was closed, so was the delicatessen. I told the woman of the *tiendita* about the two hungry priests and asked how I could find some bread and meat for them.

"Senora," I cried, "just to see their hunger is to make the saliva dry up in one's mouth and parch the soul with thirst. I must buy some food for them."

The good woman was so surprised at my outburst she said she would also contribute something.

"I have just finished baking, here is a fresh loaf of bread," she said, "and I will bring down some cold meat — it is my offering to the Lord in the name of Holy Week for your two priests."

I was overwhelmed by her generosity — she would accept money only for the fruit — so I gave her a new handkerchief from Madeira. We parted with thanks and blessings, and I walked on, hoping to find cheese to complete my surprise.

It was siesta time and everything was shut tight in this little Spanish town, so I went back to our table and gave the food parcels to the priests, murmuring that it was a Holy Week gift.

They gasped with pleasure, fingering the packages with a smile, sensing their contents.

I did not stop to listen to their thanks, but excused myself once more in an effort to find cheese, which I was sure could be had as a last resort in our garden cafe. In my very best Spanish I approached a jolly, small fat man who was counting out some money.

Who else but the owner

would be doing that? He was a double for Old King Cole, so I told him about the two hungry priests who were too proud to accept lunch from us.

"You see, I managed to get some food for them, but I would like some cheese, crackers, and cookies for their dessert. Could you please sell me some? All the *tienditas* are closed."

The little fat man stopped counting his money and stared at me as if I were mad, but did not answer.

I repeated my request with an urgent, "Please, senor, please. I know it is not your custom to sell cheese and crackers, but this is a special case, and oh, yes, your luncheon was most delightful, but how can I digest it when I know these splendid men of God have not eaten?"

"We are on the verge of Holy Week, senor. If you will allow me to buy some cheese, the Lord will know it and bless you for your goodness . . ."

One architect, two young priests, and a gaily dressed American

After a minute's silence, the little fat man collected himself, looked at me in great amazement, then said, "Cheese for two priests! What is this? No! It is against my principles to sell anybody cheese, but since I am the proprietor I might give you some if you will do me a favor."

Leaning close, he whispered, "I am a collector of cigar-bands from far-away places. You appear to be a traveller, and, my good lady, if you will promise that you will try to get cigar-bands in your many travels and send them to me once in a while, I will give you the cheese as a gift, a whole kilo, with my blessing."

"Crackers too, and here is my address: Sr. P. Quiipo de Llano, Restaurant Ayamonte, Ayamonte, Spain."

I took the address and promised to find cigar-bands, but I was stunned. I don't know any cigar-smokers. How could I go up to strange men and ask them for the labels off their cigars? But a promise is a promise — I think I would have promised the moon then — which I have since kept, so I departed happily with a big fat kilo of golden cheese and crackers.

When I returned to the table and handed them over, my companions burst out laughing, for I told them what Senor P. Quiipo de Llano had asked me to do.

We spent the next hour talking about the interest and amiability of our Spanish hosts, then the priests went

to church to remember us in their prayers. At train time Senor Llano escorted us to our compartment after much hand-shaking and good wishes.

The priests were travelling third-class, but I looked in and saw them eating their way through the food with much relish. I left without letting them see me.

Some time later they came to our first-class coach. The moment they sat down, the conductor arrived for tickets. He scowled at the priests and said, "You must leave immediately or pay more money. You are holding only third-class tickets. It is illegal to sit here. You must go."

The priests could not understand his Spanish, but his surly tone was sufficient to make them aware of the situation, and they stood up, ready to leave.

The architect and I looked at each other.

"Don't you know these honorable priests are strangers here?" the architect said.

"They cannot speak your language and need our protection and assistance on a long and lonely journey in a strange country."

"They are men of God. Are you not ashamed of yourself? Would you send them back where they must remain in silence and loneliness when they are on their way to Seville, where they have been invited by the good Bishop himself?"

"For Holy Week," I chimed in.

The conductor turned red in the face.

"Pardon me, senor, pardon me, senorita, a thousand pardons — I beg of you, guests of our Bishop. Stay, stay and be welcome!" He bowed himself out.

During the long afternoon, we listened with interest to stories of life in Belgium, the priesthood, and what this journey meant to the priests, how much extra work they had put in teaching and on translations to pay even the third-class fare after receiving the Bishop's invitation. Holy Week in Seville was an event all priests dreamed of.

Arriving in Seville, my companions came with me to my next train, which was the last change and last lap of my journey to Cadiz.

We must have appeared an incongruous lot. One polished civilian architect, two very young foreign priests, and one gaily dressed American woman walking together as if we were a family.

"Ships that pass in the night," but what a happy time it had been.

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Why care if you're a year older?
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UltraLucent Cream Make-up by Max Factor



● Twenty-six-year-old Amy Johnson's inexperience was nearly total when she got ready to fly to Australia in May, 1930. Her father, in Yorkshire, helped her buy a single-engine open-cockpit Fairy Moth. She was a typist-secretary in London digs and a member of an aero club, where she enthusiastically worked with the ground engineers and had her first flying lesson 18 months previously. The first solo flight to Australia had been made in 1928 by Australian Bert Hinkler, in 15½ days.

Nineteen days to Australia



"WONDERFUL AMY." At left she waves from the car to a crowd in Hunter Street, Sydney. Suddenly the unknown girl had become the most celebrated woman flier in the world — the American Amelia Earhart's solo crossing of the Atlantic was not to be for two years yet.

ON the chilly morning of May 5, the plane called Jason was wheeled out of a hangar at Croydon on to a deserted tarmac.

Some pressmen turned up and one photographer, for whom Amy posed with a happy grin on her face.

She had failed to convince anybody that her flight would be major news. Nevertheless, it seemed she was now so confident of breaking records that she expected that her story would soon command a good price.

A bouquet arrived from her mother. Jack Humphreys and Jimmy Martin watched their friend get into the little machine. With its extra tanks it had petrol for 13 hours, and Vienna was to be the first stop.

Amy had never taken off a heavily-loaded aircraft, but she had discussed the technique. So she must have known that the way to get such an aeroplane into position for becoming airborne was to put the stick right forward at the very start of the take-off run. She must also, presumably, have been warned that if the machine did not even then lift its excessive load, one must lose no time in throttling back, and holding it down, so as to slow up in time.

The take-off was a failure. Amy somehow managed to avoid crashing into the far fence, but, when she taxied back, Humphreys and Martin met her with anguished reproaches: she had kept her stick too far back; she had failed to go to the farthest extremity of the aerodrome before beginning her run. This really angered her. "I'll take off my way!" she ex-

ploded, "and get out of the way, all of you!"

This time the unwieldy Moth staggered off the ground.

If Amy's determination or her pride had wavered, she might well have abandoned her flight soon after leaving Croydon. For the fumes which escaped into the cockpit whenever she pumped petrol into the gravity tank in the upper wing

brought on distressing attacks of nausea.

It was late afternoon when she brought Jason down on to the aerodrome near Vienna, and she made an excellent landing — an event so unusual that it remained vividly in her memory. "I was still sufficiently a novice," she later confessed, "to regard a really good landing as a piece of luck rather than good management!"

There was no hotel by the aerodrome, and, since "Miss Amy Jason" (a Viennese rendering of her name) meant to start early next morning, she had to find some kind of improvised lodging. A kindly caretaker gave up his bed.

At four o'clock she was up again. The second day took her to Constantinople, and her chief memories of the 800-mile flight were the stinging, soaking discomfort of rainstorms, and more

trouble with the petrol pump. A new leak had started and at each stroke — there were 40 to every gallon — a jet of petrol spurted into the cockpit.

"I had to do all my pumping," she admitted, "with my face over the side."

She reached San Stefano, outside Constantinople, with an hour's daylight to spare. In 1930 aviation was still a novelty in Turkey, and the "airport" did not deserve the name.

"A car was on the aerodrome, and I asked for its headlights to be lit and turned my way," she related. "By their light I cleaned and examined the engine and

By CONSTANCE BABINGTON SMITH

filled up with petrol and oil. The Turks helped me, and after about three hours' hard work the machine was ready. No one spoke English.

"I had to walk to the village, carrying my luggage, and was directed to the only hotel — so new that in my bedroom there was a bed and nothing else. I felt very lonely."

There was reason for her forlornness that night. Awaiting her at the aerodrome she had found an unexpected cable from London, a poignant echo from the past: "Best luck and wishes — Franz."

By 4.30 Amy was on the

aerodrome. "At 7.30 several Turks came noisily into the office and started the examination of my papers. By 8.30 my machine was out of the hangar and I was free to go, but first I had to see to the petrol leak.

"I knew I couldn't make Bagdad. It was ten o'clock before I got away."

The next stretch of Amy's journey, south-eastward across Anatolia, was one that she was dreading, for it meant crossing the Taurus Mountains. She determined, with rash optimism, to try to climb above the cloud layer that hid the peaks.

"I climbed steadily to 8000 feet, then 10,000 . . .

and then more slowly to 11,000 . . . At this height my engine started an ominous coughing and spitting, and I realised that I couldn't go any higher. I descended to 10,000 feet and decided to try to follow the railway through its winding gorges . . . The cold was intense in my open cockpit.

"The railway runs through tunnels and it is quite easy to lose it. In case of a forced landing one hasn't a chance.

"I had one very unpleasant moment when threading my way through an exceptionally narrow gorge with the mountains rising sheer on either side

only a few feet from my wings and towering high above. Rounding a corner I ran straight into a bank of low clouds, and for an awful minute could see nothing at all.

"In desperation I pushed down the nose of the machine to try to dive below them, and in half a minute — which seemed to me an eternity — I emerged from the cloud at a speed of 120 with one wing down and aiming straight for a wall of rock . . .

"I reached Aleppo without further incident."

Aleppo was one of her happiest stops; everything went well, Syria was still under the French mandate, and the aerodrome was a military outpost. French mechanics helped her to carry out an ordinary daily overhaul.

That evening one of the tiny cubicles in the officers' barracks was allotted to her. At dawn next day, the fourth day of the flight, she left for Bagdad, nearly 500 miles across the desert.

"All went well until I was almost within sight of Bagdad. The heat was terrific and I was flying at 7000 feet to avoid the worst of the heat and the bumps. The air was very hazy and visibility poor.

"Suddenly my machine gave a terrific lurch, the nose dipped, and Jason and I dropped a couple of thousand feet. The drop was so sudden and far that the propeller stopped for a few agonising moments, and I was terror-stricken."

In the dust storm the plane dropped to within a few feet of the ground, and was being blown about helplessly. All at once she felt the wheels touch ground, although she could see nothing.

ing. She throttled down, steered into the wind, and managed to bring the plane to a halt.

"I switched off the engine and jumped out as quickly as I could, hindered as I was by my parachute . . . The force of the wind started to push the plane backward, and I hastily pulled out my luggage from the front cockpit to put behind the wheels.

"My next job was to try to cover up the engine to keep the dust and sand out of the carburettor, but . . . as fast as I tied down one side of my canvas cover and raced round . . . to tie down the other side, the first side would be torn from its fastenings. It must have been about half an hour before I had finally managed to get the cover fastened on.

"Turning my back to the wind, I sat down on

Jason's tail to try to keep it down, and settled myself to wait for some lull in the storm.

"Once I heard dogs barking, and my terror broke out afresh, as I had heard that these desert dogs wouldn't hesitate to attack and tear their victims to pieces. I pulled out my small revolver, and waited . . .

"After three hours the wind began to abate and soon I could see. In terror lest I should miss the opportunity, I raced round collecting my luggage and uncovering the engine, tools falling in the sand in my haste and getting covered up at once. I opened up and took off, going in the direction in which I thought Bagdad would be.

"Within a short while I was in sight of Bagdad . . . I came in to land, but immediately Jason touched the ground he swung round and sank down on one wing.

To page 43



"Would you believe it.....
Only yesterday I was coughing my head off!"

"All day long it was cough... cough... cough! I just dreaded the thought of night coming on. So, I had a talk to my family chemist and he suggested I try Nyal 'Decongestant'."

Your own family chemist will tell you that Nyal 'Decongestant' is a prescription-standard cough elixir that gives **real** relief from coughing. It contains medications which, by law, can be sold only

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The story of AMY JOHNSON

From page 41

Jumping out to see the damage, I found one of the undercarriage struts had sheared in two.

"I was heartbroken. But the manager of Imperial Airways at Bagdad sent the broken strut over to the Air Force aerodrome at Hinaidi, quite near, and there about ten mechanics worked hard all night to make me a new strut.

"When I came out to the aerodrome the following morning Jason was in excellent trim, with engine overhauled, and looking bright, and tidy after a good wash."

And for the first time since leaving England she was able to get away from the aerodrome and see something of the nearby city. "I went for a drive and enjoyed a good dinner on the roof of the hotel overlooking the river," she remembered.

As she flew on from Bagdad, it was now the fifth day of Amy's flight, and in Fleet Street the "Lone Girl Flier" was beginning to attract a certain amount of attention.

ON May 9 Amy's objective was Bandar Abbas, the fishing port at the eastern end of the Persian Gulf, which she had chosen as a stopping place "by the simple expedient of dividing the distance between Bagdad and Karachi in two.

"I reached Bandar Abbas in good time. Circling round and round in the bumpy air I searched for an aerodrome. Finding none, I became anxious and looked out for a place large and flat enough to land. At last I found one — fairly large but not too level — near which was a large house.

"I landed fast, as usual, and rather heavily, also as usual . . . and to my horror the left wing drooped and trailed the ground. The bolt securing the top of the new strut had sheared.

" . . . Very slowly and wearily I started to walk toward the large house I had seen from the air."

The house was the British Consulate. The Consul explained that the aerodrome was no longer in regular use and that he had not been forewarned of Amy's coming. But he assured her that he had an excellent man called David who looked after his own car and who would do everything he could for her aircraft.

Years ago there used to be RAF machines on this aerodrome. David had been round and learnt as much as he could — incidentally, he appears to have started a collection of spare parts, and from this hidden treasure trove he produced the bolt for Jason.

Persian officials now turned out in force to subject Amy to a rigorous Customs examination.

"After much talk among themselves they asked me where my health certificate was. I replied that I hadn't

one and had never been asked for one before. They then informed me that I ought to be carrying all the papers that a ship carries and that a health certificate was indispensable. I was then told I should not be allowed to proceed until I had been both vaccinated and inoculated.

"After nearly two hours' talking they suddenly capitulated and gave in on every point. Before I realised it, I was signing my own health certificate and the officials were bowing and bidding me good night."

The next stop, Karachi, was the first major point where Amy's time would be compared with Hinkler's, and it now seemed almost

bald heads and guessed they must be vultures.

She hoped to recognise Allahabad from its position on the Ganges. "Shortly before the time anticipated there lay ahead of me a sparkling river and a town. I searched for the aerodrome, but couldn't find it.

"At last I decided to land in a large space, and no sooner had my wheels touched ground than an enormous horde of screaming natives rushed toward me . . . I sat tight and waited.

"Soon I saw an Englishman and I asked him where I was. Jhansi, he replied. How far was Allahabad? About 200 miles. Thanking him, I turned and took off rapidly before the crowd had



JUST BEFORE take-off. Those seeing Amy off include Jimmy Martin (at left), Jack Humphreys (hand raised), and her father (with pipe).

certain that she would break his England-India record.

During the 700-mile hop her engine again began spluttering and coughing. In spite of this she reached Karachi safely and landed in triumph; she had improved on Hinkler's record by a startling margin. He had got to India on the eighth day of his flight; she on her sixth.

"The British Girl Lindbergh." So the London headlines hailed Amy as soon as the news of her England-to-India record was out, and at once her name echoed around the world. Even during her overnight stop at Karachi she already found herself being treated as a celebrity.

She was pressed to stay at Government House, and was able to do so on her own terms: "Pleading fatigue and no clothes, I dined in my room and went to bed instead of attending the large dinner party to which I had been invited."

She was given a cheering send-off; an aircraft of the RAF and also a Moth flown by the local de Havilland agent escorted her briefly eastward. Then she was alone again, flying over featureless stretches of desert toward Allahabad, nearly a thousand miles distant.

Before long she realised that she was not alone; huge birds were following her, flying at a great height and apparently keeping up with her easily. She noticed their

time to spread over the open space.

"After an hour's flying, the petrol from my second reserve tank gave out, and I saw from the gauge that I had only sufficient petrol for another hour's flying. Realising I must have had strong headwinds I saw I could not possibly reach Allahabad in an hour, and I therefore very reluctantly had to decide to return to Jhansi.

"I didn't relish landing in the same place as before, and so looked about for a better spot. I chose the largest space I could find, which was near houses, and landed."

The "houses" were a military barracks, the "space" was a parade ground, and as the time was late afternoon many officers and men were about.

One of the officers afterward gave a lively account of her arrival: "The plane was down. Down on the regimental parade ground, and charging at high speed toward the barracks. It twisted its way round trees, barely missed an iron telegraph post, scattered a group of men waiting to mount guard, smashed into the name board outside the regimental offices, and then came to rest wedged between two of the barrack buildings.

"There was a race to reach it. From the cockpit climbed a figure — a girl — young, almost a child, fair, wearing only a shirt, an ill-fitting pair

of khaki shorts, socks and shoes, and a flying helmet. The skin on her face, arms, and legs was burnt and blistered by the sun, and tears were not far from her tired eyes . . .

"I am two days ahead of Bert Hinkler's time so far," she said, "and now I'm afraid everything is ruined."

" . . . The broken wing must be mended, the old oil replaced by new, petrol procured and poured into the almost empty tanks . . . About 9 p.m. a halt was called. Miss Johnson was rushed in a car to a bungalow where a bath and a change of clothing awaited her."

That night she slept little. "I found it impossible to sleep indoors, so dragged out my bed on to the lawn. I was overtired and I suppose it was being out in the open that kept giving me the illusion that I was flying and had fallen asleep . . . I kept sitting up frantically in bed thinking I was just about to crash."

But at dawn, as usual, she was up and off again. On to Calcutta. There, as at Karachi, the servicing of her aircraft was taken off her hands, and next morning she again left early, hoping to reach Rangoon before evening, though she had been warned she would run into the first of the monsoon rains.

"I had to land on the racecourse. I flew right through the town and to the coastline beyond without seeing anything like a racecourse, except for one track which appeared much too small. In desperation I tried to land there.

"Out of the corner of my eye I saw a large building with crowds of people on the balcony seemingly waving to me, and I was quite encouraged, as I thought I had found the right place and was being welcomed.

"At the last moment I saw goalposts . . . Jason ran smoothly past the goalposts head-on for a ditch, into which he buried his head and came to a standstill with a loud noise and a great shudder. This was top much for me . . . I cried like a baby."

SHE had come to earth on the sports ground of the Government Technical Institute at Insein, five miles to the north of Rangoon.

The people who had waved were the teachers and pupils trying to point out the way to the racecourse.

"The damage proved to be a broken propeller, a ripped tyre, broken undercarriage strut, and much-damaged wing. We had to lift the machine out of the ditch, carry it across the compound, make a bridge over the ditch and carry it over into a grove of trees on the far side, where it was more or less sheltered. This done, I went to bed and refused to be disturbed even for dinner.

"Next morning I got up to think out what could be

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Yesterday she didn't feel well



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The story of AMY JOHNSON



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done. The head of the institute placed his own and his pupils' services at my disposal. None of them, however, knew the first thing about aeroplanes.

"With their help I took off the damaged wing and had it carried into the institute workroom. We stripped off the fabric and found several of the ribs were

completely shattered. The matter seemed hopeless. The rain was pouring in torrents.

"Then in walked an Englishman and I was introduced to the Forestry Inspector. Picking up the bits of broken wood, he said, 'I'll see to this part if the institute can see to the repairing of the metal parts.' I hadn't much faith that they could do any good, but agreed to let them try.

"The following morning my Forestry friend returned, bringing with him several new wooden ribs for the wing. He had glued together all the broken pieces, then chosen some wood as near like mine as possible, and made new parts exactly to match. We at once set about fitting them in the wing, and soon had the framework tacked and glued together."

The next thing was to cover it with fabric. But Amy's supply of linen for emergency repairs had been used up at Jhansi. Then someone remembered that the men's shirts in most common use at the time were made of World War I surplus aeroplane fabric. "About twenty of these shirts were produced, which we tore into strips and joined together. We sent for several seamstresses from Rangoon, who worked hard piecing them together and covering the wing. Then the linen cover had to be doped to stiffen and strengthen it, and I had no dope left.

"We sent the principal chemist in Rangoon a small tin . . . in which there was a very small portion of the dope left from the repairs at Jhansi. This chemist mixed up some stuff to match the smell, and although it was much too thin, yet two coats of it served our purpose.

"Now the repairs were complete, but as it was impossible to take off from the confined space of the playing field, the aircraft had to be transported to the racecourse some miles away. We carried the machine to the road, and there lifted its tail on to the back of the local fire engine, fastening it as securely as we could.

"The procession at last set out at a pace of five miles an hour, in torrents of rain, preceded by a native policeman on a bicycle who importantly cleared the road ahead of us of all traffic. We all had umbrellas up, even the policeman.

"At dawn we were all out at the racecourse again, and I tested the machine thoroughly."

THUS it was that on the morning of May 16, the twelfth day since Amy left Croydon, all was ready for her to continue her flight.

The enforced stay at Insein had, of course, eliminated her two-day lead over Hinkler, who by his longer route had reached Rangoon 11 days after his start. But they were now neck and neck, and when she set out again, for Bangkok, there was still a hope—a very slender one—that she might be able to improve his record time of 15½ days for the solo flight from England to Australia. Troubles continued:

"I had to cross a mountain range, and again the weather was about as bad as it could be. If I was to get through at all, there was nothing for it but to fly blind through the clouds. Climbing up to 9000ft. I set off . . . expecting all the time to crash when I hit a mountainside.

"I was three hours flying through these mountains, which, in fine weather, could be crossed in about half an hour. At last I emerged over the jungle-covered plains on the other side, only to discover that I was miles off my course.

"I knew that if I flew south I must reach the sea sooner or later. After flying for some time I saw ahead of me a network of canals which I could easily pick up on my map, and after that it was easy work to find Don Muang aerodrome at Bangkok."

According to news reports, Amy seemed "really dead beat." Crowds of Siamese were waiting to welcome her and a special train was ready to take her into the capital, where she had been invited to stay the night. But she



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declined all this and wisely remained at the aerodrome to supervise the servicing.

After a meal and a short rest she found that the mechanics of the Siamese Air Force, who had started the refuelling, had done everything wrong, and there had to be much draining, filtering, and refilling. "It was now quite dark and we had to work by the light of my small torch . . .

"The next day was stormy. I had a long hop of 900 miles ahead of me to Singapore. I followed the coastline for hundreds of miles, flying so low that I was almost touching the waves, and keeping my eye glued to the narrow strip of sand.

"Once I looked at my compass and found it first pointing to north, then east, south, then west, and realised at last I was flying round and round a flooded field, having lost the coastline for one second. More by good luck than anything else I found it again and kept on.

"I couldn't wear my goggles, as the rain made them impossible to see through, and my eyes were smarting terribly with the force of the rain. Suddenly I ran straight out of this terrible weather into a, perfectly fine stretch, and below me I found Singora, where I decided to land, as it was getting late and Singapore was still 450 miles away.

"The sand on the aerodrome was so soft that Jason almost turned over, and I couldn't taxi through it. For once I was able to carry out my overhaul in daylight, but . . . I had to wait till the sun had gone down a bit, because there was no shade.

"The Siamese brought picnic parties out and ice-cream stalls.

"This was the first time I had nobody at all even to hand things up to me and unscrew nuts, etc. and I found I hadn't the strength to undo many of the nuts and bolts which had to be inflated. There was one Siamese who spoke English and who had been specially sent down by the Siamese Government to look after me. I asked him to find me a strong man, and a Siamese was pushed out from among the crowd."

AMY had decided that since the surface of the aerodrome was so sandy she must use an adjoining bit of road for her take-off run next day, and she enlisted the help of some of the onlookers in moving Jason into place at one end of it before the refuelling was done.

"The narrow road was lined about eight deep with people in dazzling robes. Hundreds of children sat and laughed and played, and behind them stood rows upon rows of saffron-clad priests, chattering women, and numerous men. Right in front were houses and a row of tall trees.

"I started my engine and with my heart in my mouth I rushed between those human hedges. As I began to move I got a spray of petrol in my eyes which half blinded me. My relief to be in the air was unspeakable."

As she neared Singapore she caught sight of several aircraft flying toward her, and was heartened to realise that they were Moth seaplanes which had come out to meet her.

Awaiting her arrival at the Selayar aerodrome, on the after-

noon of Sunday, May 18, was a crowd of several hundred Europeans, the women dressed as though for a garden party. Amy, at the end of the 14th day of her flight, was enjoying the new experience of being a public figure.

But she knew now that she had no hope of bettering Hinkler's time to Australia. That evening she cabled to her father, "Cannot break record, weather dreadful."

"You are wonderful. Nobody worrying about record . . ." her parents cabled back.

For several days, all over the world, the Press had been blazoning out news of the lone girl flier and already the spectacle of

Amy's courage, as she battled her way across Asia, had seized hold of the public's imagination.

Just how and when did the Press take possession of Amy? There are two main landmarks, the first during her enforced stop in Burma, when the London "Daily Mail" bought the rights to the exclusive story of her flight, and the second after she reached Australia, when the same newspaper engaged her services for the period immediately after her return to England.

She was being pressed to continue her flight to Sydney and had been offered as much as £5000 for an Australian tour. By now she had finally abandoned the idea of trying to fly straight back to England from Darwin.

At Singapore, where Amy stayed for the night, she did not have the scramble of servicing her own aircraft, for she was able to entrust it to RAF experts.

"I was so tired by this time, that my sole thought was to reach Australia so that I could sleep for as long as I wanted. I still had 2400 miles to cover.

"When I left Singapore I had made up my mind to get to Sourabaya, a thousand miles away in the Dutch East Indies. But alas for my plans, I ran into bad weather again.

"I decided that I would try to make up for lost time by a short cut across the Java Sea . . . The weather ahead seemed fairly clear and my engine was running well. After half an hour or so, when I

was well out of sight of land, I ran into heavy cloud and rain and was forced lower and lower. The wind began to blow and the waves rose . . . the clouds got thicker and the rain fiercer . . . It was equally black in every direction.

"Unable to go on, equally unable to turn back or to stand still, I circled round and round. I was more than terrified. I knew that thousands of hungry sharks were waiting . . .

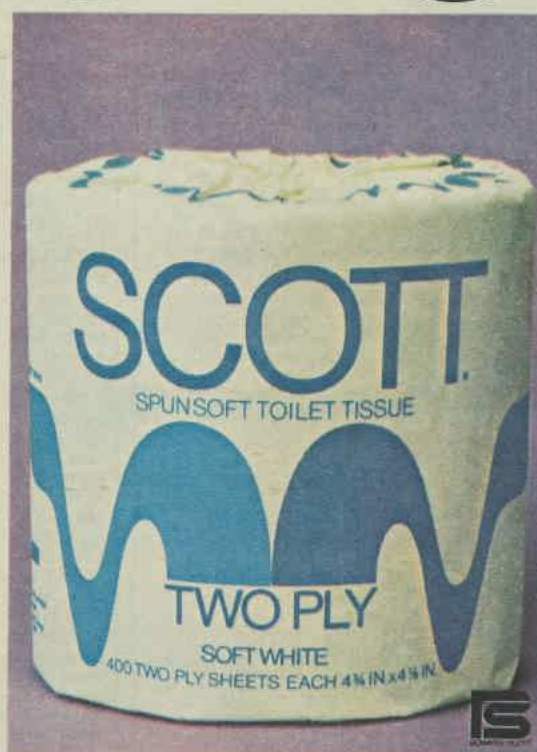
"Then suddenly in one direction the sky cleared. The sun shone through and, outlined on the black cloud opposite, was a perfect rainbow. With thanks in my heart I darted for the clear patch.

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Page 45

'Softie'

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CONTINUING—

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"I had long given up my attempt to keep on a compass course across the sea and merely tried to get to the coast as quickly as possible . . . My next problem, however, was where to land that night. I knew I couldn't reach Sourabaya.

"The country is a mass of ricefields and sugar plantations, and there isn't a hope of bringing off a successful forced landing. I was getting very anxious and thought of coming down on the beach when I saw what seemed like a large factory, beside which was a fairly large and flat piece of ground.

"I came down. Ahead of me I saw a wide ditch toward which I was racing at great speed. It seemed as though nothing could save a repetition of my misfortune at Insein, but to my surprise my speed was very quickly checked, and in an incredibly short time Jason came to rest.

"I discovered there were long rows of sharp bamboo stakes in the ground, which had struck the lower wings as I raced over them, tearing the fabric and acting as a brake. I had to mend them later with sticking-plaster, as I had no fabric left."

She had landed on Java, about 200 miles from Batavia and just alongside a sugar factory.

The bamboo stakes marked the outline of a projected building. The following morning the manager gallantly had them all pulled up and the ditches filled in for the take-off.

Amy then flew on to the aerodrome at Semarang, where she refuelled. Semarang was a stopping place for the three-engined Fokkers of the Dutch airmail service, and one of them happened to be there; it was bound for Sourabaya and the pilot offered to show the way. In her single-engined Moth Amy could hardly keep him in sight.

At midday on May 20, when she arrived at the aerodrome outside Sourabaya, she was given an uproarious welcome by the Dutch and English awaiting her. "With one bound she was standing on the rain-soaked flying field," wrote a local reporter. "And then nothing else was seen but flowers and laughing, enthusiastic faces."

Next morning engine trouble was discovered. Amy had to wait for a spare part in the magneto assembly, and she stayed at Sourabaya for a second night. She wrote to her parents:

"It is 18 days already and I am beginning to despair of reaching Australia. Shall be so glad when the sea crossing is over, which I dread. When one gets so tired I find one loses one's courage, too. I am ashamed of myself and want so much to get safely to Sydney."

Next day she took off from Sourabaya intending to reach Atamboea, on the island of Timor, before evening—a long day's flying of

The story of



IN BORROWED CLOTHES, Amy stands beside her plane after a crash-landing at Insein, Burma, on the adventurous flight to Australia.

nearly a thousand miles, which would put her into position to make her final hop across the Timor Sea.

"It was rapidly getting dark whilst I was still over the water . . . Then the mountainous coast of Timor loomed up and I was lucky enough to pick up a tiny island which gave me my exact whereabouts.

"Turning inland I looked below me for the aerodrome but I just couldn't see it . . . In despair I came lower and lower ready to put my wheels down anywhere, as my petrol was practically finished. Seeing a bumpy stretch of grass, I headed toward it. The field was a mass of ant-heaps about 6ft. high, but the machine ran safely in and out among them, coming to rest with one mound gently holding up the wing, but without breaking it."

THIS time she had come down far from civilisation at Haliloeli, a native village near the boundary between Dutch and Portuguese Timor. On landing she found herself alongside "a group of huts of mud and straw from which rushed a horde of yelling natives, with hair flying in the wind, and knives in their hands or between their red-stained teeth.

"In a minute I was surrounded and I pulled out my revolver, but I had no need at all to worry. With a deep salute, the leader came forward and gingerly touched first the machine, then me . . . Then he retired and everyone talked together in excited whispers. I could make nothing of the language.

"Then I heard the word 'Pastor' and I wondered

whether this referred to a priest and if there was a mission anywhere near . . . As the darkness became more intense the leader took hold of my hand and with the utmost confidence I let them lead me to wherever they were going.

"At last we came to a large building made of logs. Everything was in darkness . . . and in utter weariness I sank down on the steps and was soon fast asleep. I woke to find someone shaking me and looked up into the kind, bearded face of the French pastor.

" . . . Whilst I was enjoying my meal, we heard the hoot of a motor horn. A moment later I was talking English to the Portuguese commandant of the aerodrome at Atamboea. I had flown right over the aerodrome without seeing it—which didn't seem surprising when I saw it the next day in daylight. There had been a bushfire and the aerodrome was merely a blackened patch.

"We bribed the village to raze the ant-heaps to the ground, and send the word to Atamboea to bring out a couple of tins of motor spirit.

"It was midday before we saw emerging from the jungle a donkey with two tins of petrol tied on his back, and I at once began the task of pouring this into the empty tank, but . . . it was dirty and of such coarse grade that I was nearly two hours filtering two gallons, which was enough for ten minutes' flying.

"Pushing Jason back to the very edge of the cleared runway, I started the engine. I didn't waste petrol running her up, and I wanted to take off with a flying start.

AMY JOHNSON

which means that the wings are held back by two or three people while I open up the throttle, get the tail up, and then, at a given signal, everyone lets go and the machine rushes forward at flying speed and takes off in about half its accustomed space.

"But could I get these savage natives to understand what I wanted? . . . I had to risk an ordinary take off. As I opened up the throttle, the trees of the jungle rushed nearer . . . I am certain that my wheels actually touched the treetops as I felt Japan give a lurch."

At the so-called aerodrome at Atamboea ("it was very small, there were no hangars, and no markings") Amy set to work to overhaul her engine for the sea crossing next day.

The only petrol was in huge rusty casks, and it had to be filtered into tins and again through two chamois leathers into the engine.

NEXT day, the twentieth day of Amy's flight, as she prepared to start on her last lap, she received a heartening message from the Shell Company: the oil-tanker Phorus had been instructed to stand by on her course, midway between Atamboea and Darwin.

"I taxied to the far side of the field to get the longest run. Turning round there was such a cloud of dust that I had to wait several minutes for it to clear. Then I saw how pitifully short the run was, and I had a full load of petrol," she recalled.

But she took off successfully and soon was over the coast.

There before me stretched 300 miles of shark-infested sea which I must cross to reach Australia . . . It was a quarter to eight by my watch, and I realised that after three hours I ought to sight the oil-tanker if it was still there . . .

"With my last experience over the Java Sea in my mind I was rather anxious, but on this occasion I was able to go round the storms. I got past three of them and then the weather improved.

Relieved of the worry of bad weather, my mind turned to my engine. I fancied it was spluttering. It did really splutter; pulling back the throttle I opened up quickly to try to force out the foreign matter which I guessed was choking the carburettor. The manoeuvre was successful and black smoke poured out of the exhaust. This often happened . . .

"Resolutely not looking at my watch for what seemed like two hours, I found that ten minutes had passed. I counted as far as I could in French and then in German. I recited all the nursery rhymes and poems I could remember . . .

"Three hours at last passed, and I strained my eyes to see a wisp of smoke . . . Right ahead of me was something — the oil-tanker. Gliding to within a few feet of its deck I waved to the figures I could see hurrying about. I was wildly excited and forgot all danger.

"The smoke had given me the wrong direction and I altered my course by a couple of degrees. Time again seemed to stand still, but I was comforted by the thought of the ship behind me and Australia ahead, and I seemed in some curious way to be protected.

"Another three hours passed and I began to climb so that I

should see Australia quicker. Then I saw a dark cloud on the horizon . . . The cloud slowly assumed shape and after half an hour's flying I made out an island which I knew to be Melville Island, and I was sure of my exact whereabouts. In another half an hour my wheels were touching Australian soil."

She had landed at the Darwin aerodrome.

To her mind the flight was a

fiasco — she had failed to beat Hinkler's record. When approaching the aerodrome and seeing the waiting crowds, she had thought, modestly, that her arrival coincided with an air pageant.

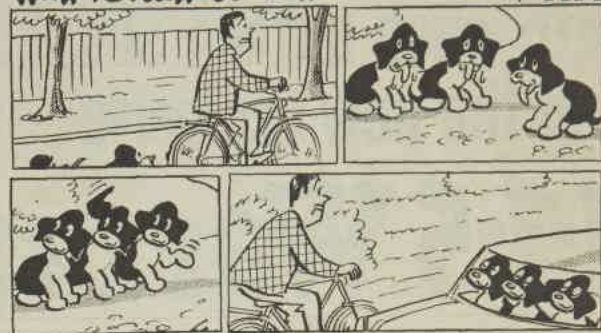
The six weeks that Amy spent in Australia were an exhilarating initiation into her new life as a public figure; at the same time they were a gruelling ordeal.

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FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



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CONTINUING—

The story of AMY JOHNSON

From page 47

Darwin, Brisbane, Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Perth. Receptions, luncheons, dinners; balls, galas, rallies; welcomes by Governors, by Lord Mayors, by women's clubs; by aero clubs, Rotary clubs, Freemasons; by feminists, Methodists, Yorkshiremen.

And then there were the speeches, broadcasts, interviews, sittings, posings, signings; the gifts of fur coats, frocks, and hats; of cash, jewellery, and watches; of endless bric-a-brac; even of a baby kangaroo.

Amy on her side responded with genuine pleasure, yet the strain of it all, on top of the strain of her flight, sometimes brought her to the point of collapse, and more than once after the crowds had rushed her she broke into hysterical sobs.

At Brisbane's Eagle Farm aerodrome a crowd of 20,000 waited eagerly for her arrival.

Jason made a circuit and then touched down too fast and too late. The aircraft hit the far fence, plunged into a field of millet, somersaulted, and finished on its back.

A cheer went up as Amy was seen scrambling from the wreckage. Amid thunderous applause, with her pullover torn and a gash in one boot, she waved and grinned with even more gusto than usual.

(Jason was eventually repaired and shipped back to England.)

In Brisbane news came from England that she had been awarded a CBE. But there was also an anxious cable from her father: "Alarming newspaper reports concerning your health. Please cable." "Do not believe report my illness," she cabled back. "Am quite well."

Amy travelled from Brisbane to Sydney in an Australian eight-passenger airliner. The trip took six hours. It was the first time she had ever flown in an aircraft larger than a Moth.

Charles Ulm was pilot, the co-pilot a young Briton named James Mollison.

That evening, against doctor's orders, she attended a ball at the Wentworth Hotel. The Governor, Sir Philip Game, a retired Air Vice-Marshal, was Amy's escort. On the grounds of her tiredness, he refused to let Mollison claim the two dances she had promised him during the flight to Sydney.

Midway through Amy's tour one of the newspapers launched a vitriolic attack on her on the score of avarice. It had probably been sparked off by an unfortunate decision by a tour



WAVING to an admiring crowd in Melbourne.

organiser to charge £100 on Amy's behalf for her personal appearances. In fact, the financial gains from her flight (by comparison with those of some other long-distance fliers) were by no means outstanding.

The success of Amy's time in Australia was not spoiled by the attacks. Although upset and angered, she smiled as unceasingly as ever and kept on saying the right thing in her impromptu, hatless little speeches (if she arrived at a function wearing a hat she would whip it off before she started speaking).

AFTER she stayed for four nights at Government House at Adelaide, her hostess, Lady Hore-Ruthven, cabled to her parents: "Amy been staying with us. Standing tour wonderfully. Her head refuses to swell."

The final stop of the tour was Perth, and when Amy arrived outside the Savoy Hotel there was wild enthusiasm and confusion. In the turmoil a man tried to kiss her.

She gave him a severe slap in the face and he retreated with a bleeding nose. When Major De Havilland saw her off by sea he made a parting gift to her of a pair of boxing gloves.

Amy admitted to a reporter that she was dreading her return to England. Her anxiety centred chiefly on her obligation to the "Daily Mail." She had not yet seen the contract her father had signed for her.

When the airliner to which she transferred for the

last leg of the trip home eventually landed at Croydon it was three hours late, and by the time the speeches were to be made dusk had fallen.

The 12-mile procession into the city was at a snail's pace, and by the time the cars reached her hotel, Grosvenor House, Amy was, according to her father, distraught and thoroughly chilled. She still had to face a roomful of reporters and did not get to bed until about two a.m.

In the following days receptions, dinners, radio talks, and interviews continued without a break. She made one speech with a doctor at hand.

Her commitments to the "Daily Mail" included appearances all over the country. At Brighton the Director of Civil Aviation, when he saw the effect the tour was having on her, urged her to give it up.

Her manager pointed out that according to her contract Jason belonged to the newspaper. Amy told her father, "They threatened to take it from me for their pilot to fly round on tour instead of me. I told them I would burn it sooner than let anyone else fly in it."

Instead of burning her aircraft she took off in it and flew to London. Her ground engineer friend Jack Humphreys was shocked to hear she had "run away," but she was in such distress when she begged him to hide Jason that he agreed to do so.

That afternoon Amy had a talk with the overlords of the "Daily Mail" and as a



result the remainder of the tour was called off.

"The outcome of everything is that the 'Mail' are letting me off my contract absolutely and are making the £10,000 a gift," Amy told her father. She repaid to her father not only the £300 he had contributed to the cost of Jason, but every penny he had advanced for her other flying expenses.

The immediate strains on Amy had eased, but Humphreys became so gravely worried by her condition that he introduced her to a Harley Street physician, who later told her that when she came to him she was "on the verge of insanity."

After a rest in a nursing home, and hoping to avoid publicity by using an assumed name, she wrote to her parents:

"I am seeking hard to lose my identity of Amy Johnson because that personage has become a nightmare and an abomination to me. My great ideas for a career in aviation have been annulled, for a long time to come, by the wrong kind of publicity and exploitation which followed my return to England."

Her feelings soon changed. In spite of that letter, she began planning a solo flight across Siberia in mid-winter. It was a foolish journey to attempt in an open Moth, but she hoped that the new long-distance flight would rescue her from the chores of public life.

Next week: AMY AND JIM MOLLISON

The Soviet authorities promised full facilities, even though they held that she was "insufficiently prepared for such a serious and responsible matter." She took off on New Year's Day, 1931, but lost her way in a fog in Poland and crash-landed on a potato field.

While the plane was being repaired she went on by train to Moscow to pave the way for another trans-Siberian attempt later in the year. The Russians listed her as "the best possible example" for Soviet womanhood.

With a more realistic idea of the conditions to be faced, Amy decided to make the new flight in summer in a cabin plane, a two-seater Puss Moth, and to go on to Tokyo. Jack Humphreys, now her mechanic and most trusted confidant, was to be co-pilot.

To show what could be achieved in a normal machine, it would not have extra tanks fitted. Early in the flight Humphreys, at the controls, became aware of Amy's uncanny sense of direction.

After crossing the Russian frontier he was doing a compass course over dense forests and the moon was rising. Amy had dropped off to sleep; then, suddenly waking up, she pointed off-course, exclaiming, "Moscow's over there!" Her intuition disagreed with the compass and there was no sign of a glow in the sky, but she was right. He also came to realise more

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 12, 1968



Not such a good day? Don't you believe it. The day starts right at home with a great big bowl of golden sunshine. Kellogg's Corn Flakes. The family needs that nourishing goodness... that get up and go! Mum, start them right every day with the big, crisp flavour of the real corn flakes.

Home is a bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes

JUST TWO OUNCES OF KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES GIVE YOU THE GOODNESS OF SUN-RIPENED CORN PLUS ONE HALF OF YOUR DAILY REQUIREMENT OF THE ESSENTIAL VITAMINS: THIAMINE (B₁), RIBOFLAVIN (B₂), NIACIN AND FOOD IRON. *REGISTERED TRADE MARK. K84A



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clearly as the trip progressed that as a pilot Amy had definite shortcomings. He remembers that his most usual comment on her approaches was "Woman! You'll have to go round again!"

Their flight from England to Tokyo took just under ten days; longer than they had hoped, but better than the comparable light-plane record of 11 days.

Francis Chichester, having crashed at Katsuura, after completing his historical seaplane solo from Australia, was recuperating in a Japanese hospital, and before Amy and Humphreys left for home they journeyed across Japan to visit him.

In the London papers on August 7, 1931, little mention

had been made of Amy's arrival in Tokyo. The headlines that day were devoted instead to the arrival in England of an unknown pilot from Australia — Jim Mollison.

He had accomplished the amazing feat of making the trip solo in a Puss Moth in nine days, thus improving on the existing record by as much as 48 hours.

It was a triumph of good planning, flying skill, and endurance, and among the cables of congratulation he received was one signed "Amy Johnson."

Condensed from "Amy Johnson," by Constance Babington Smith; published by Collins. World copyright, 1967; text by author, Amy Johnson's letters by Molly Jones and Betty Falconer Stewart.

Dear Polly,

I have just had a home permanent. Now my friend tells me I should wait a while before colouring my hair (it's dark brown with a lot of grey in it).

Your friend is quite correct. I always recommend that you wait a week before applying hair colouring (the hair becomes slightly porous after a permanent and tends to absorb colour too rapidly). Then I suggest you use Polycolor Cream Hair Tint No. 43 Dark Brown. This will restore your natural dark brown colouring, and the special conditioners in Polycolor will leave your hair soft, shining and easy to manage.

Several times I've used a setting lotion in wet, humid weather. In no time at all, the style has disappeared, leaving my hair lank and lifeless. What can I do?

Use Poly Set Hair Setting Lotion. Poly Set actually "weather proofs" your hair against wind and dampness. Simply comb a few drops of Poly Set through after your next shampoo, and your hair will come out soft and shining. Poly Set adds a natural gloss to your hair, too — there's never any dulling or flaking. So use Poly Set and defy the elements!

I've decided to change the colour of my hair. Who could advise me whether the shade I choose will suit my complexion?

May I suggest that you consult the Poly Hair Beauty Counsellor at your pharmacy or department store. She has been specially trained to advise customers on hair colouring, treatment and hair care in general. She will be happy to discuss your particular problems with you, and together you can choose the right shade for perfect results.

When I was younger my hair was a lot fairer. Now it's just a dull brown. What can I do to give it a lift and make my hair more interesting?

Fair hair often darkens as we grow older — but the remedy is simple. Just shampoo in Polyclair Hair Lightener. Polyclair will lighten your hair up to two shades, and restore those lost highlights. The special conditioners in Polyclair will leave your hair sleek, shining and naturally healthy. And there's no need to worry about results, either. Polyclair is mistakeproof.

If you have a hair problem, write Pauline "Polly" Reynolds, Polycolor Hair Beauty Consultant, P.O. Box 18, Villawood, N.S.W. 2163 ...or call her in person at Sydney, 72.0461.



At Pharmacies and Department Stores.

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use pen-names. Send them to Teenagers Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. We pay \$2 for each letter used.

End of illusions

When my girlfriend and I decided to share a flat, prospects seemed very favorable. But the rosy image did not last; dishes had to be washed every night, rooms cleaned, and friends entertained. Discarded clothes and make-up piled up in bedroom and unused corners (no mother to tidy up). The strong bond of friendship we once shared waned, and arguments developed over the most trivial incidents. Good times were outnumbered by awkward and embarrassing situations. Within four months we agreed to discontinue our arrangement.

—IRATE DISHWASHER, South Kingsville, Vic.

World of good

THERE are many things in the world that are unsatisfactory, but riots and demonstrations are not going to change them. The students who spend so much time in this way could be doing something more constructive such as studying and preparing themselves for leadership, so that when their time comes they may be better qualified to cure the ills of the world. — Diane Walsh, Mount Isa, Qld.

Great healer

PERHAPS you've just lost your boyfriend, and you think you'll never get over him. You will, though it'll take time. It took me four and a half months. I used to think I was cured, when something would happen, and all the sweet memories would come back, and I'd be miserable again. Even though now you don't think you possibly could, in a short while you'll even like someone else. Time heals all sorrows. — Wendy Douglas, East Ballina, N.S.W.

ROUND
ROBIN



Adair

STRIKE! FRENCH WITHOUT PEERS

I SEE that nudes from the famous Folies Bergere recently joined the massive French industrial strike.

The Folies staff of 300, including 50 nude dancers and mannequins, refused to go on stage until their demand for a 30 percent pay rise was met.

Sacre bleu! As if things weren't bad enough with other sides of the strike.

I understand that, after teachers declared their boards really black, all over the country pens of aunts were piling up on tables of uncles.

No one would ouvrir les portes.

And then, to top (or topless) it all, the girls decided to go-go out.

(A similar crisis occurred many years ago, of course — in fact, it started the bare beauty side of show business.

Someone told Marie Antoinette that the people had no bread.

"Give 'em cheesecake," said Marie.)

I imagine the girls followed the traditional tactics of strikes.

They probably carried placards — saying, perhaps, "A fair dame's display for a fair day's pay."

Arbitration was probably considered — I'm sure the judges wanted the girls to appear before them.

They could well have asked a stripper to demonstrate with a zippered costume the union principle "united they stand, divided they fall."

Militant girls, I'm sure, would accept no solution that had G-strings attached.

The latest I heard was that they also were going to declare the Moulin Rouge black.

LETTERS

Any old rags?

IF you have a little sister who plays with dolls, you could do what I have done. Cover a fruit case (or any light wooden box) with some material. I used an old silk bedspread, and from left-over scraps made a pillow, coverlet, and mattress. For the stuffing I used old dresses, stockings, and socks cut into small pieces. Around the pillow and cover I sewed on some pretty white lace, which cost me 15c, and on either side of the cot tacked on a leather handle for easier carrying. I presented this to my sister on her birthday, and she simply adores it. — Irene Brumley, Hallston, Vic.

Bad omen

THE American race riots should be a warning to Australia. Perhaps we are lucky that so far the Aborigines are in a very small minority, and have not the numbers to rise up in violent demonstrations against white domination. But this is no reason why they should be the underdogs of our communities. Before they are provoked into violent action in order to be recognised as people entitled to the same rights as those with fairer skins, both young and old should try to aid the Aborigines to gain a higher status. — Elizabeth Orchard, Klemzig, S.A.

Creative chore

LIVING away from home, I am dismayed to meet so many girls who are either incapable of the simplest cooking, or regard it as an insufferable chore. For years I have enjoyed cooking as a pleasant diversion — almost as a creative challenge. These girls don't know what a useful, and at the same time, satisfying skill they are missing out on. I get the same sense of accomplishment from preparing an ordinary meal or an interesting cheesecake recipe. Anyone can read a cook book and follow the instructions. It requires no special ability, except a little care. — "Nine-teen," Glebe, N.S.W.

Old-fashioned

MODERN high-school students study modern maths, new approaches to languages and social studies, yet still learn old-fashioned laundry methods. When I walked into the classroom on my first laundry day, I saw my first copper. I also discovered there were irons without heat controls. And was I surprised when we learnt to make boiling-water starch! Laundry is a subject most girls will have to use more than any other. But I'm sure none of us will have to use these methods. — C. Mortimer, Mt. Pleasant, W.A.

For teenagers

Moral courage

IN spite of the accusations of immoral behaviour levelled at the younger generation, there is sufficient reason to believe that the young people of the world are considerably more moral than the preceding generations ever were. The young are more honest today in that they have the conviction to stand by their standards and beliefs, whereas many older people preach a high moral code, yet rarely attempt to live up to these professed standards. — "A 17-year-old," Moorooka, Qld.

Novel experience

STUDENTS in my class (aged 16 to 18) are amazed at adult doubts as to the suitability of the novel "Sons and Lovers" to be studied in school. Young people of our ages should not be wrapped in cotton-wool in regard to sex and the world. Critics of the book seem to believe we lack any form of sex education. But by this age parents and teachers have told us sufficient to prevent us being influenced by what we read. — Carol Jackson, Barraba, N.S.W.

GO-MANGO



Willing slave

LAST year when I was in fifth year I did as little work as possible, had a wild social life, and decided to leave all my study for the following year. I was sorely in need of someone to warn me of the consequences of this, but being at boarding-school there was no one to care what I did. Now, as a sixth-year student, I find myself slaving away at my books seven hours a day and still not having enough time to cope with last year's work. I feel that if I had been warned of my foolishness before it was too late I would not be in this predicament. So, fifth-formers, please note — start working now and have a more evenly balanced life next year with time for both work and recreation. — J.E.M., Dalby, Qld.

Strong language

RECENTLY I was amazed to learn that there exists a universal language—Esperanto. If we are fortunate enough to possess such a language, why isn't it made use of? If, all over the world, Esperanto were made a basic school subject such as English and maths, and every schoolchild were taught to speak it fluently, it would solve more problems than I could mention. I urge others to join me in taking steps toward getting this done. — Elizabeth McAllister, Red Hill, Qld.

Action, not words

WHAT has happened to the renowned tradition of Australia, the sports-minded country? No longer does the typical Aussie participate so actively in tennis, swimming, cricket, and all the other once-popular sports. Today teenager and adult Australians are spectators, not participants. Personally, I would prefer to see more Australians engaging in sport, and fewer yelling their rude abuse from the grandstands, or giving their ears to their transistors. — Stephany Evans, Warwick, Qld.

★ ★ ★

BY the year 2000 motor mechanics will have become electronics specialists. Few car owners will take the trouble to have repairs done, and defective parts will be replaced. The "moving pavement," which by 1995 most cities will have to convey pedestrians effortlessly from one part of the main shopping centre to another, will have been dismantled by 2000. For people will have almost forgotten how to walk. Muscular atrophy will be common, and doctors will be urging people to use their legs for at least one hour every day. The great sport of 2000 will be walking. — Martin Verhelst, Dapto, N.S.W.

Beauty in brief:

TIME FOR A BATH

ONE of the most simple — and perhaps the most stimulating — beauty treatments can be your daily bath.

Set aside a special hour — in the morning or at night — to wash all your cares away.

While the bath is running do your small beauty chores: Remove all your make-up with cleansing cream, roll your hair and tie a scarf around it. You'll find the steam does wonders both to cleanse your face thoroughly and to reset your hair.

When you have tested the water — not with the tip of the toe but with the elbow as you test a baby's bath — add your special bath cube, bath salts, or bubble bath.

● Unwinding

Now stretch right out in the bath, take a few deep breaths, and close your eyes, letting all your muscles slowly relax.

But do make sure your neck is properly supported; if it is tense, you won't be able to let the rest of your body unwind.

Lie back against an old towel folded into a pillow, or make a plastic cushion filled with scraps of foam rubber.

Soothe tired eyes with cottonwool pads soaked in witch-hazel. Use a well-soaped loofah on your arms and legs to stimulate circulation, and then rub in a circular movement on any spotty areas. (Remember to boil loofah after each use so it won't spread infection.)

Bathtime is a good time for pampering your skin, too, so why not give yourself a face mask?

Let the hot water run out while you're still lying in the bath, then put the plug in and fill with cold water.

It's a shock treatment, but certainly makes you feel fresh and alert.

***HURRY!** only a few days to go*

PUT HIM TOGETHER WITH WHAT HAVE YOU GOT \$12,000



DOG AND CAT OWNERS - PLAY CHUM AND KIT-E-KAT MIX 'N' MATCH

\$12,000 to be won — Grand Prize \$5,000 plus 50 runner-up prizes of \$100 and hundreds of Lottery Tickets.

But hurry — there's only a few days to go to name the parts of "Higgledy-Piggledy" pup and name the four breeds of cat. It's ever so easy — there's never been a contest like it. Entry forms where you buy Chum & Kit-E-Kat. Hurry, enter now. Helpful hints and clues on the back of the labels on large cans of Chum & Kit-E-Kat.

This contest is not open in South Australia.



HURRY, ENTER NOW—CONTEST CLOSES JUNE 15th



● Happy travellers wait to go aboard a Mississippi riverboat in the fun-and-fantasy world of Disneyland, Los Angeles.



● Mother and daughter Mrs. Galia Bretton and Tania, of Queenscliff, N.S.W., at England's historic Windsor Castle.



● One of the wonders tourists will see is St. Peter's, in Rome, the largest church in Christendom, housing many treasures.



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● Group of tourists sightsee in Paris, universal symbol of sophisticated living. The Gothic beauty of Notre Dame Cathedral makes an impressive background.

● Sombreros shade Miss June Ferris, of Box Hill, Vic., and Mr. David Fennell, of Twickenham, London, from the sun at Acapulco, Mexican holiday centre.

Pictures by Burnett Netterfield.
All tourists are members of our 1968 World Tour.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 12, 1968

WHERE TO BOOK

COLLECT your fully descriptive tour brochure by calling in or writing to any of the General Sales Agents listed below:

N.S.W.-A.C.T.: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., 33-35 Bligh Street, Sydney 2000. Tele. 28-4841.

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Victoria-Tasmania: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., C.M.L. Building, 330 Collins Street, Melbourne 3000. Tele. 67-7481.

Queensland-Northern Territory-New Guinea: Universal Travel Company, Queensland Insurance Building, 371 Queen Street, Brisbane 4000. Tele. 2-3008.

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● Tour members enjoy a gondola ride on the sparkling waters of Venice's Grand Canal.

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Look at your ports-of-call alone! Leaving Sydney on February 9, you arrive in Brisbane, February 11, and Guam, duty-free Pacific island, February 17.

Next port is Kobe, in Japan. Here you can travel

overland on a three- to four-day excursion to Tokyo, via the ancient imperial capital of Kyoto — an adventure in itself — before rejoining the ship in Yokohama.

Across the Pacific to romantic Hawaii, with its swaying palms and swaying hula dancers. And then on to Los Angeles (with chances of seeing Hollywood and Disneyland), Mexico's Acapulco, Balboa, the gateway to the Panama Canal, and Cristobal, duty-free port in the Caribbean.

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The basic tour price gives you more. It provides all the comforts that make you feel completely relaxed — even though you are "braving" the unknown! No fewer than 3500 people, who travelled on earlier tours, can testify to this.

Here are some examples. For your floating hotels, World Travel Headquarters have chartered the best ships — the Orsova for the

Your accommodation ashore in Britain and Europe is equally attractive.

World Travel Headquarters have chosen well-situated hotels, in pleasant surroundings, that pamper you with faultless service and excellent cuisine.

Using them as your home, you can go adventuring to your heart's delight.

Sightseeing tours in and around London — where your ticket covers 12 days' full-board accommodation — as well as a seven-day all-inclusive coach tour of England and Scotland are included in your fare.

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A travel expert will also "guide" you when you take off for a 23-day all-inclusive coach tour of Europe. This time a courier, born in one of the eight countries you visit: Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Liechtenstein, Italy, Monaco, and France. His intimate knowledge will make all he shows you come alive.

One of the highlights of the tour will certainly be your two-day (and three nights) stay in Rome, a city ancient yet modern, where you will move from church to palace to fountain in wonder.

World Travel Headquarters have taken the person-

What you get for \$A.1835

Basic tour price covers:

- Shipboard accommodation in four-berth cabins in the Orsova and the Himalaya.
- Full-board accommodation for 23-day tour of eight European countries.
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- Total of 12 nights' accommodation at well-situated London hotels, including dinner, bed, and breakfast.
- Transfers on arrivals and departures where part of tour itinerary.
- Portage of one average-sized suitcase per person on European and U.K. tours, two average-sized suitcases per person on initial arrival and departure from U.K.
- Tour director and his staff will accompany tour in the Orsova and return in the Himalaya to ensure an efficient tour operation.

alities of tour members into account, too. Should you want to go off on your own, there are 15 days in London to do whatever you wish. There is also free time in cities like Paris and Rome.

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● Unbeatable value

where you can take a shore excursion to glamorous Miami Beach.

Heading into the Atlantic, the first port of call is Funchal, on Portuguese Madeira. You arrive in England on March 27.

Lisbon, Casablanca, Dakar, Cape Town, and Durban are adventures in store for you on the homeward voyage.

forward voyage and the Himalaya for the return voyage.

Both these British-owned P & O liners provide every ingredient in the recipe of comfortable living — plus that elusive one you seek but so seldom find: Impeccable service.

They will also be available to our tour members — for the first time in group travel — as one-class ships.

This means your enjoyment of lazy, carefree days at sea, of interesting new companions will be unrestricted.

You will have the full run of the ship — all its decks, pools, lounges, libraries, and dining-rooms — whether booked in four-berth cabins (for which the basic price is costed) or in two-berth or single cabins (available for varying supplements).

● Sestri Levante on the Italian Riviera. From left, Mrs. Marjorie Ashley, Mrs. Patricia Mould, and Miss Kim Shee, all living in Victoria.



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● Our 17-day South Pacific Cruise is an adventure on a smaller scale than our world tour, but it could pave the way to a round-the-world voyage.

Aboard the one-class P & O ship Himalaya you will sample the kind of comfort, service, and accommodation provided by our tour planners, World Travel Headquarters, who have arranged this shorter holiday.

You will also have time to get to know

people who could make interesting round-the-world companions.

What's more, you may be the lucky passenger who wins our \$6000 treasure — a world tour for two, with spending money.

You'll visit Noumea, the capital of French New Caledonia, Lautoka and Suva, in Fiji, and Auckland. Fares range from \$292 for the round trip from Sydney (from \$310 for New Zealand passengers).



NEW! *Continental* BRAND CHINESE NOODLE SOUP



My name:
My address:
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Here's an exotic appetising soup you've never had before — New Continental Chinese Noodle Soup. All the ingredients — the noodles, chicken pieces, capsicums, onions, and those very special spices, add up to a really great Chinese flavour. Try it tonight. Go on, warm them up with new Continental brand Chinese Noodle Soup. They'll love it, and how!

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MRS. JOHNS in her Canberra dining-room with some of her Indonesian dishes. From left, front row: Krupuk Udang, Kalio, Pu Yung Hai; centre, Goreng Terung, Singgang Ajam, Serundeng; at back, Rendang, Atjar Kuning.

INDONESIAN COOKERY



• A five-page feature of wonderful Indonesian recipes prepared by Indonesian-born Mrs. Yohanni Johns, of Canberra, who uses ingredients that can be obtained in Australia.

MRS YOHANNI JOHNS is the wife of Professor A. H. Johns, Acting Dean of the Faculty of Oriental Studies at the Australian National University, Canberra.

She is a senior tutor at the University, where she taught Mrs. John Gorton, the Prime Minister's wife, when Mrs. Gorton was studying for her Bachelor of Arts degree in Oriental Studies. Mrs. Gorton now speaks fluent Indonesian.

After a story about Mrs. Johns had appeared in *The Australian Women's Weekly* in February this year, we had many letters from readers, asking whether it would be possible for Mrs. Johns to give recipes

for some of the Indonesian dishes mentioned in the story.

Mrs. Johns was delighted to know there was so much interest, in Australia, in her country's national dishes.

"My ten years' experience in Australia has given me an idea of what my Australian friends and students enjoyed over those years," she said, "and has shown me how to make the best of the ingredients available in Australia."

"Most of the dishes given are from my own area of Minangkabua, West Sumatra. The major part of this region, Padang, has given its name to a whole style of cooking."

"Padang dishes have a reputation for pungency, but this is true only of a few. The flavors are sharp, positive, well defined."

"Some may appear, from the ingredients, to be hot—but the quantity of chilli can always be reduced. In most recipes, however, the cooking removes any sharpness and

blends the flavors to produce the characteristic effect which makes the Padang cuisine popular."

Spices are an integral part of Indonesian cookery, for these are the Spice Islands of history.

In the recipes can be detected elements of many countries which have had an effect on the history of Indonesia. These are Indian, Chinese, Arabian, Portuguese, Dutch.

"I cannot put down how many each dish will serve," said Mrs. Johns. "In Indonesia, families in general are larger than those in Australia; relatives are likely to drop in at meal-time. They are always welcome and there must always be enough to serve them. Indeed, a special dish is often kept prepared for unexpected guests."

Many of the recipes given here by Mrs. Johns are excellent to serve at luncheons or barbecues—the *Gado-Gado*, *Atjar Kuning*, or *Prekadel* would be ideal.

Indonesian foods are also ideal for buffet dishes. As with Indian curries, only a spoon and fork are necessary for eating. A knife is added only if there are large pieces of meat or chicken to be cut.

Unless otherwise stated, all the dishes given are eaten with rice. The rice supplies the bulk of the meal and its blandness is

ideal for absorbing and combining the various flavors of meat and vegetable dishes. Do not over-saturate the rice with sauce—rather too little sauce than too much.

THE INGREDIENTS

All spices listed in Mrs. Johns' recipes, and the monosodium glutamate are easily obtainable in Australia. Unusual ingredients in her recipes are as follows:

Chinese Green Beans: Obtainable at Chinese food stores. However, if unobtainable, canned bean sprouts are sold at most food stores.

Lemon Grass: A lemon-scented herb that can be grown in home gardens; can also be obtained in dried form in some food stores. If not available, substitute 1 dessertspoon finely grated lemon rind for each 1 blade of lemon grass specified in recipe.

Noodles: Type used in Indonesian cookery is the very fine Chinese noodle.

Sambal Oelek: Obtainable in jars from most large food stores; is made up of finely minced red chillies, seasoned with salt. If unobtainable, use same amount of finely crushed chillies; season well with salt.

Continued overleaf



IN many of her recipes, Mrs. Johns uses fried onion flakes, coconut milk, and bean sprouts. Her methods of making these are given on this page.

TUMIS TANGE

(Sautéed Bean Sprouts)

- | | |
|-------------------|-----------------|
| 1lb. bean sprouts | 1 small onion |
| 6 shallots | ½ cup hot water |
| ¼ teaspoon mono- | 1oz. margarine |
| sodium glutamate | salt, pepper |

Melt margarine, fry sliced onion. When it changes color, add shallots cut into 2in. lengths, salt, pepper to taste, and hot water. Bring to boil, add monosodium glutamate; add cleaned, washed bean sprouts; stir. Cook another 3 minutes. Remove from heat and serve.

Note. Fresh bean sprouts are sold at Chinese food stores; canned bean sprouts are sold at most large food stores. Mrs. Johns likes to grow bean sprouts for her recipes, and prefers them three or four days old. Below is her method for sprouting the beans.

TO GROW BEAN SPROUTS

Put ½lb. Chinese green beans into bowl, cover with water, let soak 24 hours. When skin breaks, strain into colander. Let stand in colander, cover. Wet beans thoroughly every 2 or 3 hours. At night, before going to bed, water beans again. The sprouts should look white and fresh, not brown. Do this for 3 days. Put beans into big saucepan or bowl filled with cold water, stir. Skins will come to surface and can be scooped out with strainer. Repeat process until all skin is off; the last few beans may need to be picked out by hand.

SINGGANG AJAM

(Spiced Chicken)

- | | |
|----------------------|--------------------|
| 3½lb. chicken | ¼ teaspoon mono- |
| 1 tablespoon sam- | sodium gluta- |
| bal oelek | mate |
| 2 medium onions | ¼ teaspoon lemon |
| 2 to 3 cloves garlic | grass (optional) |
| 1 teaspoon cori- | ¼ teaspoon |
| ander | turmeric |
| 4in. piece fresh | coconut milk |
| green ginger | salt |
| 1oz. macadamia | fried-onion flakes |
| nuts | |

Split chicken in half through breast only; flatten and trim, cutting off feet and neck. Combine chopped onion, garlic, sambal oelek, coriander, chopped ginger, nuts, and turmeric; place in blender with 1 tablespoon water. Blend on medium-speed until all seasoning become a smooth mixture (20 to 25 seconds). Add salt and lemon grass. Spread half this mixture over chicken, let stand 2 hours; reserve remaining seasonings.

Take large saucepan (big enough to hold chicken), pour in coconut milk, bring slowly to boil. Stir continuously or coconut milk will curdle. Once mixture comes to boil, reduce heat; cook gently until mixture thickens (about 30 minutes), stirring continually. Add chicken and reserved seasoning, stir in monosodium glutamate. Continue stirring until chicken is cooked. Remove chicken from pan, keep warm; simmer sauce until it is really thick, stirring occasionally.

If desired, the chicken can be grilled lightly on both sides just before serving; this will accentuate flavor and aroma.

Arrange chicken on platter, pour over some of the sauce, sprinkle with fried-onion flakes.

Coconut Milk: To make coconut milk for the above dish, you will need 1lb. desiccated coconut. Place ½lb. coconut in

blender, pour over very warm water, just enough to cover coconut. Blend on medium-speed 20 seconds. Pour mixture through strainer into basin, making sure to squeeze coconut well with hands, so all the creamy liquid is expressed. Repeat with remaining ½lb. coconut.

This will give approximately 1½ to 2 pints of coconut milk, depending on blender type.

Goreng Bawang

(Fried Onion Flakes)

Widely used as a garnish for Indonesian dishes. They also give an interesting flavor when sprinkled over European-style soups just before serving; nice with chicken, beef, or vegetable soups.

Mrs. Johns usually makes a large quantity of onion flakes at one time, then stores them in an airtight jar, ready for use when required.

There are two methods of making the Onion Flakes:

Method 1: Skin, wash, and slice onions; cut them into very thin and even slices. Heat a little oil in frypan, fry the onions, stirring evenly. When partly cooked, reduce heat to very low; turn onions frequently so they become evenly browned without burning. If it seems they might burn, remove from heat before they are fully browned and keep stirring. The heat of the oil should be sufficient to complete the cooking. When cooked pour onions and oil quickly into strainer over basin. This is to avoid some of the flakes becoming over-brown and ensures the onion flakes will be left crisp and dry.

Method 2: Dried onion flakes are sold at health-food stores, or in packets at most grocers. For every 4oz. dried onion flakes, heat 1 cup oil in frypan on medium-heat. Sprinkle onion flakes into pan, stir continuously until well browned. When cooked,

strain as for Method 1. These dried onion flakes brown very quickly.

GADO-GADO

(Salad with Peanut Sauce)

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| 3 medium potatoes | ½ cabbage |
| ½lb. green beans | 2 medium tomatoes |
| 3 to 4 hard-boiled | 1 tablespoon crisp |
| eggs | fried-onion flakes |
| 2 to 3 carrots | 1 lettuce |

Boil potatoes in their jackets; skin and dice. Cut beans into thin, diagonal slices; boil and drain. Scrape carrots, cut into matchstick-sized strips; boil and drain. Shred cabbage very finely. Put into boiling water, bring to boil again (don't overcook); drain. Arrange vegetables on a platter as follows:

First, the washed, well-cripsed lettuce, then potatoes, cabbage, beans, carrots, sliced or quartered tomatoes, sliced or quartered eggs. This gives a nice contrast of colors.

Pour over the Peanut Sauce just before serving; sprinkle with onion flakes.

This goes very well with a grill, or serve it as a barbecue salad. For a quick, tasty salad, pour the sauce over hard-boiled eggs, lettuce, and tomatoes.

PEANUT SAUCE

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| 1 medium onion | 1 tablespoon white |
| 2 teaspoons sambal | vinegar |
| oelek | 1oz. margarine |
| ¼ cup peanut butter | 1 teaspoon salt, or |
| 2 cups water | to taste |
| 1 teaspoon sugar | |

Saute chopped onion in margarine until transparent. Add sambal oelek, reduce heat; cook few minutes, stirring constantly. Add water, then peanut butter. Bring to boil on medium-heat. Continue stirring until mixture becomes smooth. Season to taste with salt, vinegar, and sugar.

This sauce is nice to serve hot in winter and at room temperature in summer.

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KALIO

Kalio is the preliminary step in the famous Indonesian Rendang. Rendang is Kalio cooked until the sauce has almost dried and the meat and remaining sauce are dark brown. Most Europeans would probably prefer the dish in its well-spiced rich sauce, as Kalio; it tastes even better if cooked, refrigerated overnight, and reheated next day.

It is a dish which requires care and attention during cooking so the mixture does not curdle. It is not worth the trouble to make it in small quantities; whatever remains can be reheated again and again, gaining more concentrated flavor each time.

If making Kalio for the first time, you may like to use a little less than the 8oz. sambal olek mentioned below—say, 5 to 6oz. However, those who enjoy the rich, spicy flavor of Indonesian food will use the full 8oz.

1 lb. topside steak
1/2 jar sambal olek
1/2 cup green ginger
1/2 spoon dried lemon grass
1/2 medium onions
1/2 cloves garlic
1/2 spoon turmeric
1/2 spoon monosodium glutamate
Salt to taste
1/2 desiccated coconut

Use the desiccated coconut to make coconut milk (see recipe for Singgang Ayam opposite for method). When made, pour into large saucepan (about 14-pint capacity).

Put quartered onions, garlic, sambal olek, turmeric, lemon grass, and the skinned, sliced beef into blender; add 2 tablespoons water. Blend on medium speed until mixture is smooth, about 30 seconds. It may be necessary to blend, switch off blender, and stir mixture, then blend again to ensure smoothness.

Cut meat into 2 1/2 in. cubes. Season meat pieces with half the blender mixture, adding a little salt. Let this mixture stand 1 hour or more. Add remaining spice mixture to coconut milk in saucepan. Bring to boil, stirring. It is important that this be stirred or spooned continuously or it will curdle. Once coconut milk reaches boiling point, reduce heat to medium, continue cooking until mixture thickens; this may take 1 1/2 hours. Now add meat with spices and monosodium glutamate; bring to boil again, stirring and spooning continuously. Once mixture comes to boil, reduce heat, cook gently until meat is tender (approximately 1 hour).

RENDANG

To make Rendang, cook Kalio over very low heat, or place in moderately slow oven, to dry out sauce. (This may take several hours.) Stir occasionally to prevent burning. Meat and remaining sauce will become very dark brown, almost black. When dry and black, Rendang will keep a week or longer without refrigeration if reheated every two days.

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KRUPUK UDANG (Prawn Crackers)

These are made in Indonesia from tapioca flour mixed with fish or shrimp paste and spices, then steamed, cut in thin slices of varying sizes, and dried. They can be bought in packets at large food stores.

To heat, drop puffs into hot deep oil, one or two at a time, depending on size of pan. In 1 or 2 minutes they will have puffed up to several times their original size. Drain on absorbent paper. When cooked, they will stay crisp several days if kept in airtight tin.

Note: Once fried, the prawn crackers are known as Krupuk Udang Goreng.

PU YUNG HAI (Chinese Vegetable Omelets)

2oz. (or more) mushrooms
8oz. can crab meat
6 to 8 shallots
2 cabbage leaves
5 eggs, separated
1 onion
2 cloves garlic
1 1/2oz. margarine
1 cup bean sprouts (optional)
salt, pepper
1lb. quick-frozen peas
1 small can tomato soup
water

Choose, if possible, small button-type mushrooms. Wash, drain, and slice them. Sauté in margarine until tender, adding salt and pepper to taste. Set aside.

In a little margarine, stir-fry

chopped onion and chopped garlic until they change color. Add crab, shallots (which have been thinly sliced, including green tops), bean sprouts, and very finely sliced cabbage leaves. Season with salt and pepper to taste.

Cook vegetables evenly 2 minutes. Remove from heat, stir in mushrooms. Stir in well-beaten egg-yolks, fold in well-beaten egg-whites.

Make omelets in usual way. This quantity will make 2 large or 4 smaller omelets. Place omelets on hot platter. Scoop the hot, cooked peas round, pour over tomato sauce, made by heating tomato soup with 1/4 the soup can of water. Serve hot with rice.

GORENG TERUNG (Fried Eggplant)

2 medium-sized eggplants
oil
paprika
salt

Wash and dry eggplants, cut into fairly thick slices. Heat oil in frypan, deep-fry eggplant slices, making sure they are covered by oil. Cook until tender and lightly browned; drain. While still hot, sprinkle with salt and paprika, or with crisp fried onions.

This dish can be prepared the day beforehand and refrigerated overnight; drain off any surplus liquid before reheating in moderate oven.

Continued overleaf

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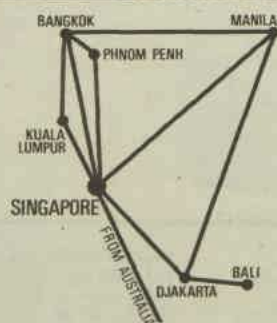
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INDONESIAN COOKERY ... continued

Please Note: Level spoon measurements are used in these recipes.

SERUNDENG

(Roasted Coconut with Peanuts)

- | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------|
| 1lb. desiccated coconut | 1 bayleaf |
| 1 teaspoon sugar | 1 cup hot water |
| 2 teaspoons coriander | 1 beef stock cube |
| 1 medium onion | salt, pepper |
| 2 cloves garlic | 1 cup oil |
| | 1lb. raw peanuts |

Wash and dry peanuts, deep-fry in hot oil until crisp. Dissolve beef stock cube in hot water, pour over coconut, season with sugar. Add grated onion, grated garlic, coriander, and bayleaf, all of which have been sautéed in little hot butter. Add salt and pepper to taste. Mix thoroughly by hand so all spices blend with the coconut. Put into small baking dish or ovenproof dish, pour over the oil. Cook in moderately slow oven, 30 minutes, stirring occasionally to keep from burning. Reduce heat to low, cook until coconut is golden brown. Remove from oven, stir in peanuts. Put in colander to drain and cool.

Note: Serundeng will keep in airtight jar about 2 weeks. It is very tasty if sprinkled on individual helpings of vegetables.

NASI GORENG ISTIMEWA

(Fried Rice de Luxe)

- | | |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 8oz. prawns | 2 tablespoons soy sauce |
| 1lb. steamed or boiled rice | 1 teaspoon monosodium glutamate |
| 1lb. fillet steak | 4 shallots |
| 2oz. margarine | 3 cabbage leaves |
| 2 onions | 1 cup bean sprouts |
| 2 cloves garlic | thin omelets (see below) |
| 2 red peppers or 2 chillies | 1 small cucumber |
| salt | |

Melt margarine, stir-fry crushed garlic and chopped onions 1 minute. Add steak, sliced into thin strips. Season with salt and cook, stirring continually until meat is tender.

Add very thinly sliced cabbage, shallots cut into 1in. pieces, thinly sliced peppers or chillies. Stir continuously. When well mixed, add bean sprouts, then rice (preferably hot, in separate grains), half the omelets, sliced in fairly thin strips (see below); add soy sauce and monosodium glutamate. Stir in shelled prawns, which have been sautéed in little butter and seasoned to taste. If mixture appears too dry, add a little more margarine or butter. Taste for seasoning.

Serve hot on platter with peeled, thinly sliced cucumber arranged decoratively round edges. Scatter remaining omelet strips on top of rice.

Thin Omelets: Beat 5 eggs lightly with 3 tablespoons milk. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Brush frying pan with margarine; when hot, pour in enough egg mixture to make 1 very thin omelet. Tip pan sideways to thin out omelet. When cooked, roll and slice in fairly thin strips. Repeat process with remaining egg mixture.

PERKADEL

(Meat-Potato Croquettes)

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------------------|
| 3lb. potatoes | 2 or 3 eggs, separated |
| 1lb. minced steak | 1 teaspoon monosodium glutamate |
| 1 small onion | 1oz. butter |
| 2 or 3 cloves garlic | oil for deep frying |
| 5 shallots | |
| 1 teaspoon nutmeg | |

Cook, drain, and mash potatoes. Melt butter, add finely chopped onions and garlic. Stir-fry until they change color, then add meat seasoned with salt, pepper, nutmeg; cook, stirring constantly. When meat is half-cooked, add very finely sliced shallots, including green tops. Remove from heat as soon as meat is cooked.

In bowl, combine mashed potatoes with meat mixture, monosodium glutamate, and egg-yolks. Form mixture into small egg-shaped balls, refrigerate 1 hour to firm.

Beat egg-whites lightly with fork in small bowl. Dip meat balls one at a time in egg-whites; the egg-white will form a covering skin and prevent meat balls from breaking

up. Deep-fry in hot oil until golden brown. Serve hot, garnished with parsley.

These can be made in advance and reheated in oven. Made in smaller size, they are ideal cocktail savories.

SAJUR LODEH

(Vegetables in Coconut Milk)

- | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1lb. green beans | 1 medium onion |
| 1 eggplant | 2 cloves garlic |
| 4 or 5 cabbage leaves | 2in. piece ginger |
| 1 small can bamboo shoots | 1/2 teaspoon monosodium glutamate |
| 2 peppers | salt to taste |
| 1/2 cup stock | 1 bayleaf |
| 2 cups coconut milk | 1oz. margarine |

Heat margarine, add sliced onion, sliced garlic; cook until onion slices change color. Add beans cut into 1in. slices, cubed eggplant, sliced peppers, cabbage leaves cut into 1in. squares. Add sliced bamboo shoots, sliced ginger, bayleaf, and stock; stir. Bring to boil. Add coconut milk, monosodium glutamate, salt; stir continually, so mixture does not curdle, until it comes again to boil. Reduce heat to simmer, cook until vegetables are tender.

SATE KAMBING

(Skewered Lamb Grill)

Cut 1 1/2lb. lean lamb into 3in. cubes, thread on to thin bamboo skewers. Place 4 or 6 cubes on each skewer. There should be enough meat cubes for about 15 skewers. Grill until meat is done, turning several times. Serve hot with either of these Sate sauces.

SOY SAUCE

- | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------------|
| 4 tablespoons soy sauce | 1 teaspoon sambal oelek |
| 3 shallots | 2 tablespoons lemon juice |

Slice shallots thinly crosswise; combine with remaining ingredients in oblong dish. This shape makes it easy to dip the sate sticks.

PEANUT SAUCE

- | | |
|--------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1/2 cup peanut butter | 1 tablespoon margarine |
| 1 cup water | 1 teaspoon sambal oelek |
| 1/2 teaspoon sugar | 1 1/2 tablespoons soy sauce |
| 1 tablespoon lemon juice | |
| 1 small onion | |
| 2 cloves garlic | |

Thinly slice onion. Sauté onion and garlic in margarine until transparent, add sambal oelek. Reduce heat, stir well. Add water, then peanut butter, bring slowly to boil. Continue stirring until mixture becomes smooth. Season with soy sauce, sugar, and lemon. Taste; add a little salt if necessary.

MIE GORENG

(Fried Noodles)

- | | |
|------------------------|--|
| 1lb. dried noodles | 2 tablespoons soy sauce |
| 4oz. margarine | salt, pepper |
| 3 medium onions | 1 cup sliced cauliflower or bean sprouts |
| 3 cloves garlic | 1/2 cup fried, crisp onion flakes |
| 1 small breast chicken | 2 eggs |
| 2 pieces fillet steak | |
| 4oz. prawns | |
| 5 shallots | |
| 1/2 cup chicken stock | |

Slice onions thinly, chop garlic finely. Cut chicken into small pieces, slice steak into thin strips. Cut shallots into 1in. pieces. Use the 2 eggs to make thin omelets (see recipe for Nasi Goreng Istimewa on this page).

Drop noodles into large saucepan of boiling salted water, cook 5 minutes. Rinse with cold water, drain; set aside.

Stir-fry the onions and garlic in melted margarine until brown. Add steak, chicken pieces, prawns, soy sauce, stock; cook 10 minutes. Add shallots and cauliflower or cabbage or bean sprouts; cook until vegetables are tender. Add noodles to mixture, mix thoroughly. Taste for seasoning. Arrange on platter, garnish with onion flakes and omelets sliced into thin strips.

ATJAR KUNING

(Mixed Vegetable Relish)

- 1lb. green beans
- 1lb. carrots
- 3 red chillies or 2 red peppers
- 1 teaspoon turmeric
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 2 chicken stock cubes
- 2 cups hot water
- 2oz. macadamia nuts
- 2 cloves garlic
- 1 onion
- 6 to 8 shallots or 4 white onions
- 1 cup vinegar
- salt to taste
- 1oz. margarine

Prepare vegetables and nuts. Grind nuts finely in a mincer, set aside.

Choose young, small green beans. Top and tail them, cut in halves, first lengthwise, then crosswise. Scrape carrots, cut into matchstick-sized strips. Cut shallots into 2in. lengths, or peel and quarter white onions.

Thinly slice onion, fry in melted margarine until slices change color; reduce heat. Add ground macadamia nuts, crushed garlic, turmeric. Cook, stirring constantly, about 1 minute. Add prepared vegetables, vinegar, salt, sugar, and stock (made by dissolving stock cubes in hot water). Bring to boil, stirring. Reduce heat, cook until vegetables are tender (test by tasting beans; they should taste cooked but be crisp and crunchy — the result of adding the vegetables and vinegar at the same time). Turn into serving dish, decorate top with whole chillies or with 1in. strips of red pepper.

Note: This is an excellent accompaniment to rich-tasting dishes such as curries; it also goes well with cold meats. Covered, it will keep up to 1 week in refrigerator.

TUMIS BAJAM

(Fried Silver Beet)

- 1 bunch silver beet or spinach
- 1 green pepper
- 1 small onion
- 6 to 8 shallots
- 1oz. margarine
- 1 cup hot water or stock
- salt

Melt margarine in frypan, fry thinly sliced onion. When it changes color add silver beet, which has been washed and cut into even pieces, the pepper, cut into rings, shallots, cut into 2in. pieces including green tops; season with salt. Keep turning vegetables so they cook evenly. When vegetables begin to shrink, add water or stock. Cover, bring to boil; remove cover, turn vegetables again. Taste silver beet; if cooked, remove from heat at once. Be careful not to overcook vegetables.

TELUR BALADO

(Eggs in Fried Chilli Sauce)

- 6 hard-boiled eggs
- 2 tablespoons sambal oelek
- 1 medium onion
- 2 tomatoes
- 1 chicken stock cube
- salt to taste
- 1/2 cup oil or margarine

Fry thinly sliced onion in hot oil or margarine. When onion changes color, reduce heat to low. Add sambal oelek, peeled, chopped tomatoes, crumbled chicken cube, salt to taste; simmer 3 minutes, stirring continuously. Add shelled eggs, simmer another 3 minutes. Turn eggs and chilli occasionally. Remove pan from heat.

Cut the eggs neatly in halves with sharp knife, arrange on platter, pour over the chilli sauce.

Note: This dish goes very well with Sautéed Bean Sprouts.

SAMBAL GORENG UDANG

- 2lb. green prawns
- 1 onion, chopped
- 2 teaspoons sambal oelek (or 4 or 5 chillies)
- 1 firm tomato
- 2 cups coconut milk
- 1lb. green beans
- 1 bunch shallots

- 2 cloves garlic, crushed
- 3 or 4 pieces green ginger, about 1in. thick
- 1 to 2 tablespoons margarine
- 1/2 teaspoon monosodium glutamate

Heat margarine, stir-fry onion and garlic until they change color. Add shelled, deveined prawns, stir constantly. When half-cooked, add sambal oelek, ginger, monosodium glutamate,

and beans, which have been sliced diagonally, thinly, and evenly. Cook about 3 minutes; add coconut milk. Stir continually to avoid curdling; bring to boil. Add peeled, chopped tomato, shallots cut into 2in. lengths, including green tops. Stir constantly. When beans are tender, remove from heat.

This dish goes very well with Serundeng (see opposite page).



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Maternity slip is available cut out to make in pink, blue, or white crepe cotton. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$3.35; 36 and 38in. bust, \$3.55. Postage and dispatch 25 cents extra.

No. 750.—SET OF THREE POT-HOLDERS

Pot-holders are available cut out to make in red/white, turquoise/white, yellow/white, or blue/white checked cotton. Price per set of three is 80 cents, plus 10 cents postage and dispatch.

No. 751.—GIRL'S DRESS

Pretty dress is available cut out to make in brown, emerald, old gold, or aquamarine velveteen. Sizes 4 to 6 years, \$5.25; 8 to 10 years, \$5.45. Postage and dispatch 30 cents extra.

• Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. No C.O.D. orders.



READERS' STORIES

Mother's gone

"I was a futile housewife worried about myself, my relations to my family, and the world," says **LYNNE BROAD**, of Sydney, who wrote this encouraging article. She realised the only escape from her suffocating sense of inadequacy was to fill out her sketchy education and learn to DO instead of just to FEEL about the things which worried her. So, in spite of children and housework, and because her husband backed her up, she set out upon the hard road back.

THE month of June, 1966, was one of the lowest times of my life. I had been married for five years and had two children, Mathew, 3 and Benjamin, 6 months. My husband loved me, our children were healthy and gregarious — and in return, I resented them all thoroughly!

Not only that. I knew I was a failure. Being a housewife depressed and bored me. Motherhood was not the serene, fulfilling occupation I once thought it would be.

I felt so guilty, so resentful of my time-consuming, demanding children. Sometimes I literally hated them! I believed myself to be the only mother alive who wasn't even a competent housewife. And, worst of all, I couldn't even argue with friends on current affairs without bursting into tears if they disagreed with me.

I became upset about people dying through starvation. Social injustice, particularly to young children, filled me with pity and anger, yet I was unable to express my convictions because I couldn't think logically or objectively.

I was a futile little housewife worried about myself, my relations to my family and the world, but mostly about myself. Looking back, I feel I didn't really understand the reason for my unhappiness, and put the blame on a lack of money. As we were struggling financially, my husband and I never went out in the evenings. I wore the clothes I had been wearing before I became pregnant with Ben, and even hair-cuts were few and far between.

For five years before my marriage I had worked as clerk-typist, and attended art classes in the evening. The first positive step I now took was to use my art experience to design some cards and mobiles. Then, very scared and unsure of their worth, I went to some gift shops and tried to sell my designs.

I envied her those books

To my everlasting surprise I was given a few orders, and then more, until eventually I hired my sister, Anne (married, with one baby and, like us, needing money), to do my odious housework while I produced, by hand, about 100 mobiles in the hectic months before Christmas.

My husband helped with the work, which I did largely at night. I made about \$80 profit for six months' work, but, working continually under tension, this money simply wasn't enough.

So I became a housewife again. For a while I enjoyed myself, taking the children to the beach and catching up on the sewing. Eventually I felt futile and aimless once more and began planning and discarding several money-making ideas.

At the beginning of 1967 my youngest sister, Jill, won a scholarship to the University of New South Wales. I went to see her one evening. In her bedroom were her desk, bookcases, and books; textbooks and paperbacks everywhere. She had just bought most of her university requirements.

I was amazed at the intensity of my envy. I had no desk or private corner in our flat, and with two young children getting into everything, I couldn't even leave my art materials out on a table. What's more, my sister's books cost quite a lot of money, about \$100 — all for the benefit of one person.

I browsed through her paperbacks and asked if I could borrow one called "The Feminine Mystique," by Betty Friedan. To my indignation she refused, saying it was too important to her.



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back to high school! —and hopes to go on to university

I could buy my own copy. We weren't exactly friends when I left that night!

Well, I did buy it, and it changed my life. The message of the book, briefly, is that since the Emancipationists won the vote for women, the impetus to achieve equality of opportunity has faltered.

After World War II men returned to the traditionally male jobs in which the women had been working during the war, and public opinion pushed women back to the narrow confines of a suburban bungalow.

The book made me wonder what achievements I wanted for myself, rather than those society wanted for me. I decided I wanted to be involved in the major events and crises of our age. I wanted to change some of the unfair conditions under which people live. (This modern world reminds me of France before the French Revolution, with the rich minority unheeding the miseries of the needy majority.)

Well, so much for the grand philosophy, but what qualifications does one need when taking on the world? The Intermediate Certificate didn't seem quite enough!

The four years before my youngest child would be in school seemed a long time to wait before I began the first step, so I decided to start immediately. If I couldn't cope with a young family and education together, I would study at a slower pace than others.

I wanted to do Political Science at Macquarie University, Sydney, but first I had to do fifth and sixth year of high school. I could have gone direct to university on an adult matriculation, but the fees are close to \$300 a year, and book requirements about \$150. I would have to win a scholarship.

Almost gave up, many times

I began fifth year at a nearby technical college, attending three nights a week. I hadn't studied since leaving school, ten years earlier. Two of my classes began at 5.30, before my husband could get home from work, so we hired Anne again, this time for babysitting.

Each evening I would drive the children to her house. If my husband was working back I would take his meal to the factory, and drive to tech. Four hours later I'd leave tech, pick up my husband, collect the children, and arrive home exhausted.

At "school" we sat in seats far too small and uncomfortable. None of the heaters worked in winter, and there was little time to communicate with the other students. I'm not surprised at the drop-out rate; but it was marvellous to return after a week's absence to find others pleased at one's return. The feeling of companionship was a great help, as I considered leaving about every five weeks!

Some of our teachers were inspiring, others pedestrian and depressing. My

subjects were English, Modern History, Economics, and Maths. Art, the fifth subject, I had to do by correspondence.

I studied during the day while the baby slept, or while Mathew was at kindergarten. There were constant interruptions, so I was pleased if I managed one hour a day of real study. Before end-of-term examinations, Anne or my mother would look after both children for a few hours at a time.

Our flat was often untidy, and meals scrappy and hurried, but the children didn't seem unsettled by the "visiting" routines.

New Maths was difficult

Studying was marvellous. It meant discipline and a certain amount of drudgery, but it was rewarding. I was thinking more objectively and logically. My brain felt like a muscle strengthening through exercise.

My interests expanded, and there was never enough time to read all the books I discovered.

Unfortunately, I found the new Maths difficult, and the Maths curriculum so large that I was constantly in despair about keeping up.

My fees were \$30 for the year, and books about \$35. I borrowed as many books as I could. Babysitting cost about \$250, so fifth year at tech cost us about \$315 — one explanation for all the sausages on our weekly menu!

I owe a great deal to my sister, Anne, and her husband, for caring for our children so well and so cheaply. We couldn't have afforded professional babysitters.

This year I plan to send both children to kindergarten two days a week and study for my higher school certificate by correspondence. I must get a scholarship at the end of this year to go to university. Fortunately, Macquarie University has a good system of child-minding.

My study has been possible only through the unselfishness of my husband—in day-to-day matters, and because money diverted to my education could have gone toward the house he dreams about.

I believe the Government could make the financial burden lighter by making adult education expenses tax-deductible. It seems silly that the education expenses of a man's children are tax-deductible, and those of his wife are not, even though she is dependent on his income.

I don't know yet what I shall do after I gain my degree, while the children still need me to be home after school hours and during holidays. Perhaps I could work for a community aid service and help build up some of the services that would allow more mothers to seek education or fulfilling employment.

But when my children are grown, I want to work wherever I can be involved with the world, and to try to change some of the things I feel need to be changed for a more just society.

THE ROOM OF HAPPY MEMORIES

Stockwhips and spurs, mementoes of nursing days, pictures of her family . . . these are reminders of a happy life for a Sydney reader.

I HAVE always kept things representing stages in my life, for the happy memories they bring.

So, in a corner of my den, there is my childhood riding crop, a small stock-whip, and my first pair of spurs; my full-size stock-whip and my full-size spurs (with spur wheels removed).

Set among these are

photos of my horses, dogs, and cattle.

In another corner is a photo of a rather scared first-year nurse; then of a fourth-year nurse, full of confidence; and of a fully fledged nursing sister, and a group of the girls I trained with.

On a small shelf I have placed my hospital-monogrammed nursing crockery.

In my bedroom is a col-

lection, one beneath the other, of our children, at various ages — with the Daddy of them all at the top.

Pictures of my parents I keep on my dressing table. Photographs on walls are not fashionable now, and I think it such a pity. Mine bring me much happiness, as I live alone. — Mrs. D. M. Leigh, Roseville, N.S.W.

Don't underestimate her (she could be your wife)

She can't be categorized or pigeon-holed.

Caring for her family and her home, for instance, is far from being her sole occupation.

You might just as easily find her helping out at the kindergarten or speaking at a council meeting.

She has a mind of her own and insists on using it.

And just as her choice of clothes, people, and ideas so clearly reflects her good taste, so does her choice of drinks.

Mildara Brandy.

The distinctive taste of Mildara Brandy—the great care and patience in perfecting it, qualify it as the Best Australian Brandy.

She herself refers to Mildara Brandy as the Brandy, that mixes in any company especially with Soda or water—it makes the choice worthwhile.

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MILDARA The Best Australian Brandy

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You can't buy this kind of
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dressing**

but you can make it
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Adds a fabulous spicy taste to barbecued steak, chops, sausages, frankfurts, chicken or fish!

**Nestlé's
new 2 minute
barbecue dressing**

made with Nestlé's Sweetened
Condensed Milk and Keens Mustard.



RECIPE:

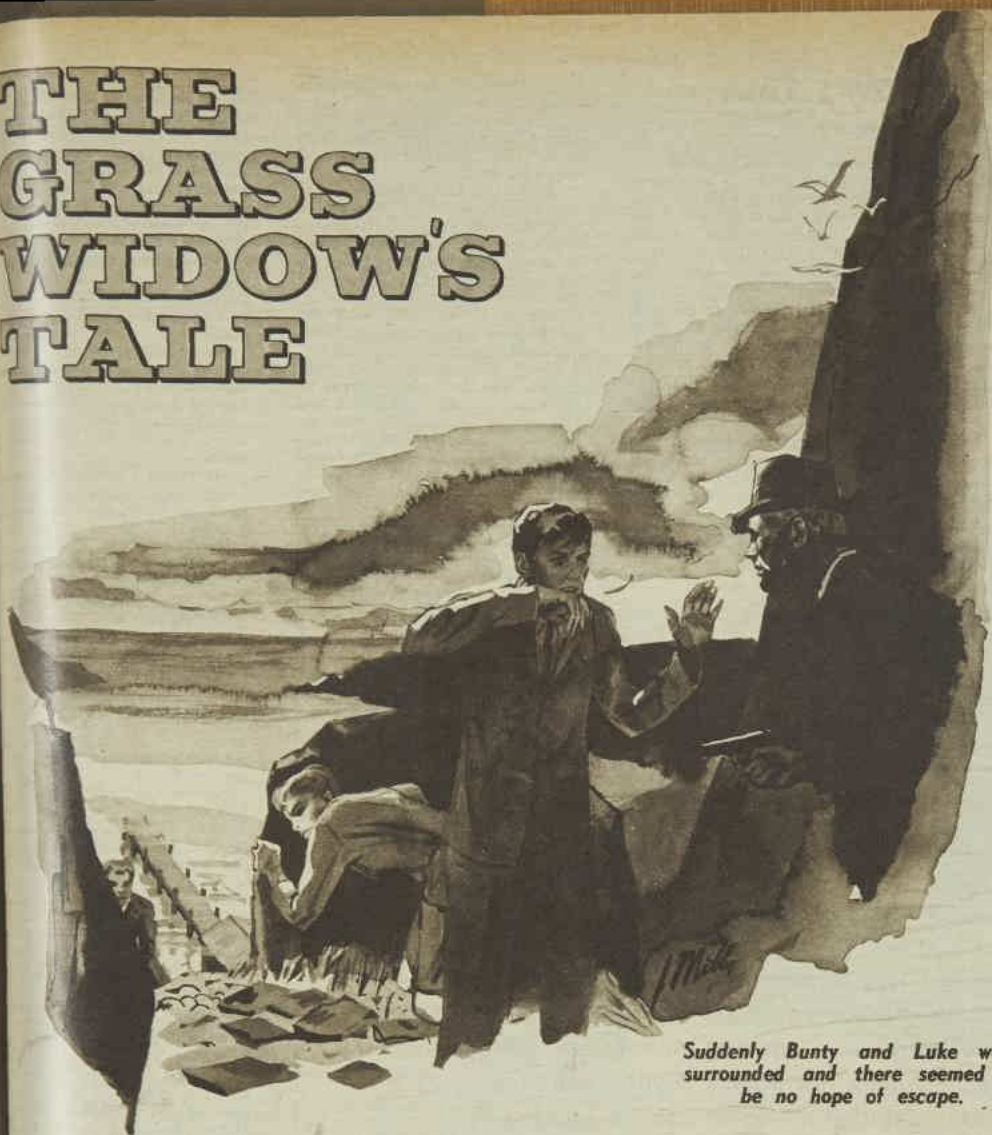
$\frac{1}{2}$ can Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk
3 tsps. Keen's Dry Mustard
1 tsp. salt $\frac{1}{4}$ cup vinegar
3 tbsp. tomato sauce
2 tsps. worcestershire sauce

METHOD: Combine all ingredients, blending thoroughly. Serve over steak, chops, etc.

Variation: Add 1 clove crushed garlic and chopped shallots just before use.

(All spoon measurements are level unless otherwise stated. 8 fl. oz. measuring cup used.)

THE GRASS WIDOW'S TALE



Suddenly Bunty and Luke were surrounded and there seemed to be no hope of escape.

A NIGHTMARE adventure befell BUNTY, wife of DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR GEORGE FELSE, when she befriended distraught LUKE TENNANT in a roadhouse. She accidentally discovered the boot of his car contained the body of a girl; after which he abducted her at gunpoint and took her to a secluded house on the Scottish coast, where, Bunty knew, he intended to kill her. But when he abandoned an attempt to strangle her, she felt that he was no murderer and made him tell her the true story. The dead girl, PIPPA GALLER, was engaged to him, but betrayed him for another man. When he then refused to drive her to London as she wanted, she threatened him with a gun. In a struggle for it, they fell and Luke lost consciousness. He regained his senses to find Pippa dead and the gun in his hand. Points in the story convinced Bunty that someone else came in while they were quarrelling, knocked Luke out, and shot Pippa, then made it appear that Luke was the murderer. She finally convinced him of this when they found that Pippa's keys were missing from her handbag. While Luke went off thankfully to put away the boat in which he had planned to get away abroad, Bunty went to search the boot of the car, suddenly afraid that the keys might have fallen out into it. She found no keys, but in a compartment of a tool-box she found a packet containing thousands of pounds in banknotes. NOW READ ON:

FOR just one moment Bunty's mind recoiled with horror and revulsion, suddenly seeing a Luke who had been lying to her throughout, who had been in some shady deal with the girl, and killed her over the proceeds.

It shook her to the heart, but it was gone as suddenly as it had come. She had the best possible reason to love better than that. If he had killed Pippa, then Bunty Felse, too, would have been dead by now, there would have been no recoil from the act.

Not Luke, Pippa.

Hadn't she borrowed his car to carry home her shopping on Thursday?

This was why she had been frantic when she had found him disillusioned and the car out of her reach. She wondered she raved, no wonder she committed the fatal folly and threatened him with the gun.

There were more and more implications crowding in around these. But a minute now Luke would be coming up from the sea. Let him find this parcel as he had found it, let him demonstrate to himself as well as to her what the find meant in terms of his own emergency.

She retied the package exactly as before, and replaced

it in the tool-box. She closed the boot, locked the garage, and went back to put the key in its place.

Presently Luke came up from the inlet. She let him put on his own coat again before she said: "You don't think she could have had her keys in her pocket, after all, do you?"

He shook his head emphatically. He had had that slight figure in his arms, and composed it into order on the bed, he knew there was nothing in her pockets.

"And they couldn't have slipped out while she was in the boot? I only want," she said, "to make certain that someone took them."

"I don't think so for a moment," said Luke, "but it won't take a minute to have a look." And he reached for the key of the garage, and led the way blithely...

He found it. She didn't even have to prompt him. He groped all round with buoyant thoroughness in the huge boot, shoved the petrol can aside, scooped a hand round the spare wheel, and hoisted the lid of the tool-box.

"Nothing," he said; and then, arrested by a memory: "Do you know, this is the only thing I ever made in woodwork class at school?"

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Conclusion of our two-part mystery serial by ELLIS PETERS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 12, 1968

Some girls have everything

Be like some girls, have everything in banking — bank ES&A. It's everything a bank should be.

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SEEN ANY GOOD SHOWS LATELY?



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"A masterpiece," she said. "What do you keep underneath?" "Junk, mostly," he said. And he hoisted the tray in one hand. "Hey!" he said sharply, his voice losing its reminiscent ease. "What's this? I've never . . ."

Mystified and calm, he lifted out the book that was no book, and studied the gay wrapping paper. "I didn't put this in here."

"What is it?" asked Bunty. He opened it, on the lid of the boot. She watched the sudden rigidity of his face, the dropped jaw, the bewildered eyes. All genuine. What she was less prepared for was the blazing intelligence with which he turned upon her.

"You knew, didn't you? You'd already found it?"

No bitterness, no accusation, only the brittle tone of someone

who feels ice cracking under him. "Yes," she said, "I found it while you were down at the boat." "I give you my word, I didn't know."

"I know you didn't. I wondered for about five seconds," she said steadily, "but that was all. No, Pippa put it there, of course. It was why she had to go to London with you. No other car would do. And it was why she died."

They locked the garage again, and took their find into the house and there opened it upon the living-room table.

"So that's why she was in such a state when I told her to get out," said Luke. "And that's what he

was looking for. He searched her case, and then took the keys away to search her flat, and all the time it was where she'd hidden it, in my car. Where do you suppose she got it?"

"It's stolen money obviously. Someone deposited this with her until it cooled enough to be used. But before the heat was off, she'd decided to make off with it." Bunty paused, thinking carefully.

"You said she started getting offhand with you about two months ago. That was probably when she first picked up with these people. And just over a week ago she came back and began to make up to you. And she worked at

Pope Halsey's, as an assistant buyer . . ."

Her voice snapped off. She opened her eyes wide. "That must be it! Luke, what department did she work in?"

"Furs," he said. "Why?" "There was a big vanload of furs," she said, "coming from London for Pope Halsey, just about six weeks ago. It was hijacked on the way. What if Pippa tipped them off?"

"Oh, no!" he said, with the last anguish on her account. "You think this could be that money?"

"No," said Bunty, "not that money. The last place they'd be likely to unload the goods and pick up the cash would be Comerbourne, where the stuff was consigned. But supposing the same gang needed a safe deposit in Comerbourne on a later job and

thought they had a reliable girl there, already implicated in one affair. Because there was another gang job in Comerbourne, just three weeks ago. Didn't you hear about it? The payroll of Armistead Pressings was snatched on its way from the bank. It was around fifteen thousand. How much do you make this lot?"

He had been counting the number of notes in one bundle, and the number of bundles. "I figure it as something over fourteen thousand."

The timing was right and the amount was right. Bunty watched him fingering through the neat, banded bundles, still dazed. She saw his hand halt upon one of them, and his face grew sharply intent.

He thrust his thumb under the brown paper band and ripped it open, tumbling out upon the table a small black book, its cover printed in gilt lettering and heraldry between two white windows.

"A passport!" Bunty exclaimed. "Pippa's. Of course!" said Luke, and opened it. Something folded double inside began to unfold, too. "Aaah! Now I see!"

IT was a BEA ticket. He unfolded it and studied the details.

"Dated for today. A single to Le Bourget. The eight o'clock Trident flight. So that's why she needed the travel sickness pills. She'd have had to be at West London Air Terminal by seven o'clock. I don't suppose I should even have been awake by the time she took off for Paris. There wouldn't have been any difficulty. We . . . hadn't planned on sharing

"The only trick would have been getting this out of the toolbox while I wasn't around to see, and that wouldn't have bothered her. She'd only have to say she'd left something in the car some time when I was shaving or something. She could do harder things than that by far. And I don't suppose I was much of a problem to manage."

"No," agreed Bunty. "But they came back for their money. They followed her to your house. Maybe they had someone watching her moves all along, those people don't trust anyone far. They saw her leaving with a suitcase and followed her, and it would be simple enough getting into your place, even if the door was locked."

"It wasn't." "So they just walked in. And they heard what was passing between you and saw the struggle for the gun. How very easy it is to knock you on the head, and then they could get rid of a liability and leave you to take the blame. When even you were convinced of your own guilt, why should the police look any farther?"

"But you see where they went wrong. They were sure the money would be in Pippa's case. But it wasn't! And now it was too late to try to make her tell what she'd done with it. They'd killed her! So they took her keys and went back to make a thorough search of her flat."

"And as they wouldn't find anything at Pippa's place," he said, "their next thought would be that I must have got away not only with Pippa and all the evidence but also with their fifteen thousand pounds."

They stared at each other across the table, across those notes for which murder had been done. "They'd be on the alert today," said Bunty, "for any police news from yesterday. They won't miss the significance of a car that went through a red light, and then nearly ran down a constable, because it was in such a hurry to get away from Comerbourne."

"No," he agreed grimly, "they surely won't. The police up here were alerted, so they'll know which way the police hunt, has come. Within limits, they'll know where to look for me . . . Oh, Bunty . . . I ought to have sent you home!"

"You did try. It isn't your fault that I wouldn't go."

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THE GRASS WIDOW'S TALE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63



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YOUR PASSPORT TO ADVENTURE



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THE GRASS WIDOW'S TALE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

"Then let's take all this stuff and get out of here while the going's good. I want to get you to the police. I've never wanted the police so much," he said, tying the pink tape hurriedly round the parcel of notes. "Put your coat on. Never mind anything else, we'll bring them back here."

"Better put off that main switch," Bunty said, shrugging into her coat.

"Here, you have this!" He thrust the parcel of money upon her. "I'd rather . . . You found it."

He thrust the gun carefully into his right coat pocket, barrel foremost, then went to the broom cupboard. "Ready?"

The light went out. She waited with the flat packet under her arm, and in a moment light, assured steps brought him to her side.

And in that moment they heard it, the engine of the car that was winding its way cautiously along the sunken lane toward the house. A slow, sly, casing note, moving in methodically and without haste by the only approach. They heard it stop, somewhere round the curve of the grassland, beyond the trees.

BUNTY thought hopefully, the police coming back. But, as though she had spoken aloud, he said in a whisper, "No! Not the same car."

He drew her out into the hall and she heard him climbing the stairs in long, ranging, silent steps. She groped her way after him and found him in the large front bedroom crouched at the window. Her eyes were already adjusting to the half-light, she could see clearly.

She saw the car creep round the curve of the drive. Then it came on without concealment, hunched on to the edge of the gravel, rolled round before the door.

The doors opened before it was still. Silently and purposefully two men slid out of it, and then the motor cut out and the driver slithered from behind the wheel. Three figures deployed across the width of the gravel court, looked up under shading hat-brims at the blind frontage of the house.

Two of them had guns in their hands.

Luke caught Bunty in his arm and swept her away through the doorway to the landing. Silence was everything now. Neither of them risked even a whisper. Thank goodness they'd switched off all lights before the car came within sight of the house. But they were both remembering what the police sergeant had said in the morning.

He and his companion had seen a light in one of the windows here "from up the coast road apiece." So might these men have seen one, a quarter of an hour ago. Bunty and Luke hadn't thought to be cautious about showing lights.

Now it was too late to worry. Simply get out of here by the only remaining way and pray that the searchers would come to the conclusion that the house was empty and go away to hunt somewhere else.

They could hear the crunch of gravel as the invaders cased the windows; but the darkness inside was sufficient to swallow all movement. Luke felt his way through the living-room door and closed it gingerly after them, just as a

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Short stories should be from 300 to 4000 words; short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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hand eased up the latch of the front door and found it locked.

The boat was the only card they had left. Why, oh, why had she listened to her tidy housekeeper's mind and sent him to lock it away in the boat-house again? If it had still been riding at the jetty it would have saved them minutes now.

Out through the kitchen, past the store-room, and Luke spared a moment to turn the key of the back door behind them. It slowed their retreat, but it completed the picture of an empty cottage, if only they could be far enough down the path to be out of ear-shot.

Luke plunged to the edge of the terrace and led the way down in the dusk. He was on a path he knew, and could make good speed on the descent. But those

characters weren't going to waste much time getting into the house. A shot will open a lock if there's no other means at hand.

He put all thoughts out of his head for the moment and concentrated on keeping his footing at a crazy speed and bracing his left arm steadily to give Bunty a safety barrier from falling as she leaped and slid and bounded after him.

They were halfway down when he heard the back door crash open above them and the sound of running feet on the paved path that led round the house to the seaward side. A finger of light from a torch fumbled down into the crevices of the rocks.

They were sheltered from it by the tortuous turns, and close to

To page 66

LULUBELLE



"It's an old-fashioned paintbox! I thought it was an eye make-up kit."

the jetty now, but the pursuers could not fail to see the path and the roof of the boat-house a sheen of grey in the sudden beam. With a light they could cover that descent only too quickly.

Luke was so intent on the movements of the men above that the movement below took him completely by surprise.

A fourth man rose out of the shadows. The large, square-shouldered shape, neckless and muscular, closed the passage between the rocks solidly. A flat voice said: "Hold it right there, mate! Stay put and get your hands up!"

Luke, arrested in mid-flight on steps steeper than average, pulled up with a suddenness that jarred him from heels to head, and cost Bunty her balance. Her foot slipped on a shifting stone, and

THE GRASS WIDOW'S TALE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

she was down on hands and knees, scrabbling among loose rocks.

At that instant, she knew they were not going to get away. They'd underestimated their opponents. The lay-out had been surveyed from the seaward side before ever the car drove up to the house.

She scrambled to her feet again, covered by Luke's body. She heard the hard voice below say impatiently: "You heard me, chum. Let's see your hands."

Luke fired from the pocket of his coat. He hadn't even realised that his thumb had already shoved off the safety catch. Still less consciously had he tilted the thing

well down in his pocket, to startle and cripple, perhaps, but not to kill. At this distance even he couldn't miss, the whole crevice between the rocks seemed to be full of the bulky body.

The report was followed by a gasping grunt. The dark shape before him buckled sideways, clutching at its knee, and went down in a toppling fall on to the stones, sliding downhill a yard with scrambling feet before it found a stable resting-place.

What astonished Luke most was that the other gun didn't go off, but he had no time to speculate on the reason. Without a word he launched himself forward down

the path, swung Bunty before him past the groaning, cursing man on the ground, heaved suddenly; and charged after her.

But the threshing shape came up and reached for him. He hurled the body blindly, felt the fingers claw at his ankle and miss their hold. Then he came down by ill luck on shifting stones that flung him on his back. And from above came the sound of feet descending rapidly.

As Luke scrambled up, three men overtook and fell upon them. Luke, swinging to fight them off, was a shade too late, went down heavily beneath two of them. Bunty watched the small, murderous black eye of a revolver advance until it touched her breast.

"All right, sweetheart," said the small, murderous black-eyed man

behind the gun, "upstairs again, and see and be a lady on the way."

Bunty walked, at an even pace, leading that procession up the cliff-path and back to the house, with the gun not a yard from her back, and a torch to remind her that every step was watched. There was nothing she could do, except make it clear that she had no tricks to play. There was no sense in provoking death.

Luke came up the path after her between two guns. The key of the boat-house had been taken from him, along with the gun from the same pocket.

He was bruised, and sick with chagrin; but most of all he raged that he had not taken Bunty to the safety of the nearest police station while there'd been time, time they'd frittered away in supposing that they had only the police to contend with.

But at every step he felt that there was something wrong about Bunty, and his mind could not run the discrepancy to earth. Not until they were hustled and prodded through the back door into the kitchen, and there penned in a corner until someone found the fuse-box.

The wounded man, out in the darkness, laboriously groaned and fumbled his way up toward the terrace, and no one seemed to care.

"All right, the current's on," came a cheerful, giggling voice from the broom-cupboard.

Another man flipped down the light-switch. And there they were, two prisoners and three captors. No, six altogether, the lame man was just fumbling his way through the doorway. They hauled him inside, not out of any concern for him, but so that they could close the door and keep the light within.

how to be very very healthy.



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It was then that Luke realised what had been wrong with Bunty. She'd been carrying something when they set out. She wasn't carrying anything now, except the handbag that swung from her wrist.

Somewhere, at some moment which he could not locate, Bunty had disposed of the better part of fifteen thousand pounds — the package of banknotes and Pippa Gallier's passport and air ticket.

"Nothing else on either of 'em," reported the giggler, shoving Luke back into the corner of the wicker settee. "Never thought there would be. I told you these babes are sharper than he reckoned."

So there was another he, not so far present.

Bunty and Luke sat side by side in the two-seater settee. The third man, the youngest, but perhaps the most vicious, sat on a chair placed carefully before them. He held his gun as though he loved it.

Bunty, watching him, sat very still indeed, feeling sure that he would kill without any qualms except for his own safety afterwards. The other two would probably kill if they were ordered to.

The one who had been posted down the rock path to intercept them sat hunched in one of the big chairs with his left trouser leg rolled up above the knee, painfully sponging at his calf where Luke's shot had torn its way straight through. The giggler had fetched down gauze and wool and a bandage for him from the bathroom cupboard, and the victim was totally absorbed in nursing his wound.

He was the biggest of them, and the oldest, a massive, muscular person with a white, sad, fleshy face. The small dark one had called him Quilley.

"It's here, though," said the small, dark man with certainty. "It's here somewhere. Either we find it or he tells us where. The place ain't that big. You sure about the car, then, Skinner?"

"I'm sure," said the giggler cheerfully, spinning the garage key round his finger.

"You didn't miss out on anywhere? Under the back seat? Down the upholstery?"

"I didn't miss out on anything. There's nothing there."

To page 72



● Nineteenth-century plate.

COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

I ENCLOSE pictures of a meat plate and teapot (left and right), part of a large dinner service. Could you identify them for me, please? — Mrs. Gillian Wherrett, Northmead, N.S.W.

These examples of English Staffordshire pottery were made about 1850. The design is basically transfer printed with hand coloring added.



● Staffordshire teapot.

MY father has a communion set of chalice and paten which was sent to him from England. I enclose sketches of the hallmarks. I do hope you can help me with information about the set.—Stephen Mills, Stanmore, N.S.W.

The chalice and paten are Victorian. They were made by John Keith, London, 1862 to 1863.

★ ★ ★

I WOULD appreciate any information you can give me about a spoon, which appears to be gold and is nearly three and a half inches long. It has a house marked Shakespeare's birthplace on the stem.—Miss C. Herbert, Canowindra, N.S.W.

The spoon, which is actually a tescaddy spoon, was made during the 20th century. In fact, similar examples are still being reproduced in brass — I presume yours is made of that metal.

Readers are requested to send a photograph of any item they want identified by our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe. A description is rarely adequate. Queries must now be limited to one item. Valuations are not given in this feature.



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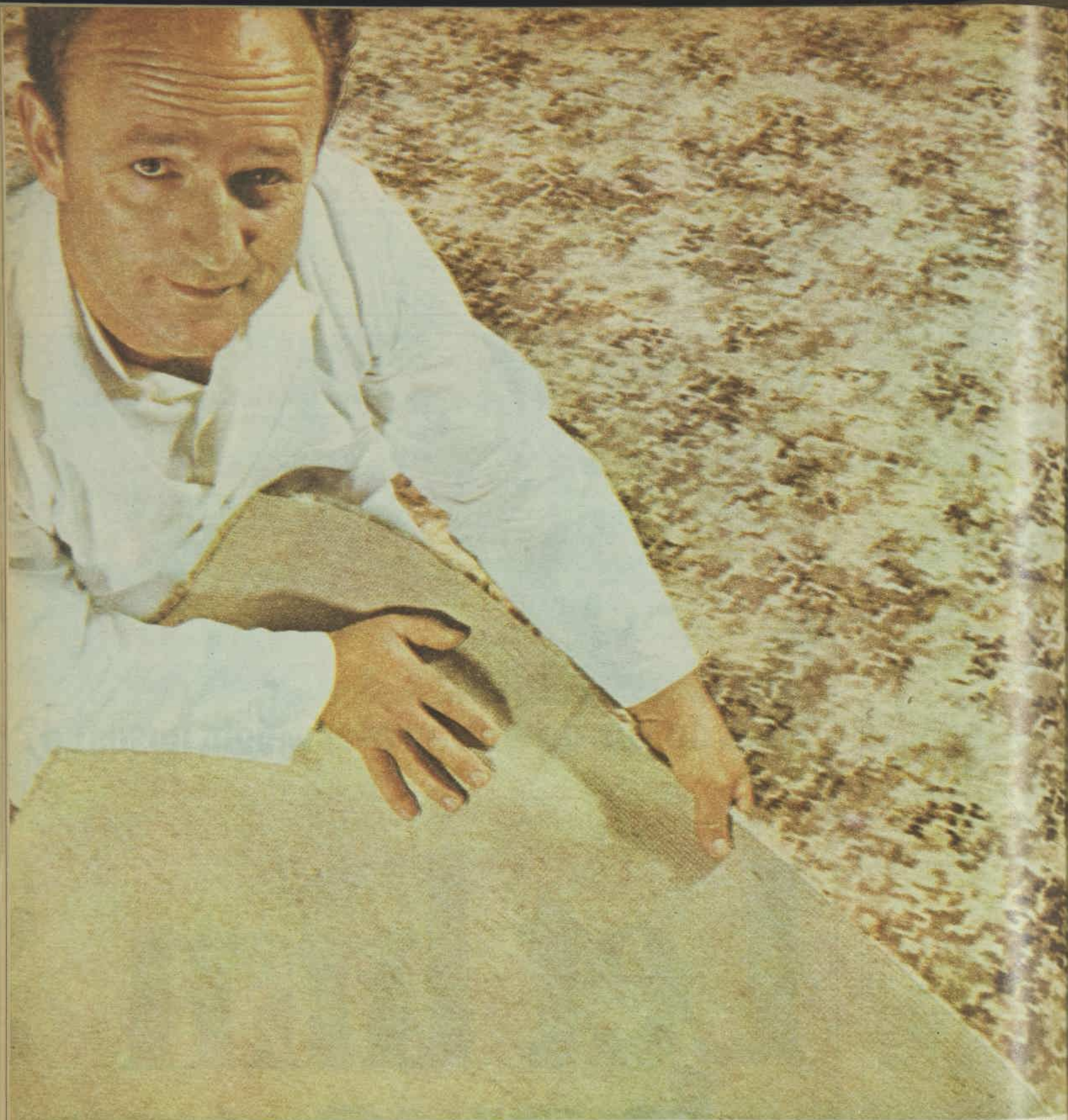
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(Something you don't begin

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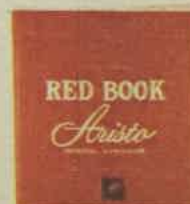
to appreciate for a few years.)

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 12, 1968



View from drawing-room to dining-room in Mrs. E. Jackson's house at Vaucluse, N.S.W. At right of alcove, with its early Victorian walnut suite, is a carved and gilded antique Chinese chest. Cabinet near fireplace has tortoiseshell and brass inlay.

GRACIOUS CENTENARIAN

● A hundred-year-old stone house at Vaucluse, N.S.W., which was once a rectory for the tiny stone church of St. Peter's across the road, is now a gracious home for Mrs. Elizabeth Jackson and her fine collection of antique furniture.

Continued overleaf

Photographs by Keith Barlow

Ornate gilded mirror above marble fireplace in the drawing-room reflects other parts of the large room. Victorian tapestry-covered sofa and tall French chest at left are both antiques.





HOUSE of the WEEK continued

A staircase was removed to make space for the small dressing-room at left. The divan and decorative wardrobes are built-ins; the chest of drawers is a reproduction of an Italian antique.

Stone pillars support the roof of the graceful curved veranda at the front of Mrs. E. Jackson's century-old house at Vaucluse, N.S.W. Wrought-iron staircase is a fairly recent addition.



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IT'S TIME TO CHANGE YOUR OLD IDEAS ABOUT KNITTING...CHANGE TO SIRDAR!

FIFTEEN years ago Mrs. Elizabeth Jackson and her husband bought this house in Vaucluse, N.S.W.; it had taken Mrs. Jackson eight years to find.

Just across the road from the house is St. Peter's Church of England, a beautiful little stone building designed by architect Edmund Blacket and built just over a hundred years ago. It is thought that Blacket also designed the Jackson house, which was at one time St. Peter's rectory.

The house is furnished almost exclusively with antiques, both European and Chinese; Mrs. Jackson is particularly fond of Chinese furniture, because it's so versatile and will fit in with almost any other style. There are only two modern pieces in the house — a little reproduction Italian chest in the dressing-room and a gramophone.

A glass-fronted cabinet and a chair in the drawing-room and another chair, thought to be a Chinese-style Chippendale, in the main bedroom, came from the Melbourne Art Gallery when some antique furniture was auctioned off there a few years ago.

Other interesting pieces in the large house include a small Louis XVI-style ebony desk inlaid with brass in the drawing-room, and an early-19th-century cabinet with tortoiseshell and brass inlay in the dining-room.

Also in the dining-room is a very old parchment missal page which some friends of Mrs. Jackson brought her from Spain.

— Shan Hailey



Part of the main bedroom. Figured wallpaper and white-painted built-in wardrobes with decorative gilt moulding make perfect foil for the antique desk.

AZALEAS

● These beauties of late winter, early spring need the right conditions to reach the peak of perfection.

IN coastal regions, azaleas thrive in bushland settings and other partly shaded gardens — the evergreen indica and kurume azaleas revelling in the part shade, humidity, and acid leafmould mulches occurring naturally. Soil need only be shallow, provided it isn't let dry out for long.

Deciduous mollis or ghent azaleas do well in similar soils, but prefer a sharper winter and generally cooler climate — the Blue Mountains, Tasmania, the cooler parts of Victoria.

Neither grows easily in many inland and western areas, daunted by severe seasons, alkaline soil, or hardness of local water supplies.

By ALLAN SEALE

Position. Azaleas grow and flower in full sun, but wear better if protected from hot midday and afternoon sun. The ideal is filtered or lightly broken sunlight below tall gum trees; or with deciduous trees such as prunus, flowering peach, maples, birch. Azalea color is in full focus while the trees are bare, and the trees' foliage comes in time to protect the last flush of flower from warming spring sunshine.

Water. Roots of large trees are usually well below those of the surface-rooted azaleas, but in dry conditions tree roots seek out moist areas even off their normal course. To avoid this competition, use a

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● Azalea Betty Cuthbert — named after the athlete in 1966. This fine pot specimen grown by Mr. F. W. Jones, of Sans Souci, N.S.W.

sprinkler over a wide area, and see that the water goes well down. A mulch of leafmould helps keep surface areas moist.

Soil. Azaleas like crumbly, fairly sandy loam with lots of organic material — rotted leafmould, peatmoss. It should be mildly acid.

A soil-testing kit will determine the acidity of a soil; or, check on untreated hydrangeas. Blue means the soil is acid enough, pink suggests it needs treatment, before planting azaleas. Use about one heaped tablespoon to the sq. yd. of aluminium sulphate or alum, watered in about three weeks before planting. Then spread a 1 in. layer of moistened peatmoss, lightly rake it around the plants.

Depth. Azaleas make a fine mat of surface roots, and may die if smothered by deep planting, but an inch of leafmould or 1 in. of moist peatmoss above the roots is light enough to stay open, and protects the roots from heat and dryness.

Feeding. Organic-based azalea foods are safe; so are soluble plant foods (Aquasol, Thrive, Zest). Feed only when the soil is moist. Main feeding is in spring, during or just after flowering. Feed in summer if desired, but stop when buds show in autumn or growth may mask the flowers.

Moving plants. Azaleas can be moved in winter, before early spring growth begins. The shallow roots usually extend to the edges of the outer foliage; spade around here about 5 in. deep, then again a little deeper, with a lifting motion. When the root mat is free, lift the plant. The soil should be just damp; replant before roots dry out.

Pests, diseases. Lace bug, which leaves the leaves a dull bronze, is something like a large sandfly. Spray with malathion, azalea sprays, clensel, or pyrethrum, wetting backs of leaves. Or water or spray with rogor or lebaycid, which have a more systemic action. These also control azalea leaf miner or leaf roller (early spring).

Petal blight shows first as white or transparent flecks on petals. Then the flower shrivels, remains on the bush. Spray at first signs with zineb, captan, TMTD, or zineb-maneb. Wet all the plant and surrounding soil.

Leaf gall causes a swollen, distorted, pale rubbery leaf. Pull off and burn. Spray bush with rose spray or copper sprays (bordeaux, kopi, cuprox, etc.).

● Mollis Azalea Anthony Koster, grown by Mr. and Mrs. George Valder, of Mt. Wilson, N.S.W.



Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 271

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

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"What you wasting time for?" the boy with the levelled gun demanded without removing his unwinking gaze from his charges. "I could get it out of him easy. Or her!"

"Yeah, I know!" said the dark man sardonically. "If anybody shuts this one's mouth for good it ain't going to be while I'm in charge. Think the boss'd wear that from anybody but himself? Till he gets here you take orders from me, and my orders are, lay off."

"OK, Blackie, I'm only saying

"You always are. Quit saying and just keep your eye on 'em, that's all, while we take this room apart." He cast a long look round the living-room and ended eye to eye with Luke. "You could make it easy on yourself and us, kid.

THE GRASS WIDOW'S TALE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

In the end you have to tell, you know that? What did you do with the money?"

"What money?" said Luke.

Skinner, dismantling the drawers of the writing-desk one by one, giggled. "Get that! He knows nothing about any money. What money!"

"All right," said Blackie. "You want it the hard way, you can have it. If you think better of it, just say, any time. We're going to find it in the end."

And they set to work on finding it, emptying books from the shelves, letters from the bureau, rolling back the rugs. They took the living-room to pieces and put

it together again, neatly and rapidly, with the thoroughness of long practice. But they found nothing of interest.

"Clean as wax-polish in here," concluded Blackie. "Let's have a go at the kitchen."

The kitchen, compact though it was, was full of fittings that would keep them busy for quite a while. Blackie sized up the job in one frowning stare, and jerked his head at the youth guarding the prisoners.

"Hey you, Con . . . hand over to Quilley and come and give us a hand here."

"What, and leave nobody but him between this lot and the front

door?" Con protested. "With the lock broke? Or did you forget?"

With impassive faces Bunty and Luke filed away a scrap of information that just might, with a lot of luck, be useful. They'd had to break the lock to get in.

"So if he can't sprint, he'll still have a gun, won't he?" Blackie countered.

"Yes, and instructions not to do any real damage with it!"

Another scrap of information—Bunty and Luke must be preserved alive. Once the secret had been prised out of them, of course, they were expendable enough.

"What if they jump him? So he plugs one of 'em in the leg, and the other's out of the room and out the front door and us all back here in the kitchen."

"All right, then, we'll make

dead sure. Bring 'em in here with you and lock 'em in the store."

Con rose and made a brisk upward gesture with the gun. "Come on, then, let's have the pair of you. You heard the gentleman?"

In the darkness of the narrow cupboard Luke put his lips close to Bunty's ear.

"Bunty . . ." The finest thread of a whisper. "Did you understand? They can't lock the front door, they had to break the lock. I'm going to try to start something . . . the first chance I get, when they fetch us out of here . . ."

"No," she breathed as softly and urgently, "you mustn't. They'll shoot you . . ."

"Not until they've found out what they want. I'm going to try it. I'll try to give you the item, but when I cut loose, you run . . ."

"No!" she said, an almost soundless protest.

"Yes, I'll cover you . . . somehow I will. You go straight for the front door and out."

As they argued in whispers, the dulled accompaniment of voices and movements from the kitchen halted, recommenced, changed, and the two of them in their narrow prison had never noticed. Nor could they hear the approach of the car through so many layers of insulation. The first they knew of the boss' arrival was when the door was suddenly flung open and Skinner beckoned them out into the light.

LUKE kept his arm about Bunty as they were herded through the kitchen and into the living-room. And the living-room was full of a large, restless, top-heavy man in a light overcoat and a deeper grey suit standing astride the orange-colored rug.

His head was big to match his shoulders, and startlingly rough-hewn after his immaculate clothes ended at the collar. Auburn hair grew low above a knobbly forehead and deepset eyes. An upright cleft marked his massy chin.

. . . auburn hair growing low, cleft chin, eyes buried in a lot of bone . . .

Luke's fingers closed meaningfully on Bunty's arm. He had described this man to her so well that she knew him on sight. This was the man on whose arm Pippa Gallier had left her flat on Friday night, the man whose car had stood all night in the mews round the corner.

She pressed her elbow into Luke's side in acknowledgment. But there was no way of telling him that she suddenly found herself better informed even than he was, that she, too, had seen this man before, just once and briefly. On Friday evening, when he had meant nothing to her, before he changed into the dinner jacket that Luke had found so conspicuous in Queen Street.

She even knew his name. He had had it blazoned on fluorescent posters, strung along thirty-seven beflagged frontages in neon lights for all the world to see and memorise.

His name was Fleet. "Hah!" Fleet said, a bark of satisfaction and amusement as he surveyed Luke. "I see you got the right party, anyhow. That's something!"

The snapping gaze swept over Bunty with interest, sized her up with casual appreciation. "Well, get that! He finds new ones fast!"

He tossed the key he was swinging to Skinner. "Turn the gas round and wheel it up to the gate ready for off. You never know, we might have to leave on the hop."

Another spin brought him to Quilley. "What's the matter with you?" There was no sympathy in the inquiry, rather a note of outrage. His employees had no business to get hurt on duty.

"I stopped one, boss. He had a gun."

"Couldn't you bet on him having a gun?" Bunty had the impression for one instant that he had almost said "the gun" and thought better of it in time. "What's up, then? How bad is it?" The top span, and he confronted Blackie.

To page 74

Taste surprise. Hamburgers go kabob...so juicy with Carnation 'from contented cows'



Truly clever! Hamburger meat-balls so moist and juicy with Carnation. (It's homogenised to blend better and bind the ingredients.) Turn them into kabobs on a skewer and add your touch of genius—the sauce.

HAMBURGER KABOBS

1. Combine: 1½ lbs minced steak; 1 cup each soft bread-crumbs and grated tasty cheese; 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce; 1 teaspoon garlic salt; ¼ teaspoon each pepper and nutmeg; ½ cup undiluted

Carnation Evaporated Milk.

2. Shape into 12 meatballs; roll in seasoned flour.

3. Parboil 6 small peeled onions and 6 carrot chunks (1½ inch) till just cooked—about 20 minutes. Cut 3 bacon rashers into 4 pieces and 1 medium green pepper into 6 squares.

4. Thread all ingredients onto 6 skewers. Bake on a greased tray for 20 minutes in a hot oven 400° Regulo 6 Gas, 450° Electric.

5. Combine: One 15 oz can cream of tomato soup; 1 clove garlic crushed in ½ teaspoon salt; ¼ teaspoon each chili powder and thyme; 1 beef stock cube dissolved in ½ cup water.

6. Bring to the boil in a large shallow pan. Remove kabobs into pan, spoon over sauce, cover, simmer for a further 10 minutes. Serve on creamed

potato topped with sauce. Alternatively, bring sauce to the boil in a saucepan, cover, simmer 10 minutes. Remove kabobs, top with sauce.

CREOLE KABOBS

Omit bacon and carrots, include 6 medium tomato halves in Step 3. Proceed as from Step 4. Add ¼ lb sliced fresh mushrooms to sauce in Step 5. Proceed as from Step 6. Serve on hot rice.

CHILI KABOBS

Omit carrots in Step 3. Proceed as from Step 4. Add ½ to one teaspoon chili powder and a 10 oz can red kidney beans to sauce in Step 5. Proceed as from Step 6. Serve on hot buttered noodles.

Each recipe serves 6.



READERS' PRACTICAL HINTS

IF you are re-covering a deck chair, wrap a piece of felt or other hard-wearing material round the front rail before nailing on the new material. This considerably lengthens the life of the covering.—Mrs. V. A. Trueman, Main Rd., Dover, Tas. 7116.

For mothers of young daughters who wear matching dresses and pants: Keep

a safety-pin on each coathanger. This enables you to hang up dress and pin matching pants with it. You don't have to search for missing pants when you are hurrying to dress your daughter.—Mrs. M. F. Whitehead, R.S.D., Towong Upper, via Corryong, Vic. 3707.

To clean plastic household sponges, soak for a few minutes in strong bleach

● Hints for housewives and mothers of small children are among this week's prizewinners. Each wins \$2.

solution, then rinse. Brings color back and makes them like new.—Mrs. C. H. Ross, Lockington, Vic. 3563.

I made my own wedding dress which had a very long train and naturally I worried about how grubby it would get when it was being worn. I solved this problem by lining the train with thin plastic. It was unnoticeable and slid

easily over the carpets in the church.—Mrs. M. Garbutt, Flat 16, 24 Melbourne St., East Maitland, N.S.W. 2323.

If indoor plants are not growing as quickly as they should, put them in the bathroom for a few days. They will improve rapidly in the warm steamy air.—Mrs. F. Morris, 381 Mt. Gravatt-Capalaba Rd., Upper Mt. Gravatt, Qld. 4122.

Fish recipe wins prize

● Baked snapper is always popular, and this week's \$10 prizewinning recipe presents it in a new, delightful dish.

BAKED FISH WITH CREAM SAUCE

3lb. whole snapper
2 tablespoons butter or substitute
1 cup chopped mushrooms
1 cup chopped shallots
1 cup chopped green pepper
1 cup soft breadcrumbs
1 egg
1 teaspoon salt
1oz. grated cheese
1 lemon

SAUCE

3 egg-yolks
4 tablespoons boiling water
4oz. butter or substitute
salt, pepper
1½ dessertspoons lemon juice
1 tablespoon cream

Trim the fish, rub inside and out with lemon. Heat butter or substitute, add shallots, mushrooms, green pepper, and breadcrumbs. Season with salt and pepper. Sauté over low heat 3 minutes; remove from heat, add beaten egg. Pack fish with stuffing, secure with skewer. Place in well-greased baking dish, sprinkle thickly with grated cheese. Bake in moderate oven 40 minutes or until tender. Serves 4.

Serve with the Cream Sauce. Sauce: In top of double saucepan beat egg-yolks; gradually add boiling water; beat well between each addition. Cook over boiling water until sauce thickens, stirring constantly. Remove from heat; gradually beat in melted butter; add lemon juice, salt, and pepper. Fold in cream. Keep warm over hot water; do not boil.

First prize of \$10 to Miss P. Laven, 43 Hobb's Cres., Reservoir, Vic. 3073.

BUTTER-RUM CAKE

1oz. butter or substitute
grated rind ¼ lemon
1 cup castor sugar
4 eggs
1 tablespoon golden syrup
2 tablespoons rum
1 cup self-raising flour
1½ cups plain flour
1 cup almonds
1 cup mixed peel
1 cup glace pineapple
1 cup glace cherries

Beat butter and rind together, add sugar gradually and beat until creamy. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Mix together golden syrup and rum, add alternately to creamed mixture with sifted flour. Carefully fold in the chopped fruit and nuts. Turn into well-greased and lined cake tin. Bake in moderate oven 1 hour or until cooked when tested with skewer. Cool slightly in tin.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Miss Toni Hayne, "Waitara," Tambar Springs, N.S.W. 2381.



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"If he's a write-off for anything active, we can use him upstairs. Quilley, get up there and keep a watch out front and back both. You can take it easy up there, just so you don't miss any movements around this place."

"He can start looking around inside, too," said Blackie. "Because it ain't in here, it ain't in the kitchen or back there. And these two are playing dumb and daft."

"It has to be somewhere here. Stands to sense. Go take that little front room apart, Skinner, and then go up and join Quilley." He cast a thoughtful eye at the scattered belongings they had taken from Luke's pockets.

"These what were on him? Keys . . . several. His own bunch . . . house . . . car . . . ?"

"There's a boat-house. Locked. I reckon this would be the key to that. He had it in his coat pocket, along with the gun. This one's the back door. We sprung that, it was an easy touch. The front we had to bust."

"And what's this other one?"

Echoing down the wall of the stairs dead on cue, Quilley's voice, dutifully anxious to please, reported: "Boss, there's one of these bedrooms locked up." He was hopeful of a discovery. A locked door was promising.

"That'll be it," said Fleet, pleased. "There's a key here could belong to it," he called. "Skinner, come and take it up to him, see what he's got there."

Skinner came at leisure, cheerful as ever.

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

"And now," said Fleet, "suppose you two sit down prettily over there, where we can keep an eye on you, and we'll have our little talk."

He sat down astride a chair. "Straight to the point, that's me. Where's the money?"

"What money?" said Luke woodenly.

"The money Pippa Gallier brought over to your place Saturday evening. I'm a reasonable man, I'll try to help you remember."

"Pippa Gallier didn't bring any money over to my place Saturday evening," said Luke.

"Kiddo, she sure didn't bring it Friday evening, but who's arguing about dates? She brought it. She was shinning out, and you were the ferryman. You may as well tell me now what you've done with it, because I'm going to find out in the end."

"She never brought any money to me, I'm telling you."

"You're telling me fairy-tales, kid, but go ahead. I've got time."

Bunty said in a hard, detached voice: "That's what you think. But what you don't know is that the police have been here before you."

This morning, I got rid of them then, but what I told them isn't going to last them long. They could be back any moment now. I expected them before this. You don't think this place belongs to him, do you?"

Fleet gave her his full attention for the first time. She sat with fixed, motionless face, her eyes wide and unwavering.

"You know," said Fleet, "you're not at all hard to look at, now I come to notice, but, girl, you're no hand at lying."

THE GRASS WIDOW'S TALE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

"That makes it even funnier," said Bunty, unmoved, "because I'm not lying. Don't say I didn't warn you."

"And where," inquired Fleet curiously, "did he find you? It sure didn't take him long."

"I picked her up in a pub," Luke said harshly. "I should have left her there."

The words were acknowledgement enough of the lead she had given him, and fitted the image of indifference now turning to resentment. It was lucky that they were also

more scuttling in haste down the stairs. Luke's braced muscles ached with longing, but he knew it was no good. He would only succeed in killing them both.

"For Pete's sake . . . !" exploded Fleet. "What's with you two?"

Skinner appeared in the doorway, mouth and eyes wide open, with Quilley limping and shivering at his back.

"In that room, the locked one . . . You know what's in there, boss? She is . . . the Gallier girl! He brought her up here with him! She's there lying on the bed!"

Fleet uttered a brief crow of amusement, astonishment, and triumph.

"And her things? Is her case here?"

"It's there," Blackie indicated the corner where it stood against the wall. "Her bag, too, it's there on the bookcase. We started with them, but there's nothing . . . Well, we knew . . ." He swallowed that admission in time.

Fleet came strolling back across the room to his prisoners.

"So you don't know anything about my money, eh? And you know nothing about the girl up there, either? She just flew here! As for the police, they kindly called in this morning, I suppose, and helped you carry her upstairs? Now we know where we stand."

He resumed his place astride the chair in high good humor. Bunty could not for the life of her see how his mind was working. Something complicated was going on in that formidable skull, something that involved the body upstairs and still left him free.

"So you brought her body up here, and all her things, and left the deck clean. Nobody could blame you for that, kid, nor for bringing the money along, too. Where was it? Not in her case, I know that . . . I was looking for it while you were still out cold . . . right after you shot her . . ."

LUKE sank his head in his hands. He made no attempt to deny anything. Bunty held her breath, feeling her way after him blindly.

"So I reckon the money was in the one place I couldn't get at. In the car . . ."

"The car's clean," said Blackie. "Skinner took it apart."

"Now it's clean. But that's where the stuff was. Must have been. We looked everywhere else. So you found it, kiddo, and you were all set to make a clean getaway with it, is that it? You know what, I've got a lot of sympathy for you? She was crooked, all right. Crossed you up for me and crossed me up for the money I trusted her with. She asked for what you gave her."

"I was drunk," protested Luke. "She waved the gun at me . . . she made me mad . . ."

"I know! She asked for it. I'm not planning on turning you in for that."

No, thought Bunty; because you've thought of something better. I wish I knew what it is!

"What were you planning on doing? . . . you and the lady? I hear there's a boat . . . was that it? You reckon you could make it across to the Continent from here?"

"I could have made it," Luke said bitterly, "if you hadn't sent this lot after us."

"And Pippa? She was going halfway, I suppose?"

"Yes . . ."

"Look," said Fleet reasonably, "I'm not a cop. I've got nothing against you. Why should I have? She did the dirty on both of us, I've got a fellow feeling for you. There's no reason in the world why you and I shouldn't do a deal."

"What are you getting at?" Luke asked cautiously.

"What I say, if you like to take the lady and light out for Holland, or wherever, what's that to me? Just so you don't take my money with you! You can have your freedom and welcome, but my dough you can't have. You tell us where you've put it and as soon as I've got it in my hands we'll all clear out of here and leave you to pull out to sea as fast as you like."

He leaned a little nearer, with a wolfish smile on his lips. "But if you don't act like a sensible lad and hand over I will turn you in. Better freedom without the lolly than neither one of 'em. You think it over!"

"How do I know," demanded Luke, "that you'll keep your bargain? How do I know you won't take the money and then call the police on us?"

"Why should I? What have I got to gain? I came for the money, and that's all I want. And I don't need to tell you, I'm sure, that I'm not anxious to call attention to myself among the cops. Once I've got my money back, what have I got to feel mean about? But make no mistake, you cross me now and I can be mean as all get-out. Take your pick, kiddo. It's up to you."

In the momentary silence Skinner came down the stairs again. "Nothing up there. I

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left Quilley on look-out, but it's as quiet as the grave. What cooks here?"

He looked from Fleet to Blackie, who was frowning. They were all confounded that the hard questioning had not begun long ago.

There must be a reason, and the reason was not any squeamishness on Fleet's part. It was just barely possible that he really meant to withdraw once he got the money, exactly as he had said, and that he found it less messy to trade on Luke's conviction of his own guilt rather than to beat the required information out of him.

But still Bunty couldn't believe it. He was more devious than that. Did he, for some obscure purpose, want Luke completely unmarked by violence? And for what?

"Hush!" said Fleet. "Our young friend's making up his mind. To be sensible, I hope." "I haven't got a lot of choice, have I?" said Luke surlily. "All right. You can have your money."

"That's better," said Fleet warmly. "I knew you'd see sense. Where is it?"

Bunty had not the least idea what Luke was going to say. She could only wait and be ready to follow whatever lead Luke offered her.

"You ought to have known, if you'd given any thought to it," said Luke, with the feeble spleen of a defeated man. "You think we were going without it when we lit out of here down to the sea? We had the stuff down there already, of course, waiting till it was dark and we could slip away without being seen."

"Aaaah!" breathed Fleet, his eyes narrowed upon Luke's face. "Go on, tell us more. Why didn't you take off as soon as you got here?"

"Because it was nearly daylight. Anybody round here would know the boat. The Alports are well known. It seemed better to risk lying low today and setting out after dark."

"But you put the cash aboard in advance! Then why not your luggage, too?" demanded Fleet shrewdly.

"We wanted it. Damn it, we'd been up all night, we needed a bath . . . I had to shave . . . We weren't expecting any trouble. I've been here before with the owners, I could account for being here if I had to — for everything except Pippa and the money." He swallowed convulsively.

"Pippa — it was too light to risk being seen carrying her down to the boat. She had to wait for dark. But the money, just a flat parcel, that was only a minute's job, so we made sure of it."

"It occurs to me," said Fleet, "that with all this talk of luggage your lady friend here doesn't seem to have any belongings beyond a handbag — I take it that grey one belongs to her? That was going to be a bit awkward, wasn't it, girl?"

"I've got nothing but a handbag," Bunty said with hard deliberation, "because I walked out with nothing but a handbag. He told you he picked me up in a pub. What's the odds? If you know anything about that kid upstairs, you know that king-size case of hers is full of brand-new stuff. I carry a few extra pounds, but we're much the same size. I could get by."

Amazed, she watched the image she was projecting emerge and parade before him, a woman on the dangerous verge of middle-age, a woman who had suddenly rebelled and cut her losses.

"So you hid the money ready," Fleet said, eyeing Luke, "in the boat."

"I didn't say it was in the boat." That would have been too easy, one man could go over the whole craft in ten minutes, and Luke wanted at least two of them out of the way. "It was getting light, we

couldn't hang around to unlock the boat-house. We had the stuff all proofed up for sea in oiled silk and plastic. I just fastened a nylon line on the parcel and let it down over the edge of the jetty into the water."

"There's an old mooring ring down there. It'll be under water now. But you can reach it all right if you lie on your stomach and reach over. The end of the line's made fast to that."

Fleet's thick eyebrows arched. "I hope for your sake you did make it fast," he said grimly. "Is it weighted, then?"

LUKE nodded. "Enough to keep it down out of sight." He came to his feet. "I'll go down with your man and show him."

Fleet waved him down again. "Oh, no, laddie, you won't do any showing, only on paper."

"One man alone won't have an easy job finding it," Luke urged. "It's pitch dark down there now, he'll need somebody to give him a light and hang on to him while he leans over. The ring must be eighteen inches under by now, and there's a tidy drag below those rocks. You could lose him and the money."

Fleet hesitated. "Know what, kid? I think you're trying to pull something. You didn't have much trouble putting it there, seemingly."

"I didn't have any! It was nearly daylight, and low tide, and I know the place. It's a different cup of tea now, for somebody who doesn't. Better let me go. I'll do the fishing, if that'll satisfy you."

"Here, come to the desk. Draw me a map and make it good. Direction and distance from the foot of this path you talk about — the lot."

Fleet watched Luke stoop to rummage in the top drawer of the desk for pen and writing pad, tear off the top sheet of the pad, and without hesitation begin to sketch in the jetty and the approach angle of the cliff path. Satisfied, he turned to Skinner.

"You go down and fish up this parcel. Take Con with you. And give me that Colt just in case."

For one moment his back was turned on Luke. Luke could move a hand in the shelter of his own body and not be observed. The large, smooth, granite pebble, veined and beautiful, that his friends used as a paperweight lay close to his right sleeve.

He closed his hand over it and drew it toward him, sliding it quickly into the pocket of his coat. By the time Fleet swung round on him again he was scribbling measurements on his sketch map, his hands otherwise empty as he handed it over.

"There you are. X marks the spot where the treasure's buried."

He stayed where he was as they examined it, his back to the desk. It was a good place, if they'd let him keep it. It meant that when the moment came he could draw the two remaining armed men to this side of the room to deal with him and leave Bunty a clear run to the doorway. The lame man upstairs, edging audibly from front to rear window and back again, would never get down the stairs in time to intercept her.

"Seems straightforward enough," said Skinner. "Better get that big torch out of the Riley, Con, this one here's giving out."

"And who," Fleet asked suddenly, settling back in his chair, "has got the other gun — his gun?"

Skinner turned. "I have. Want it?"

"Yes, hand it over." Fleet laid down the Colt close be-

THE GRASS WIDOW'S TALE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

side him on the edge of the table and took Pippa's gun in his hands. "That's all. Go on, get on with it."

Then there were four of them left in the room. They heard the receding footsteps dropping away down the first steps of the path.

Bunty sat rigid, her eyes fixed on Fleet. Luke quietly turned the chair round from the desk and sat down there; and no one ordered him back to join Bunty in the window embrasure. So much gained. Two ways to aim and shoot now, instead of one.

Fleet had pulled a handful of paper tissues from his pocket and was polishing idly at the little gun. His eyes studied Luke thoughtfully across the room.

Suddenly Bunty's heart lurched with the shock of realisation, and she knew why Fleet wanted Luke unbruised and unharmed. Once he got his hands on the money the whole gang would pack up and get out of here, yes; but not until they'd staged a second and less fallible tableau for the police to discover.

A murdered girl upstairs, a girl who would eventually be traced back to Comerbourne;

bag if she had cared to lean forward and stretch out her arms. Instead she sat with a straight back and a scornful face and let it fall, with a dull plop a yard from her feet.

It lay innocently on one end of Louise Alport's most beautiful Scandinavian rug. A long rug, it was; the other end reposed under Fleet's wicker chair, tilted back on its rear legs beside the table.

She looked down at the bag.

"I perceive," she said, "that I am in the company of gentlemen. That's always so satisfying." She leaned forward and stretched out a languid hand toward her property.

She moved slowly, because their eyes were too intently fixed upon her movements. She had to give Luke time for his own diversion; and as though she had whispered in his ear, he provided her with what she needed. He rose abruptly from his chair and took two rapid steps forward toward the bag as if to pick it up and hand it to her.

Attention swung upon him in an instant. Fleet dropped Pippa's gun upon the table at his elbow and picked up the Colt with the smoothness of a

aware whether she was intact or not, had lurched the rug from her, to descend with all its woolly suffocation over the sprawling figure on the floor.

Fleet's shot, blanketed by Swedish blues and greens, burned a hole in the rug and went wild, plunking harmlessly into the wall.

And just then Luke's pebble hit the glowing fluorescent ring in the middle of the ceiling, hard and accurately. There was a spitting explosion of brilliant, bluish radiance, and then a darkness like midnight, and fine particles of glass whispered down into hair and clothing. And on the instant all the lights in the house went out.

Luke took a flying leap and came down heavily with both feet on the threshing canvas backing of the Scandinavian rug. He had aimed for where he hoped Fleet's solar plexus would be, but Fleet had rolled himself under the table, swinging clear of the mouthfuls of exquisitely dyed long-pile wool that had threatened to smother him. He lunged in a round swipe, found Luke's left foot and gripped like an octopus. Luke lifted his right foot and stamped it down with all his weight on the wrist of the hand that held him.

Then he was clear. In a darkness which he could navigate by memory, he had Bunty by the hand and was rushing her out of the living-room.

But neither of them had heard in that chaotic interlude the laboring footsteps dragging their way down the stairs. They had forgotten Quilley. His shot stopped them cold as they hurled themselves out into the hall, a shot that spat accurately into the wood blocks of the floor just before their feet.

"Hold it right there!" said Quilley's voice. "I can see you and you can't see me. One step this way and I plug you."

Luke recovered from the check in a moment, but a moment was too long.

The narrow hall was suddenly full of people. Blackie had an arm locked round Bunty's neck, and his gun pressed into her back. And Fleet was lunging past them toward Luke and Quilley. A faint, flickering pencil of light suddenly sprang up, scurrying through the living-room, and after it a cone of steady light from Con's long, rubber-cased torch came surging eagerly in. They were back from the jetty far too soon and empty-handed.

The beam of yellow light swung upwards and downwards. The thick rubber case hit Luke low in the back of the head with a solid, sickening sound. His shoulders hunched, he hung still for an instant, and then collapsed, dead to the world.

"All right," said Fleet's voice out of the dark, soft, savage, and frightening. "Bring them back inside."

He was out of breath, ruffled, bruised. All the debonair, easy bonhomie had cracked and fallen away.

Without turning his head, he addressed Quilley. "Get back upstairs and keep a sharp eye out. Somebody could have heard the shots."

"Yes, sure, boss." "Well, what happened to you two?" But he knew already. "There was nothing there, of course."

"Nothing. No ring even. A lot of lies," Con said. "We had to get out of sight fast, too." Skinner supplemented. "There's a boat making up-coast, not far offshore. We didn't want to be seen."

"Bring him in," said Fleet, and stalked ahead of them into the living-room.

Blackie prodded Bunty before him into the ravaged room and pushed her down into the settee. The other two dragged in Luke by his arm

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 12, 1960

AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY:
Week starting June 5.

ARIES: March 21-April 20

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, navy, pink. Lucky day, Thursday, Saturday.
★ If you're the hasty type of Aries—act first, think afterward—then you'll be in for a stormy segment until at least the 23rd. You could find your judgment haywire. June 7 is accident-prone—watch these impulses; 9th-11th, volcanically upsetting. No risks.

TAURUS: April 21-May 20

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, grey. Lucky day, Sunday, Tuesday.
★ There's a lot of heavy artillery in the heavens that will put down a torrid barrage until 24th. You'll have to look to your purses and heartstrings—both will be adversely pressured. Danger arises in a weird way on 7th and 9th-11th.

GEMINI: May 21-June 21

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, orange, tan. Lucky day, Wednesday, Monday.
★ Many Geminians will never be quite the same when June ends. It's a time of upheaval and big changes. You'll be believing things you never thought possible. There's a strain on the marriage tie, almost stretched to breaking-point, especially 6th-7th and 9th-11th.

CANCER: June 22-July 22

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, green, blue. Lucky day, Thursday, Sunday.
★ This week is hostile enough, but it is merely an overture to a much more turbulent week to come. Get all important letters and business transacted, but not on the 7th-9th and 10th. You could find your judgment at sixes and sevens. Careful!

LEO: July 23-August 22

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, green, tan. Lucky day, Saturday, Tuesday.
★ Less born at the tail of their sign should do all they can with their personal lives before a lucky planet quits them for many years to come. Unfortunately, it's an upsetting week, with worse ahead. Take care, 6th-7th and 9th-11th.

VIRGO: August 23-September 23

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, red, grey. Lucky day, Thursday, Monday.
★ This week's stars and next week's particularly affect Virgo folk on September 12-19. Many Virgoans lives will be drastically altered. Do the things you must 5th, 6th, 8th. Otherwise, run for cover, at night, and stick to routine. More so next week, when it's only on!

LIBRA: September 24-October 23

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, red, brown. Lucky day, Wednesday, Thursday.
★ You'll need that happy knack of saying just the right thing at that moment. However, you might lose your diplomatic facility, since there are major afflictions between the big planets, and this heavenly rumpus could overturn your judgment. Be careful, 6th-7th, 9th-11th.

SCORPIO: October 24-November 22

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky day, Friday, Saturday.
★ Scorpions have been panned for seeing evil everywhere, but they are more keen-sighted than most. Until 24th, this trait would pay off since a "friend" could be undermining you, and next week could bring a final break. Home upset possible, 6th-7th, 9th-11th.

SAGITTARIUS: November 23-December 21

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, black, red. Lucky day, Wednesday, Sunday.
★ Make the most of this month, which, unfortunately, is mainly upsetting. Later you could find the tempo of your life gradually slackening. Avoid 6th-7th and 9th-10th—no new projects and no pushing your ambitions. Do all you can—next week's a stinker.

CAPRICORN: December 22-January 20

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, pink, navy. Lucky day, Wednesday, Saturday.
★ If you're relaxed a little your customary caution and feel like a flutter, don't, 6th-7th and 9th-11th, especially in a group. Some of you could land in legal complications, because you could jump to wrong conclusions. Just be your loner self.

AQUARIUS: January 21-February 19

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, black, brown. Lucky day, Sunday, Monday.
★ You can still achieve your ambitions with decisive action, but other departments of your life come under obstreperous influences. There could be trouble with friends—perhaps one is intriguing against you—and lovers' quarrels loom, perhaps a sudden parting.

PISCES: February 20-March 20

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, violet, grey. Lucky day, Sunday, Monday.
★ The stars are putting on a fireworks display. This week it's the basket-bombs and big bungers, next the rockets. Watch out for an underground explosion that could rock you, career-wise, and let sweet reasonableness prevail with the marriage mate. June 6th-7th and 9th-11th are critical.



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THE GRASS WIDOW'S TALE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

down into the inlet. Skinner made for the stairs and went up them three at a time. Con and Blackie crowded to the window behind Fleet's hulking shoulders.

Bunty could have risen and walked out the front door and she felt that no one would ever have noticed.

She heard Skinner's voice calling urgently down the well of the stairs:

"Boss, they're over the other side, too... among the trees, five or six of 'em..." There had been no sound of a car, no glimpse of headlights. They had drawn in silently; so they knew what kind of hunt this was. Could this be all on account of Rosamund Chartley and her mythical address?

There was a hoarse, muted shout overhead, a rush for the stairs. Skinner came bounding down.

"Boss, it's the police! They're all round us..."

A sudden pale eye of light stroked its way down the wall, probing at the window and passing in silence.

"That's it, then," Fleet said in a clipped whisper. He knew the game was up. He knew when to throw in his hand. "Out! Run for the Jag!"

And out they went, tumbling, jostling, thrusting. Bunty sat dazed with all the accumulated weariness of a night and a day and listened to their flight.

There was a postscript. Leaning heavily on the banisters, Quilley came stumbling and groaning down the stairs and through the hall.

"Boss, wait for me... don't go without me..."

She heard the moaning complaint reach the front door. And then the two of them were alone. Stiffly she

got up from the floor, laying Luke gently down, and went out into the porch.

Pencils of light sprang up about the garden and converged upon the racing figures. The cops began to spawn men, they came swarming out on the run and streamed from all directions toward the Jaguar.

A LITTLE spurt of flame stabbed the darkness, a shot fired at the tyres, not at the men. Fleet didn't retaliate. He charged straight for the grey car, darted round in its shelter to the driving seat, and in a moment the engine roared into life and the car began to move.

With three of its four doors wide open, it surged across the gravel toward the open gate, while the rest of the crew scrambled and clawed their way aboard. He kept it idling for them a matter of seconds only. The nearest policeman was not ten yards away.

Quilley, last of the queue, came hobbling agonisingly after, appealing aloud in a high wail of outrage:

"Boss, wait for me... wait for me... you can't..."

He was hopping frantically alongside as they gathered speed; he got a grip on the front passenger door and clung in desperation.

"Give me a hand... Con, give me a hand..."

But it was Fleet who gave him a hand. They were four aboard and wanted all the speed they could make, and no overloading. Fleet leaned across Con to the open door, spread his large palm against Quilley's chest and shoved him off, neatly catching the door as it swung loosely back,

and then slamming it shut. The car leaped clear of the pursuers by a matter of feet, and Quilley, hurled from his hold, fell sprawling under it.

The rear wheel heaved and lurched over his foot, the Jaguar slewed round insecurely for an instant and then shot away through the gate and roared round the curve of the drive.

Quilley's scream and the exultant tiger-purr of the acceleration died away together. A cluster of dark figures surrounded the heap on the ground.

Suddenly it was abnormally quiet and everything was over.

Luke came round with a skull full of hammers, springing into instant, jangling awareness of Bunty's arm under his head and a bolt of hurtful light probing over them both out of the darkness. The edge of the falling beam showed him the end of a man's dark sleeve and a hand holding a gun.

There was no end to it, and no escape. But as he set a palm to the floor in frantic haste and levered himself up groggily, Bunty drew him back gently into her arms and held him there.

"It's all right, my dear! The police are here... it's all over, we're safe..."

"Safe...?" He lifted a shaky hand and touched her cheek. "They didn't hurt you...? Where are they?"

"They got away in the Jaguar... all but the lame one..."

"They'll no' get far." The darkness spoke in the voice of the sergeant in tones of ripe satisfaction. The gun vanished into a jacket pocket. "We've got a road-block up in the cutting. They'll no' get through that. You're all right, ma'am?"

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She nodded: now that the tension was broken she was almost too tired to speak.

"And your right name, now," he asked cautiously. "It wouldn't be Felse, would it?"

"Yes," she said, "I'm Bunty Felse."

"Thank goodness for that!" said the sergeant, and in all innocence kicked away the newly recovered world from under Luke's feet. "Your husband's been going daft worrying about you."

How strange that it had never occurred to him to think that she might belong to someone else! As if such a woman as she could have come so far through life without being recognised, desired, loved.

She had seemed to belong so surely to him, to be a miracle created specially for his salvation,

THE GRASS WIDOW'S TALE

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without any existence previous to their meeting. But, of course, she had known all those years of her life without him. She had known a marriage, and a husband who was going daft worrying about her.

Luke lay very still, overwhelmed with the magnitude of his desolation and loss.

Three men came in from the seaward side, and one more from landward, and this last was an inspector. They found candles in one of the kitchen cupboards, and the young constable of the morning rummaged among Reggie Alport's electrical spares and did

some minor miracles with fuse-wire.

Soon he had the current working in the kitchen, at least, so that they could do a little preliminary first-aid on Quilley before the ambulance came. The door stood open between the kitchen and the living-room to share benefit of the light.

"No," admitted the inspector ruefully, "I'm afraid we didn't check up on your Mrs. Chartley at first. I only wish we had, we should have been here earlier. But you seemed all above board to McCabe, and we had no reason then to be looking out for a woman. No, what put us on to

you was further information from your home county.

"You can thank your son for it, indirectly. It seems he came home on Saturday evening and found nobody there. When nobody came back by eleven he called your husband's chief and found that Mr. Felse had gone down south on a job, so he took it for granted you decided to travel with him for the ride.

"It wasn't until some child turned up next morning saying she'd found your purse that he began to wonder."

So that was why there'd been no letter from Dominic, because he intended to rush home for her birthday and surprise her. And if he'd been a couple of hours earlier she would never have gone out walking, never entered The Con-

stellation Orion, never met Luke Tennant.

And, perhaps, when he was at the end of his tether, Luke Tennant would have pointed that little gun at his temple and pulled the trigger, as he had so nearly done when the police came knocking at the door.

"So he told your CID chief and they got in touch with your husband, and nobody knew where you were or why you should be missing. Then they really began hunting. And it seems there's an old chap who saw you late on Saturday night with a young man he didn't know and was sufficiently nosy to take note of the car and its number."

"Old Lennie," she said, and smiled. "We bought some coffee at his stall. Thank goodness for nosy people! I see! So then they added my description to the information about NAQ 788. And Mrs. Chartley filled the bill well enough to be worth investigating. And you found the Alports had never heard of her and her address didn't exist."

"That's about it. So we thought it best to move in on you here pretty cautiously. We felt you must have been under duress this morning when you answered the door."

"I know," she admitted, "my behaviour throughout has been far from what you'd expect of a policeman's wife. But there's more to this than a couple of traffic offences. They haven't said anything to you about a murder?"

THEY hadn't. Not, it seemed, about the snatching of Armitage Pressings' weekly payroll. Bunty had almost forgotten about the money, but it was high time to retrieve it now.

"Before we start," she said, "could you send one of your men down to the jetty to fetch something? Something I hid there. A flat parcel in gilt-wrapping paper. It's under one of the slabs of slate that form the steps a short way up from the jetty," she said, for Luke rather than for anyone else. "I pushed it under there when I slipped and fell."

The inspector looked at the young constable, who took one of the torches and went off.

"And exactly what," asked the inspector curiously, "is in this gift parcel? What has it got to do with this business?"

"Everything," she said simply. "It's what those men were after, it's what they killed the girl for — the girl upstairs. It's a week's payroll from a big firm outside Comerbourne. Getting on for fifteen thousand pounds in notes."

"I think," said the inspector, "you'd better tell me the whole story." Between the two of them they told him. By the time they were halfway through, the recital was punctuated by Quilley's first half-conscious moans from the kitchen, and the inspector was unrolling the parcel of notes on the table before him.

The sound of police cars halting before the door put in the final full-stop. Fleet and his lieutenants were back under guard. A hefty sergeant came in first, his arms full of guns.

"Regular arsenal, sir . . . four of 'em!"

The inspector looked up at Luke over the array of armaments. "Which one?"

"The one you're holding." Luke would have known that little gun again among thousands.

"You realise, of course," said the inspector gently, "that he's sure to have alibis for everything?"

"Yes, I know. I don't care now. If you want to hold me, that's all right."

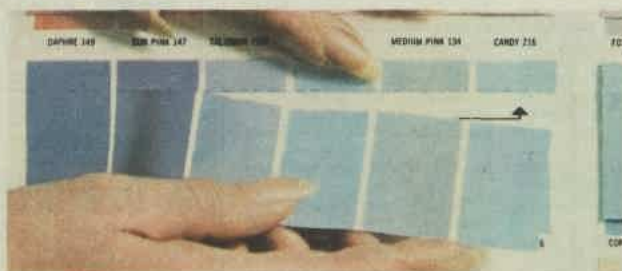
"What happened, Sergeant?" asked the inspector.

"They tried to crash the barrier. Bent that nice grey job badly, stove her nose right in. They poured out in all directions when she stalled, but we got 'em all fielded in quick time. They didn't fire. Soon as we laid hands on 'em they started acting legal. They hadn't done anything, they were on their lawful occasions. Only the big chap talks."

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"Yes," said the inspector resignedly, "only he would. Still, better bring 'em in until the wagon arrives."

Fleet came in with rocklike assurance, his hands in his pockets, his henchmen mute and stolid behind him. And, of course, they would all have a dozen witnesses to testify that they had been somewhere miles away when the Armitage payroll was snatched. Of course they would even have licences for all those guns, except Pippa's, of which they would deny all knowledge prior to yesterday.

And of course, regarding the money and their presence here, and their flight when the police came, Fleet would tell the same old story of being robbed by Pippa, of breaking in on Luke's house to find Pippa dead and Luke drunk and unconscious, of pursuing Luke here after the money — with some mildly illegal origin for the money, something almost innocuous, but enough to account for a certain shyness of the police.

Yes, it was all implicit in his bearing as he came in.

"Keys?" said Fleet, smiling. "What should I know about her keys? I expect he threw 'em away. I never saw any such little leather boot. You can search me." Which, of course, they could, and any residence of his into the bargain; he wasn't such a fool as to keep a thing so easily identifiable.

"Look, I've told you that money was ours, and it's got nothing to do with any payroll, it's racing winnings. We had a syndicate. And a system. You fellows wouldn't approve, but you'd have a job to pick us up on it, all the same. Naturally we came after it."

"More fool me for ever letting that girl hold the kitty, but she had a way with her . . . Ask him, he knows! She double-crossed him, too, and he paid her her dues, and good luck to him. But don't look at me! I can prove where I was all the early part of Saturday evening. By the time I got there it was all over."

"And that's all I am saying," said Fleet, still smiling. "I want my lawyer before I say another word."

"And you've got licences for all these cannon, I suppose?" said the inspector, mildly chuffing Pippa's passport and air ticket in his hands. There was something else there, too, sandwiched between the two documents, something Bunty and Luke hadn't discovered: a sealed white envelope, stamped, ready for the post.

"One of 'em's nothing to do with me, ask him about that. For mine I have."

"But you deny playing any part in Pippa Gallier's death? Or in the wage snatch from Armitage Pressings?" The inspector slipped the point of his ball-pen almost absently inside the flap of the envelope, and began to slide it along. He did not touch the envelope itself, but held it

between passport and ticket; and the address had appeared for a moment to engage more of his attention than he was actually giving to Fleet.

"That I don't mind repeating. I followed her to this chap's place, I got restless waiting for her to come out, and I went in to find out what was happening. She was on the floor, dead, and this young fellow was out cold on the top of her with the gun in his hand."

"And if he didn't shoot her, then get on with finding out who did, because you won't get anywhere looking at me. Two of my lads were with me, they know she was dead when we went in. That's it!" said Fleet with a snap of his jaws. "I've finished talking."

"But I haven't!" snarled a sudden ferocious voice from the kitchen. "I'm just set to begin."

Propped on a policeman's arm, Quilley leaned from the kitchen rug, his left leg stripped from the knee down, his foot crushed and leaning disjunctedly sideways from the ankle. He could just get his eyes upon Fleet, and they aimed there like gun barrels, dead and fixed.

FLEET had tossed him to the police like a bone to hounds, to delay the pursuit. There was a price for that.

"Here's one," said Quilley stridently, "who wants to talk, and he's got plenty to tell, too. Of course that's the Armitage money, and I was there when we snatched it, and what you want to know about that I can tell you, even who fired the shot. But it wasn't him, not that time. It was the girl he killed . . . with his own hands . . . and I was there to see it . . ."

For one moment it seemed that Fleet would hurl himself out of his chair, clean through all opposition, and clamp his hands round Quilley's throat. But he did not. He sat back and continued to smile.

"It was after she asked for the gun," Quilley pursued, "that he got uneasy. She was getting above herself, and his women don't do that. But he still fancied her, then, so he gave her a gun of sorts — that rubbishy little thing you've got there, the one he's trying to kid you is nothing to do with him . . ."

"That?" said Fleet blankly. "I never saw the thing in my life until yesterday."

"Never saw it! He gave it to her. He was never too sure about her after that, but when he slept with her Friday night he took a peep at the case with the money in it and it looked all right. But still he had us watch her. And Saturday night, after she thought he'd gone back to town, she came out with a suitcase and locked her flat and went off in a taxi, so we had to notify him."

"Con and Blackie followed her in the Riley while I

THE GRASS WIDOW'S TALE

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waited for him, and he let us into her flat to make sure about the money. He didn't need her keys for that, he'd had one made for himself long ago, but she didn't know that. You think he'd leave any money of his behind a door he couldn't get through when he liked?"

For a moment Quilley paused, glaring venomously at Fleet.

"And what do you know?" he resumed. "She'd filled the case up with bundles of newspaper cuttings, only the top note in each clip was real. So then he knew she was off with the dough. She'd gone to this kid's house and walked right in, so they called him at her flat, and we went over there fast. The door wasn't locked. We walked in, and there she was waving this gun at this kid and raving how he'd got to keep his promise to her, and he went

for her as if he thought it was a pop-gun, he was so tight."

"There they were fighting for it, and Fleet in the doorway weighing it all up, like he always does everything, what's in it for Fleet! And I," said Quilley venomously, "I was the one who was right there beside him. I saw him club this kid cold. Nobody knows how to do it better. I saw him take the gun out of his hand."

"And she, she was all over him; suddenly, she says, darling, thank heaven you came, he'd have killed me! He puts that gun to her chest and shoots her dead."

"Poor devil!" said Fleet. "Hysterical. He's got it in for me. He'll say anything."

"Not anything, just the facts, Fleet. I tell you, he shot her. And then he wiped the gun and put it back in the kid's hand and arranged the two of 'em there, all ready to be found, so the kid could

take the rap. We called the cops from a call-box to come and get him, only he must have come round too soon and cleared out."

He added suddenly, "There's another thing I can tell you, too. She'd been getting ready to put the finger on the lot of us, and especially Fleet. In her flat we found some trial runs for a letter she was putting together for the police, all cut out of newspapers. She was headed out, and she was going to make good and sure we wouldn't be at large to hunt for her."

"Oh, yes, we went back to her flat . . . just as soon as we found there was no money in her suitcase and nothing in her bag, no left-luggage ticket or anything like that. We took her own keys and went back to turn the whole place and everything in it inside out, but all we found was these bits of paper where she'd been experimenting with this letter. About the Armitage job and about Pope Halsey's furs."

"She knew all about that, she tipped us off about the shipment. We had a proper hunt, but we never found anything else, and he burned those bits of paper. Anything you want to know, you ask me. I was there every time, there's nothing I can't tell you."

"Nothing," said Fleet. "And nothing he won't, either, true or false. You can see he'd do anything to knife me in the back. But I've got witnesses that will prove the opposite."

"Then you didn't go back to her flat?" asked the inspector.

"Who said we didn't? She'd run out with my money . . . our money. Of course we went back to look in her flat, where else was it likely to be? But we didn't find any trial shots at synthetic letters to the police."

"He's making the whole thing up, then?"

"Of course he is. But he'll

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AUSTRALIAN Home JOURNAL

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THE PEOPLE PAINTER

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HELEN CARR thought of her new luggage, of the clothes in her cupboard, the tickets in her handbag, the new passport. In another week she would be off on her long-planned trip to Greece. She ought to be radiant.

Instead she felt nervous and guilty, felt that she should not leave the country in case anything happened—in case Zelda should need her.

Why, she hadn't seen Zelda in nearly eight months! She had had three postcards, at intervals, each with no address. Each saying simply, "I'm OK. Don't worry about me."

Don't worry! But, of course, she worried. When Zelda's mother, Helen's stepmother, was dying, she had begged Helen to look after Zelda. "She needs direction. She's so talented—and so immature." She had preysed Helen's hand. "I wish she were more like you, dear. You're so sensible, so disciplined."

Helen and Zelda were indeed very different in temperament. Helen was 29 — ten years older than Zelda. She was hard-working, serious. Zelda was artistic, erratic, moody.

Helen had taken over, and it had been a difficult time. Zelda balked at school, at rules, at any form of discipline. She did not want to do anything but draw and paint. Helen saw her through adolescence, through fads, fancies. There was the time Zelda went barefoot in the city streets. The time she went mad. The time she wanted to hitchhike to the West Coast to see for herself what breed of hippies lived there.

A year ago Helen had talked to Zelda about the future. "You can't live on painting yet," she had said. "You have to earn a living. And you should be taking some good lessons—at the Art Students' League, say?"

Zelda had snorted at that. "I'll make out," she had said. "Do leave me alone, Helen. You fuss so."

She had idled away a few more months — and suddenly she had left. When she got home from the office one day Helen found a note. "I'm going to live where I belong — in Greenwich Village. Don't worry about me — and don't try to find me."

Of course Helen had tried to find her, but without success. A loner, Zelda had told her plans to no one. Helen had no recourse but to go on with her own life — and feel guilty about its peace and quiet, the absence of strain and worry.

Now, remembering the past eight months, Helen determined to put the thought of Zelda out of her head. She would take her



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trip, keep Zelda out of her mind, enjoy herself.

Then the following day she met Marian Talman, a former neighbor, and her worries returned in full force. Marian, in the course of their chat, suddenly remarked, "Oh, I ran into Zelda last night, Helen. I didn't know she wasn't living with you."

"Zelda? Where — where did you meet her?"

"In Greenwich Village. Jake and I went to one of those off-Broadway theatres — and we met Zelda outside. She said she was working next door and she hadn't time for more than 'hello.'"

"How did she look?"

Marian hesitated. "Well — to tell you the truth, she looked terrible. Thin. Tired. Rings under her eyes. And — well, older. Zelda used to be just a kid."

"I'll have to see her," Helen said. "What was the theatre, Marian — and where do I find it?"

THAT evening Helen set out for Greenwich Village with mixed feelings. If Zelda were really in a bad state, she would have to make her come home. Perhaps she would give up the trip and look after her?

She found the theatre without any difficulty. Next door there was a big, noisy discotheque called "Bees and Butterflies." A man stood in the doorway, his eyes on the passing crowd.

"Excuse me — but can you tell me if Zelda Barzan is employed here?" Helen asked.

"Zelda." The man shook his head. Then, suddenly he grinned. "You mean Zeleida? Sure, she's here — in the ante-room." As Helen looked puzzled, he continued, "Zeleida, she calls herself. She's the people-painter. Been here four-five months."

"Thank you," she said quietly.

She went into the large dance room and stood looking round, trying to collect herself. She was dimly conscious of the lazy beat of the music, the couples moving around, the glitter of colored lights. One girl — a hippie, surely — had the word LUV printed across her forehead.

Getting up courage, Helen found her way to the ante-room and stood in the shadow. Suddenly a little knot of people parted and she saw Zelda. Near her was a small table on which paints and brushes were arrayed.

Zelda was painting. A model in a low-cut dress stood giggling in front of her — and Zelda was painting a flower on her bare shoulder. When she finished, she straightened up, looked at it critically, and nodded. "That's it," she said. "Next, please." The model dropped some coins into a box on the table near the paints and went happily away.

Not daring to move, Helen watched from the shadows. Zelda was utterly concentrated on her work — and highly critical of it. Helen watched her paint a snake on a boy's arm.

When the boy had gone, Helen moved forward. "Zelda," she said softly, "it's me — Helen. Marian Talman told me you were here."

"Helen!" Zelda wheeled round. "Do you found me at last!" Her dark eyes met Helen's, her mouth quivered. "Gosh, I'm pleased to see you!" She began to cover her paints. "Let's go and have coffee away from this crazy joint!"

Over coffee in the espresso bar Zelda talked more freely than she had ever done. Looking at

her, Helen thought how much she had changed. She was too thin, too nervous, and tired. But there was a new firmness in her manner, new assurance.

"I'm sorry I left as I did," Zelda said. "But I couldn't stand being such a weight on you, Helen. I hated myself. I thought I'd better find out, once and for all, if I could support myself."

"And you have?" Helen said gently.

Zelda laughed. "Well, yes — but not exactly in the manner I was accustomed to. It was pretty terrible at first. Then, about five months ago, I got this job when they opened the discotheque. And business has been good. I get \$80

a week — and gratuities from satisfied clients." Her laugh died away. "I've found out a lot, Helen. I know what it is to discipline myself — and I've learned how little I really know about painting."

She needs a rest, Helen thought. She needs good food — change — happiness. Impulsively she reached for Zelda's hand. "Honey, come home with me," she said. "In a week I'm off to Greece — and you can come, too!"

"Greece?" Zelda's eyes glowed. "The trip you've always planned!"

"There'll be enough money for two if we're careful," Helen said,

But her heart sank a little at the thought. She had not meant to count pennies. She had meant to enjoy herself, go where she wanted, stay where she wished with no thought of cost.

Zelda was silent for a time. Then she shook her head. "It sounds like heaven — but, no," she said. "I won't butt in. You go and enjoy your trip — you deserve it." As Helen started to protest, she went on quickly, "But I'll stay in the apartment while you're away — and after, if you want me. It'll be heaven to take hot showers again and cook on a decent stove!"

"You'll take a rest?"

Zelda nodded. "I'll finish up at

the discotheque next week. Then I'll rest for a week. Then — well, I'll start studying at the Art Students' League. You were right, Helen, I need direction, good lessons — and I've saved the tuition."

Their coffee cups were empty now. And suddenly Zelda laughed. "Come on back with me till closing time — and I'll show you what a good people-painter I am! How would you like me to paint the Acropolis on your forearm?"

"Paint anything you like," Helen said. "But on the stroke of midnight I'm taking you home."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 12, 1968

ULCERS

PEPTIC (GASTRIC OR DUODENAL)

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DE-NOL, a new therapy that dispenses with strict dieting. If a boiled fish and milk diet could cure a stomach ulcer, there would now be no ulcers... simple and obvious enough, yet on such a diet many ulcers sufferers find little or no improvement. The relief of stomach ulcers (Gastric and Duodenal) must be sought in other directions.

Contrary to the general theory that a stomach ulcer is caused by an excess of hydrochloric acid, modern thought is that there are a number of contributing factors, a most important one being a dietary imbalance. This has been found through the research of certain Scientists, who state that part of the answer to an ulcer is to be found in good food and plenty of it. Their patients, all sufferers from chronic ulcers, mostly with a history of many years of pain and discomfort, were recommended red, juicy steaks, fresh wholesome food—a rich protein-full diet—in fact the exact opposite to the restricted diet with which we have been familiar in the past. These scientists also formulated a unique medicine which forms a tenacious and impenetrable coagulum over the ulcer surface by means of a chemical reaction which occurs immediately the medicine reaches the ulcer site. The coagulum protects the ulcer from the irritating action of the gastric juices and other aggravating factors. Within a few days pain and discomfort mostly ceased.

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Simple infections of the urinary tract are very common at all ages, and probably bother twice as many women as men. These infections by irritating the Kidneys and Bladder may cause frequent burning, itching irritation, thus embarrassing you during the day and disturbing your sleep at night. Secondly, backache and muscular aches and pains may result. For quick, soothing relief of urinary tract symptoms try CYSTEX which has been sold and recommended by registered chemists throughout the free world for 40 years.

THE GRASS WIDOW'S TALE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

have a job connecting me with that girl's death or that gun he's raving about."

"Will I?" shrilled the vengeful voice from the kitchen. "You think you're in the clear because you wiped off the grip nicely? Who loaded it in the first place, mate, think about that! Wait until they get their little insufflators on that magazine before you crow too loud."

Bunty closed her fingers excitedly on Luke's arm. And Fleet laughed. A little too loudly, perhaps.

"Come off it, man! You know I opened the thing up here tonight, here in this room, to see how many rounds were in it. You watched me do it! Like all the rest of the boys, and they'll all swear to it."

"You don't know so? This time you don't own all the witnesses, Fleet. At the best it'll be a draw, three-three. And by the time they've got it through their thick heads that you're going down for twenty years, you think you'll even be owning three of 'em? They won't be able to shift over to our side fast enough."

"You won't get far on his uncorroborated word," Fleet said virtuously, "he's got a record as long as your arm."

"A bit of corroboration would certainly be helpful," agreed the inspector. "Even on one specific point... say these trial letters she was supposed to be compiling, now. But of course you deny there ever were any, and he says you burned them."

He was gently unfolding the sheet of thick, white paper he had withdrawn from the envelope. He handled it only by the edges, with considerable care. "Of course, if we could have called the girl herself as a witness..."

He looked up, smiling. "Now isn't that a coincidence," in Lockerbie. I mean, you'll want... your family... they'll want you to themselves..."

"Don't be silly!" said Bunty warmly. "You're coming with us. Didn't I say I wasn't going home till I could take you with me?"

"I'm not much of a trophy," he said, and could not keep all the bitterness out of his tone. "You know there are still several counts against me."

"I don't think anybody's going to be interested in throwing the book at you now," she said. "Not after what we're bringing them." It still turned his heart over in joy and humility when she said "we."

"I don't mind. I shan't complain," he said.

She felt his helpless adoration in the devoted stillness of his body and the tenderness of the arm that held her.

"All my life," she said, inspired, "I shall remember you and be grateful to you."

She was asleep when the car wound its way into the small town, half asleep at the end of Sunday. The car from the south was there before them. Luke saw the two men standing beside it, heads up, eyes alertly roving, waiting for them to arrive.

In the beam of headlights the two faces burned out of the darkness eager, intent, impatient, as was only proper when they were waiting for Bunty.

"Wake up," said Luke, "we're in Lockerbie. And look who's waiting for you."

George was already leaning to open the door of the car for her, and Bunty stepped out into her husband's arms. "You're a fine one," he said, kissing her roundly. "So you don't mix with dangerous types who carry guns! Talk about famous last words!"

She kissed him back joyfully, then turned to offer her cheek for Dominic's dutiful

"Your boy's coming on now, ma'am. He says you cost him twenty-two bob for flowers, and they'll be dead before you see them."

"Tell him half a bottle of cognac would have kept better."

"He says no cognac, but there's a bottle of Riccadonna Bianca, though you don't deserve it."

She laughed, and her eyes gushed tears briefly. Luke had never seen her in tears. There was always a new snare, a fresh, impossible attraction. Of course, they were crazy for her, those two men of hers rushing north to meet her because waiting was impossible.

There would never be anyone like her, never, never, never.

And now there wasn't much time left for him, he could feel the minutes slipping through his fingers, and there was so much that he wanted to say properly before he lost her for ever, so much he knew would never be said. And nothing must ever be said of love, however love crowded his thoughts and made his heart faint.

It was enough, in a way, that she had invited him to go south with her. Naturally she was free to go, and she wanted to reach her family as soon as possible, but he had still certain charges hanging over him, and he could have been held had not she expressly asked to have him with her.

And in the car, between their few exchanges, she had slept confidently against his shoulder. The journey north, with death on his back and a gun in his hand ready for her, was only twenty-four hours past.

"I could stay," he said haltingly, "in Lockerbie. I mean, you'll want... your family... they'll want you to themselves..."

"Don't be silly!" said Bunty warmly. "You're coming with us. Didn't I say I wasn't going home till I could take you with me?"

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She kissed him back joyfully, then turned to offer her cheek for Dominic's dutiful

kiss. The boy — he was absurdly like her — hugged her fiercely all the time he was saying, in his best throw-away manner: "Many happy returns of yesterday, Mum!"

"You mean it's still Sunday? It seems to have lasted for ever."

Luke had got out of the car and was standing well back from a ceremony in which he conceived he had no part. Bunty turned back to him, smiling, holding George by the hand.

"And here's Luke. He's heading home for Comerbourne, too. The police had to hang on to his car for the time being."

Luke never wanted to see that car again, though he had loved it. When it was released he would get rid of it.

"You won't mind if Luke and I collar the back seat, will you?" said Bunty, looking appreciatively at the large black police car. "We haven't had much rest over the weekend, we're probably going to sleep all the way home."

Bless her for that "we" that bound him to her even for the little while they had left before normality set in.

"Hello, Luke!" said George gravely. "You seem to have been doing my job for me... even to bringing my wife back safely. Thank you!"

Luke looked from the smiling dark face to the two linked hands, that fitted together with so much passion and so deep a calm, and he suddenly saw in them the whole essence of this marriage, no, of marriage entire. He thought it would be worth waiting and hunting through half a lifetime to find another hand that would fit into his like that.

What Bunty had given to Luke he couldn't begin to appraise. What they gave him now between them was a dazzling promise. It seemed this union was possible. If it had happened once it could happen again. Even, some day, to him?

Bunty awoke toward morning with a soft, alarmed cry of: "Luke!" stretching out her arm protectively over George's wakeful body. All night he had lain beside her and watched her exhausted sleep and learned by heart in moderate moonlight the shadows that marked her face, the memories of things lived through and still not put away.

He could wait; he must wait. She had told no more than the half, the rest she would tell when the right time came. He cupped her cheek in his hand and soothed her fully awake, to end her distress.

She folded her arm over him more closely.

"I love you!" she said in a deep sigh.

"Did you love him?" said George gently.

"It depends," said Bunty after due thought, "on what you mean by love."

"I mean," said George, "whatever it is that makes it possible to achieve a complete human contact with another person, the thing that suddenly makes you move in on somebody else's need and strike clean through conventions into their hearts, so that there'll always be a link between you, even if you never meet or even think of each other again."

"I mean the communicated warmth that keeps people alive, the most universal and generous thing there is. Not sexual love, not married love, not platonic love, not filial love, nothing that has to be qualified — the absolute. I mean love, love!"

"Then, yes," said Bunty, "I loved him."

THE END

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THE STROKE OF TWELVE

THE cathedral stood in a windy town; large, clumsy, and magnificent. Being made of native stone which was rich in iron, it was a sombre color; the color of dried blood. It could be seen as a pair of blunted steeples miles before one reached the town: it sailed, obstinate, unhurried, a ship of stone, rising and falling to different perspectives, until, finally, growing, becoming a fact, one arrived at its roots in the windy plaza.

Charlotte Henry, a single woman in her forties, got out of her rented Peugeot, a little stiffly. She had been driving for hours. Her binoculars clapped at her ribs in the wind. In one hand she held her guidebook, in the other her handbag. She held on to that bag firmly, consciously, all the time.

Since it contained her passport, her money, her tickets, her traveller's cheques, two letters of value — one from her closest friend and one from the married man who had been her lover for years — she felt it was her own life she carried, certainly her own identity: therefore precious, out of all proportion in this foreign country, where she spoke the language with difficulty and had no friends. If she should lose that bag she would be lost herself, she felt.

Never again, she vowed, would she travel alone in a strange country. She had had enough of lying awake at night in hotel bedrooms listening to unfamiliar sounds. Nothing so underlines loneliness, so bespeaks indifference, as the audible evidence of lives and activities which can in no way concern one's self; she had had enough of eating in restaurants, a *dame seule*, looking down at her plate discreetly, pretending to be comfortable, pretending to be at ease.

But since she was here, she was determined to look at things she had wanted to see for years — this cathedral was one — and perhaps, later, remembering them, she could enjoy them.

At first she was disappointed: the huge building seemed crude, and she found the

A feeling of awe combined with a sense of medieval superstition emanated from the evil-looking gargoyles

color ponderous and overbearing. Pressed against the dark blood stones, seamed in the crevices, ferns and plants had taken root — a fur of white stonecrop growing on crimson stems, mosses, a cluster of valerian, tufts of yellowed grass — the cathedral was hoary, inappropriately haired as an old face. Dust skirled around her legs, a torn newspaper clung desperately to her ankle, and she kicked it away.

Then she heard a medieval sound of jack-daws: a sort of mewing twang in the air. She looked up to see them, and saw the gargoyles.

There were dozens of them, scores of them. Some, the rainspouts, were smaller than the others. Some were perched about the eaves for — what? Ornament? Derision? To ward off evil with their evil faces? They were not human monsters, not devils, but beasts: morbid dragons, lizards, pterodactyls, deformed frogs. Some bent their necks toward one another in frozen, hideous antagonism, and all their mouths, beaks, snouts, jaws were wide open in a yell of silence.

Charlotte walked slowly around the cathedral, staring up, till her neck hurt, at the savage carvings. There were no twins, each one was different, though all were obviously members of a family. She had never seen anything to touch them. Beautifully made, arrested for ever in a tranced violence, they caused her to feel awe; as if she experienced something of the thinking, of the superstitions of the medieval mind. As if that mind were her own, and had always been.

When she went into the cathedral it was deathly cold, and smelled of all its centuries. A nun knelt before a dressy figure of the Virgin. To her left the votive candle flames dipped together, pointed: a bed of burning tulips. Charlotte envied the nun her heavy skirts, her shawl, wimple, and veil, even her stout shoes, all warm.

To page 84

By ELIZABETH ENRIGHT



Matches are for lighting.

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THE STROKE OF TWELVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

Somewhere in the church a man blew his nose, and the vaulted stone magnified and dignified the homely noise: an echo of Gabriel's trumpet. Across the nave someone spoke softly to someone else; also magnified, the voice sounded cool, mysterious — the impersonal voice of an angel.

Charlotte was not a Catholic. She was not sure whether she believed in God or not, but thought probably not. Still it could do no harm (even if it was only superstition, it could do no harm) to say a prayer.

Kneeling, and it hurt her knees to do it, she put her forehead against her hands. But instead of trust she felt her familiar fear — the fear that had sent her on this trip to France, and that lay inside her mind ready to wake up a thousand times a day. Her lover's edginess, lately, his periodic remoteness. A husband after years can have his edginess and his remoteness, but he will probably stay married. Whereas a lover. And an anxious woman is her own worst enemy.

"Let it be all right," Charlotte prayed. To lose love at this age. . . at any age terrible, but at this age worse. "Let it only be my imagining. . ."

She tried to erase the fear; at least for the moment to lose herself in the peace of supplication — of honest supplication, not just the whimpering reiteration of her doubts — but she could not. She stood up, shivering with cold. Her binoculars banged against the pew, producing echoed bangs. The nun turned a calm face to look at her, and she tiptoed out.

The hotel was at the edge of the place, and her windows looked out at the cathedral. It was a comfortable, stuffy room with large dark furniture and a patterned rug. For one night it would be her house. She changed her dress, hung up her suit and dressing gown in the large, brooding

armoire; at seven she went downstairs to the dining-room.

It was a commercial hotel; the room was full of men — just outside, in the lobby, she had noticed a candid row of hand basins, towels hanging on a rack, and balls of yellow soap on prongs. But where men eat, the food is apt to be good, she knew. And it was; beginning with a hearty soup flavored with dill and going on to langoustines and a green salad. The langoustines looked at her pleadingly from their dish, with large, grave eyes, but she ate them, every one, and sucked the morsels from their tails and claws.

SHE had ordered a bottle of wine — a Meursault — and it warmed her. She had come to rely on wine. It made her a companion to herself instead of a stranger to be doubted. She drank deeply, and the color came into her cheeks, the looks to her face. A man at the next table, industriously cleaning his teeth, smiled at her winningly above the toothpick. She looked down at her plate and did not look up again.

But after dinner he was waiting for her in the lobby. He was not a bad-looking man: merry, dark, about her own age.

"Madame would care to take a little walk?"

Well, she was lonely and had had a lot of wine.

"A very little walk, then."

Outside the air was still, the wind gone. The cathedral lifted its great shoulders against a starry sky.

She and the man talked; he came from Lyons and was a salesman. At the outskirts of the place, in a dark alleyway, he took her in his arms and kissed her. His breath smelled faintly of garlic and a hint of perfume. But when she found herself responding, she broke away.

"No, no. I'm sorry."

To page 86

FASHION FROCKS

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• NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 60. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on week-days. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders.



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Simple dessert a prizewinner

● Apple Sponge with Caramel Sauce, an entry in Section Two of our contest, wins our second \$10 progress prize.

As you will see from this week's progress-prize winning recipe, your entry doesn't necessarily have to be complicated to win one of the prizes.

Our 1968 Bake-Off recipe contest is again sponsored by the Australian Dairy Produce Board and White Wings Ltd. And all recipes in all the sections must include butter and a White Wings product — flour (plain or self-raising) or one of their refrigerated dough products or cake mixes. But details of requirements in the various categories, together with an entry coupon, are given on page 25 of this issue of the paper.

Some very interesting entries are being received in Section Four of our contest. This section is for a Main Dish using Australian ingredients and covers both hot and cold food. Probably it is the section that will appeal most to the cook who loves experimenting with unusual flavors, herbs, and sauces. And this is where you can use local wines to advantage. We have good, cheap wine here and so often it can give

the necessary lift to a simple dish.

Your recipe must be an original one, of course, but other than that the field is wide open. You must, though, as in the other sections, use butter and White Wings plain or self-raising flour in your dish. And mention the number of serves it gives, too.

We know here as well as you do that we have some of the best cooks in the world living right here in this country. And this is why we are including our category for a dish using local ingredients. We intend to show everyone just how good our local cooks and local foods are.

Our judges

We have two overseas judges for the finals of the Bake-Off this year, Mrs. Monica Sheridan from Dublin, a well-known television personality and author, and Signor Edoardo Moglia of the Real Fini Hotel, Modena, Italy, both internationally known in the cookery world.

Prizemoney for our 1968 Bake-Off totals \$11,150. Each of the five section winners gets \$750 and a \$300 cooking range. The overall Grand Champion (chosen

from the section winners) receives \$4000 cash in addition to her section prizes.

If you are nervous about sending in an entry because you think you will have to prepare it in public, you can relax. We do the baking. All you have to do is send in your favorite recipe and home economists will prepare it for judging. Send in as many recipes as you like.

You will not be competing against professional cooks and home economists, professional chefs, and bakers are not eligible to enter. Nor are employees of the companies involved in the contest and members of their families eligible to enter.

Entries close on August 9.

This gives you near enough to two months to send in your tested recipes.

The Bake-Off final itself will be held from October 1 to October 4 at Myer's in the heart of Melbourne, so if you are in Melbourne then you can go along and watch proceedings. The Grand Champion will be presented with her award at a Banquet also to be held in Melbourne.

A daily quiz and other small competitions will be organised during the Bake-Off final and anyone who comes along to the store can enter them.

The following recipe wins a \$10 progress prize for Mrs. Marion Hastie, 9 Murray Street, Cairns, Queensland 4870.

APPLE SPONGE WITH CARAMEL SAUCE

4 cooking apples
1 cup water
1 cup sugar
2 oz. butter
4 tablespoons sugar
1 tablespoon boiling water
1 egg
1 cup White Wings self-raising flour

CARAMEL SAUCE:

1oz. butter
1 cup brown sugar
4oz. can reduced cream

Peel, core, and slice apples, place in pan with 1 cup sugar and the 1 cup water. Cook over medium heat until apples are soft.

Place butter and sugar in mixing bowl, add boiling water, and beat well. Add well-beaten egg and continue beating. Gradually fold in sifted flour.

Place hot stewed apples (they must be very hot) in the base of a heatproof dish, carefully pour over the sponge mixture. Bake in a moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Serve hot with caramel sauce and cream.

Caramel Sauce: Melt butter and brown sugar in saucepan over low heat until sugar is dissolved; do not stir. Remove from heat, add cream, stir until blended.

Turn to page 25 for an entry coupon and details of categories and prizes to be won in the contest.

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Washing with pHisoHex—ideally three or four times every day—will help clear troubled skin and will help keep it clear.

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She did not know what to do, was literally paralysed, and stood there in the open window staring at the motionless stone monsters and listening to their voices: the harsh and barking fabric of their noise, shot through and through with icy threads of silver.

And then it stopped; stopped dead, as though sliced off, and her ears rang with the silence. Across the place a man went walking, whistling to himself, hands in his pockets, safe in his true world, matter-of-fact. Bitterly, bitterly, Charlotte wished she were that man.

When she got into her bed again she was frozen, shuddering, at a loss. After a long time the drug, mercifully, began to work, and she fell asleep.

When she woke in the morning, roused by the bells for early Mass—it was a Sunday—the thing came back to her. But after her *petit déjeuner*, after the strong, sensible coffee, she was nearly able to persuade herself: it was the wine, too much wine, and the barbiturate. Together they had forced on her the dream, or fantasy—she had read of such things happening, and would be more careful in the future.

But she was anxious to get away, never to think of the place if she could help it, and by a quarter to eight was in the lobby paying her bill.

THE bells were ringing again when she went out; the place and the street were full of people on their way to eight-o'clock Mass: people of all ages, children, crones, whole families dressed in black. Why? She wondered. Mourning? Custom? Economy?

A young porter brought out her dressing case and put it in the trunk of the car. She tossed her binoculars, bag, gloves, guidebook on to the front seat and stepped away for a last look at the gargoyles. There was nothing to alarm her now. The beasts were disarmed: grotesque architectural toys, nothing worse... someone's childhood nightmares worked out in stone.

"Madame admires our menagerie?" the porter said, following the direction of her glance.

He was very handsome, young, assured. Looking at him she was able, in less than a second, as one is, to wonder if he was married, to speculate on his most intimate life: was he kind or cruel, wise or dull? Then she returned her attention to the gargoyles.

"They look as if they were shouting... as if they should be making sounds of some sort, don't they?"

"Ah, Madame, they do. It's said they do; but only once a year, and then only to one person—and for him it is bad luck. He never lives to hear them twice... Of course, it's superstition; I don't believe it, but my grandmother did, she claimed she'd known a man who heard them." He laughed and crossed himself carelessly. "I never have, thank heaven."

"Thank heaven," Charlotte repeated, not hearing herself. The sky was full of lemon light, but the cathedral was so high it held the sun behind it. She stared up at the monsters in their attitudes of howl and croak; jackdaws flew in whinnying flocks, disturbed by the clanging bells. People hurried past into the dark maw of the building. The bells stopped; she heard the stately groaning of an organ.

Groaning and groaning; and then the groaning chants of Latin. The fear she had carried in her thoughts for months seemed all at once inconsequential, a child of fears compared to the one that now began to dominate her mind. The young man cleared his throat. He was still beside her, waiting. Waiting for his tip, of course.

She turned automatically to the car to get her purse. She would give him his money, get the keys out of her bag, and start her journey. There was nothing else for her to do. She opened the car door and leaned in. There on the seat were her binoculars, her book, her gloves! But the bag was gone.

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THE STROKE OF TWELVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

He was a decent man and let her go. Her nervous footsteps rattled across the cobbled place.

Disturbed, the wine still humming in her head, she let herself into her hotel room, bolted the door, and went to bed. She read for a long time, and, finally beginning to feel drowsy, moved cautiously, gently, so as not to break the spell, and turned out the light.

Oh, no, you don't! It's not so easy! Sleep said to her, as it often did; and she was wide awake. For a time she lay where she was, waiting patiently for drowsiness to come again, but when it did not she turned on the light, got up, and took a sleeping-pill. After a while, after a long while, during which she steadfastly refused to review her fear, she began to ex-

perience the vague, warm intimations of sleep.

The cathedral clock struck twelve. She had heard too many of its statements already: first nine, then ten, then eleven; each spaced note lingering on the air until the next one. If smoke could have a voice it would be like that, she had thought: that lingering of sound between two sounds.

Twelve takes a long time to ring itself; before the last note she was wakeful again, and conscious of still another sound—no, sounds—several of them at once that she was unable to identify: a sort of nickering and mewling, uncertain and sporadic.

At first she thought it was the jackdaws—but at this hour? And then the noises changed, gave way to hoarse croakings, louder and louder, and without feeling, like a chorus of mechanical dogs. Charlotte felt the hair rise on her nape (and in some far, objective corner of her mind she took note of this). She sat up, shivering, and put her cold feet out of bed.

Now, in the din of croakings, were added other sounds—voices?—that were dry, staccato, repetitious, and harsh, reminiscent of castanets, or the parched racketing of the cicadas she had heard in Provence.

She walked on her bare feet to

the window, drew aside the curtain, and looked out.

An old moon had risen in the sky. It gave enough light to show her the gargoyles on their roosts and perches; all with their mouths wide open.

It could not be. It could not be, Charlotte looked wildly at the empty street below, the empty place. There was not a soul in sight. She waited for people to rush from their houses, for lights to go on, windows to be thrown open, for public awe or consternation in the face of this stupendous utterance.

No doors flew open, no windows sprang into light. The obdurate reptilian chorus continued and now, incongruously, was joined by sounds of piping sweetness, of silver bells, of hylas in spring marshes, cold as ice.

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Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. 2132. (N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

Magnon named his daughter Nardraka after his friends Mandrake and Narda. All has been peaceful for centuries, but now the Baboos are invading the galaxy. READ ON...



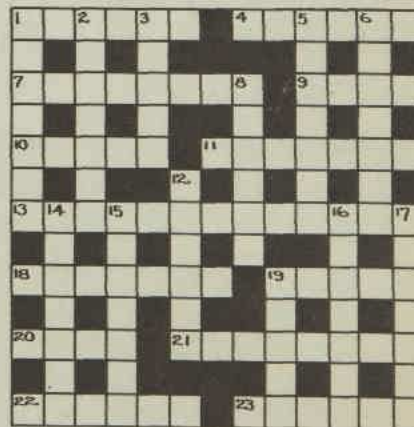
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Amulets scorch manuscript (6).
- Enter the annual earnings (6).
- Abstains from the choruses (8).
- A slight bow east for a knot (4).
- Monastery for a seaman with a Turkish governor (5).
- A love affair for an Italian civil engineer (7).
- Knights sat at the circular catalogue (3, 5, 5).
- It is charming to secure some (7).
- Premium is on in a conveyance (5).
- Hurried to the betting editor (4).
- One who holds back a barrister's fee (8).
- Harmony for a 'varsity boy (6).
- Seated in wrong form and tantalised (6).



Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Fruit for a scoundrel with bolsterous speech (7).
- A loud legend is polite and friendly (7).
- Full of substance (5).
- Hypocritical speech at a choral work (7).
- A decoration around ninety-nine is relative to the art of healing (7).
- Strange in coy and trashy (6).
- A double rum going up could produce a subdued continuous sound (6).
- Bend a hairdressing implement (7).
- Dwells about teams (7).
- Prohibit article like fruit (7).
- Made safe and certain in the finish (7).
- Support a pair used with a bit (5).

Overflowing with family appeal..



There is no more exciting biscuit assortment than this. Imagine—the sweetness of Nice, the warmth of Ginger Nut, the richness of Butter Oat Cake—and lots more of your favourite biscuits, all true Arnott's quality. And they're kept fresh—in every new-look, double-wrapped pack. There's goodness, too, found only in the biscuits made by Arnott's—where quality ingredients come first.

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MORNING COFFEE
COCONUT BAR
ORANGE TEA/PRINCESS

*Assortment varies slightly
in South Australia.*



Arnott's FAMILY ASSORTED Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality

The Australian
Women's

Weekly Fashion News



IN THIS ISSUE:

Casual gear, separates,
plus our budget buys.

Smart go-together cardigans in wool. For him a classic V-neck style in colors such as sandstone, blue, muted tan. 36-42. About \$15.95. (Grace Bros., Broadway, Bondi, Parramatta, Chatswood, Roselands, Men's Knitwear Depts.) For her a mandarin collar, raglan sleeves, and rib and button detail. In brown, chilli, magnolia, blue, grey, 32-05. About \$10. (Grace Bros., Broadway, Parramatta, Bondi, Chatswood, Top Ryde, Roselands, Knitwear Depts.)

Important in the co-ordinate fashion scene this winter: long-line sweaters, V-necks, belt and buckle trims, and pleated, swingy skirts



Above: Smart co-ordinates in estacel knit. The top is in tones of orange / brown and green / brown. About \$11.50. Dark brown slacks, about \$12.50. 32-36in. (David Jones' 3rd floor.)

Below: From Scotland, shetland wool sweater with Fair Isle trim, about \$15. Slightly A-line wool skirt, about \$13. In brown and green, and range of sizes. (David Jones' 3rd floor.)



His and hers swingy sweaters in pure wool. Her V-neck style is in fashion colors, SW-OS, about \$9.99. (All Grace Bros. stores, Knitwear Depts.) His aztec-gold V-neck chevron-striped sweater, SM-OS, about \$16. (Grace Bros., Broadway, Parramatta, Bondi, Chatswood, Roselands, Men's Knitwear Depts.)

At right: Off-white boucle knit long-line jumper-suit with self-cable stitch accent. SSW-W. About \$22.50. Dress in same fabric, about \$17. (David Jones' Co-ordinate Dept.)

At left: Pleated check wool skirt, about \$18. With dyed-to-match wool jumper, about \$11.50. By Sportscraft. In range of co-ordinating colors. (Curzons, 3rd floor Sportswear.)



CASUAL GEAR



Smart ribbed sweater with round neck, belt and buckle trim, about \$10. (Farmer's Knitwear Dept., 2nd Floor.) Brown sunray pleated skirt, about \$5. (Farmer's Skirt Dept., 2nd Floor.) Both 12-18.

At left: Green long-line sweater with buckle and button trim, about \$7.50. (Farmer's Young Sydney Shop, 1st floor.) Orange/green / black check skirt, about \$17. (Farmer's Skirt Dept., 2nd floor.) Both 12-18.

At right: Short and snappy wraparound wool skirt with linked belt. Available in beige, brown, black, red, grey, yellow, navy. XXSSW-W. About \$5. (Farmer's, David Jones, Grace Bros., Waltons.)



FASHIONS IN THE SHOPS



Below: Glamorous evening cardigan is pure wool beaded in a striking beige and bronze pattern. The cardigan is available in other colors and bead patterns. Small, medium, large. About \$10. (All Grace Bros. stores Knitwear Depts.)

At left: Intarsia cashmere sweater by Pringle has crew-neck, three-quarter sleeves, is available in pink or white with multi-color flowers or stone with pink and white flowers. 36-40in. About \$50. (David Jones' 3rd floor.)

Below: Printed Italian angora jumper is colorful and eye-catching. The style is available in plain colors also. About \$13.99. (Curzons, 3rd floor.) Italian crochet bonnet is in orange, green, white, royal. About \$3.30. (Curzons, 1st floor Millinery.)



At right: The beige background of this lambswool and angora cardigan is patterned with pale green and gold. It is available in other color combinations. SW-OS. About \$10. Gilt chain belt about \$3. (Farmer's Knitwear Dept., 2nd floor.)





At left: Bonnie Lass kilt and white lace dacron and cotton blouse. SSW-W. About \$6. Wool and viscose kilt-skirt, back pleats, straight front panel. Red Menzies or Gordon tartan. About \$7. XSSW - SW. (All Grace Bros. stores, Blouse and Skirt Depts.)

At right: Romantic-look black velvet maxi-skirt with patent belt, 24 - 26in. About \$9.99. Polyester and cotton lace-trimmed blouse with long, peaked collar, in white, in range of sizes. About \$6.99. (David Jones' Skirt and Blouse Depts.)



SEPARATES

In current fashion there is no end to the wearability of separates such as those shown here.



At left: Sunray-pleated brown wool skirt, 32-36in., about \$7.50, with a striped ribbed orlon sweater by Morley of England. In beige/tan/brown, navy / emerald / bottle - green, 32-36in. About \$7.99. (David Jones' Knitwear, 3rd floor, and Skirt Dept., 2nd floor.)



At left: Cream Cesora blouse with lots of fashion interest is available in pale pink and blue also. 32-38in. \$6.30, 40 and 42in., \$7. (All Grace Bros. stores Blouse Depts.) Camel wool skirt with brown over-check, XSSW - W. \$15. (Grace Bros., Broadway, Parramatta, Bondi, Chatswood, Roselands Skirt Depts.)

Skirts and blouses

FOR THE OLDER WOMAN



Above: Scandinavian print wool maxi-skirt with chain belt, in tones of pink, brown, yellow. 24-26in. About \$20. Brown viyella shirt, 34-36in. About \$9. (David Jones' Mix-'n-Match Dept., 3rd floor.)

At right: Pleated wool kilt-skirt with gilt button trim, available in a variety of plaids. XSSW-XW. About \$9. Scottish influence repeats in the white lace blouse with high collar, long sleeves, frilled cuffs, and jabot. SSW-W. About \$6.99. (McDowells.)



At left above: Smart wool skirt checked in red and royal by Princeton. About \$15. White taton blouse frilled at neck, cuffs, and down front. About \$3.99. Both SSW-W. (McDowells.)

At right above: Crimplene skirt with gilt chain belt, in beige and navy. XSSW-W. About \$11. White sheer blouse with high neckline frill and frilled long buttoned cuffs is lined except for sleeves. SSW-W. About \$4.99. (McDowells, Skirt Dept., 2nd floor, Blouses on Ground Floor.)



FASHIONS in the SHOPS

Fashions for GOING NORTH

Great new beach looks for now if you're heading for the northern beaches, and for later on as well.



Stunning beach-cum-patio dress in American suede nylon maneater-print has a draped front, spaghetti shoulder-straps, and built-in bra. By Shoreline. XSSW-SW. About \$27.99. (Curzons, 3rd floor, Going North Collection.)



Two smart swimsuits in maneater-print American suede nylon. Two-piece middy style with square draped neckline and narrow shoulder-straps (left). About \$18.99. Hiprider bikini (right) has shoulder-strap adjustment. About \$14.99. Both by Shoreline 32-36in. (Curzons, 3rd floor.)

WHAT PEOPLE ARE WEARING IN SYDNEY

... ON THEIR WAY TO WORK

At right: Rochelle Don in a military-look mini-suit of black gabardine with silver buttons and a zip-front jacket. Rochelle, who works for an art studio, is encouraged to wear her interesting and with-it wardrobe.

Below: Peta Delfs, a secretary in a legal office, looked trim in her mustard-colored wool skimmer, which featured a panel of pin-tucking down the centre front. Her shoes were burnt-red leather.



At left: On her way to the office, Rosemary Penman looked smart in an orange-toned tapestry-weave suit with a long-line jacket, teamed with a white turtleneck satin shirt, fishnet stockings, and black patent shoes and bag.

Above: Christine Nossiter, a junior home economist, was eye-catching in black leather thigh-high boots worn with a hand-knitted Italian wool dress in an unusual sludgy color. It had a slightly gored skirt and low-set belt.

Below: Black and white polka-dotted cuffs, collar, and buttons highlighted the black jersey dress worn by secretary Mrs. Peter Connolly, who had stopped to buy a bunch of chrysanthemums on her way to the office.



Above: Capes are popular with fashion-conscious girls this season, and one of the prettiest was that worn by Gaye Kenny, a bank clerk in the city. In pale camel wool it is a combination of coat and cape with welted detail and slit pockets.



At left: Emerald wool suit with navy trim looked chic on Josephine Delmar as she hurried along George Street to her city office. Turtlenecked mustard sweater with navy stripes and patent accessories completed the outfit.



Above: Helen Button, a secretary with a Sydney construction company, recently returned from overseas. It was in Greece she bought her tan leather zippered dress and cream leather boots, which she wears with a frilly Tom Jones blouse.



Princess Margaret, above, in a brocade gown with chiffon frills at the hemline, was greeted by Mrs. Gastone Guidotti, wife of the Italian Ambassador in London, at the premiere of the play "Naples by Day, Naples by Night." At right, the Princess in a navy-and-white-spotted ensemble was presented with a bouquet by 18-year-old schoolgirl Kathryn Johnson at the women executives' congress in London.



THE BEATLES—IN AND OUT OF LONDON



Paul McCartney in striped pants and two-tone jacket with John Lennon in a white suit and his granny-style glasses flew in from U.S.A., where they had been on a short business trip.



George Harrison and his wife, Patti, off to Cannes for the film festival with Patti stealing the show in white flared trousers, black-and-white jacket, and an enormous pink straw hat.



Hand in hand Ringo and Maureen Storr make for their plane en route to the Cannes Film Festival. Ringo wore a green suit with a flowered shirt, and Maureen a white leather mini-suit.



Above: At the world premiere of "Therese and Isabelle" in New York, the star of the film, Essy Persoon ("Therese"), wore a long brocade evening cloak over a floating chiffon dress, and her husband shared the fashion spotlight in his white turtlenecked shirt and suit and jewelled medallion pendant.

What people are wearing OVERSEAS

At right: Susan Hampshire (Fleur in "The Forsyte Saga"), wearing a knee-length fur coat, is a regular commuter between London and Paris. She is playing in a stage play in London and flies to Paris every weekend to join her husband, Pierre Granier Deferra.



Below: Shirley Eaton at the London film premiere of "Eight on the Run," in which she plays the girlfriend of Bob Hope, wore a glamorous seven-eighth-length gold metallic evening coat edged in mink over a graceful white crepe evening dress.



Mini wigs of real hair in popular fashion stylings are a special price for two weeks only. The black wig with short, new curly look is pretty and casual. There's a more elegant, sophisticated look about the blonde wig. \$25 each. (At Grace Bros. Hairdressing Salon, Bondi Junction, and Grace Bros. Wig Bars at Bondi, Broadway, Chatswood, Parramatta, Top Ryde, Roselands.)

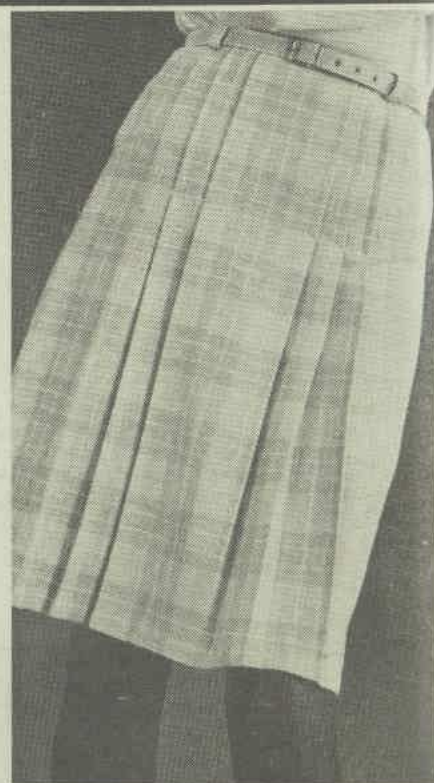


Two mini wigs at a special price, a gala satin coatdress, and a check wool skirt are special offers from the stores to our readers this week. Stocks being held are for early-bird shoppers.

OUR BUDGET BUYS OF THE WEEK



At left: Brown satin coatdress style has squared neckline, diamante button trim. Available in black, white, cream also. XXSSW-SW. About \$15. (Horderns Mid-city Young Designer Shop, 2nd Floor.)



Groups of stitched-down pleats back and front are the feature of this wool overcheck skirt in pale tonings. Narrow self-belt is slotted and buckled. SSW-XOS. \$6.99. (Waltons.)

The Australian
Women's Weekly presents

FURNITURE COLLECTING FOR AMATEURS

BY JAMES HENDERSON

● *James Henderson writes for the amateur collector, but these selections from his handbook will interest everybody who cares about antique furniture. Emphasis is on English furniture — from the 16th century to the Victorian era.*

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ENGLISH FURNITURE

● In James Henderson's book "Furniture Collecting for Amateurs," the emphasis is on English furniture, and that is why we begin with the age of oak, or roughly the 16th century.

Nowadays, when houses are plentifully furnished, it may seem strange that our ancestors—before that period—took little interest in furniture. A table meant the flat tabletop which lay loose on trestles and the principal solid piece of furniture was the chest, used as a seat and small enough to be slung, loaded, one on each side of a packhorse. Chairs and beds were luxuries.

But those were turbulent times. It was not until the end of the Wars of the Roses and the accession of the strong Tudor monarchs—Henry VII to Elizabeth I—that people began to feel secure enough to build unfortified houses and furnish them. At last there was scope for the master craftsmen in wood, first in oak and with very simple tools, and then, in later periods, with more exotic woods and more sophisticated tools.

They never looked back. By the end of the 18th century great craftsmen like Chippendale, Sheraton, Hepplewhite, and Adam were producing some of the finest furniture in the world.

Whether or not you collect antiques, these selections from James Henderson's book make fascinating reading.

On the cover:

An 18th-century armchair upholstered in contemporary needlework; it was probably made by the famous cabinetmaker Thomas Chippendale. (See *Mahogany and Chippendale*, page 6.)



THE AGE OF OAK

Tudor and Jacobean

● Massive oak bedsteads, oak tables with carved legs, and finely carved oak chests became the fashion in the 16th century. Ordinary citizens aspired to chairs instead of stools.

THERE was a complete change, however gradual, in social life and its trappings after the accession of the Tudors.

No longer did the great barons ride about the country with their armed retainers eating up the rents of their scattered manors. The "new men" who replaced them were happy to live in one place, with a town house for those who had Court ambitions.

In the manors which had not been burned down in the wars, the tendency was to desert the great hall as an apartment of residence, but to leave it with its original furnishing of trestle tables and benches for use as required.

Frequently a gallery was added round three sides, and a grand staircase, to give access to all the rooms of the two-storeyed additions which were built adjoining, so that the hall was retained as an apartment of access in ordinary; whence the little corridor of suburban residences is called "the hall."

This tendency to live in private apartments was frowned upon by both Church and State in the days of Henry VII. In the great hall every visitor, every movement, was public, whereas in the "parlour" or the "solar" people might be doing anything—talking politics or reading Bibles, or similar subversive activities.

Nothing, however, could stop the

march of progress when synonymous with comfort, and the gentlemen of the 16th century went on to furnish their smaller rooms as handsomely as their means permitted.

By far the most important piece of furniture was the bedstead, which was the principal feature of every room.

Yes, every room; there were very few rooms indeed, in the 16th and the 17th centuries, which did not contain a bed. To be entertained in my lord's own chamber was high courtesy; and you may be sure it contained my lord's bed.

Shakespeare's bed

In every will and inventory the bedstead takes premier place. Shakespeare left his "second-best bedstead" to his wife.

I have slept in one of these oak bedsteads (date about 1580). With a lordly disdain of economy, the bottom posts are carved out of single pieces of oak; no short lengths worked up and then screwed together. This is an important point when the authenticity of a Tudor piece is in doubt.

An interesting feature is the set of three plaited cords hanging at the head, whereby occupants could pull themselves up or turn over without unduly disturbing the bedfellow. The massive carved headboard has two little panels made to slide. These would disclose

recesses in the wall to contain valuables or weapons.

Equally massive were the tables, which now had draw-leaf tops. The principal feature was the massive bulbous leg, usually very well carved.

It is very rarely that such tables are found completely as original. In most cases the draw-top has been replaced by a fixed top. There is often a good deal of repair to the undercarriage. Legs are found which have been built up, that is, the bulbous part consists of "cheeks" which have been glued and dowelled to a central square.

A table in the centre of a room, in contact with chairs and boots, has to take much more wear and tear than a bedstead, and if the outsides of the bulbs are in really good condition it is almost certain that they have been replaced or repaired.

In Elizabethan times only the great houses were in any way adequately furnished; but the pacific policy of James I (1603) brought prosperity to yeomen and burghers, traders and craftsmen. Thus in the early Stuart period we find many pieces designed not for manors and palaces but for cottages and city tenements, smaller and simpler but real furniture.

The lathe became known and oak ceased to be the only wood for furniture, because it did not turn at all well on these early lathes. The merits of

beech, elm, ash, yew, and laburnum began to be explored.

The portable faldstool (folding stool) had already been superseded by the jointed or joint-stool and now ordinary citizens aspired to chairs. The gate-leg table became almost universal.

About this time the craft of the chairmaker began to separate itself from that of the cabinetmaker, partly because of the simplicity of tools. With a hammer, a chisel, and auger, and his lathe he could turn out any kind of chair. Since the gate-leg table was largely a turnery job, he might well include it in his repertoire.

Thus the craft of making simple necessary furniture spread all over the country, in places where oak was unknown or too difficult to obtain.

It is seldom that these country-made jobs are found all of one timber. In a hoop-back armchair of mine the hoop and the arm-hoop are yew, the seat is elm, the legs and all the uprights are beech. The choice is perfect, the chair still stands, and I hang my jacket on it every night.

The "Court" furniture of this period was generally imported from Italy, France, Spain, and Holland. The spiral twist had been invented, and most of the imported furniture teemed with it. It has also been suggested that quantities of these fancy turnings were imported into England and there assembled.

Chests were important in furnishing, not only for storage and seating but for decoration. It would appear that all clothing was laid away in chests during the 16th and 17th centuries, never hung.

Consequently, there was at least one

chest in every room (as well as a bed) and there were chests in corridors and halls, all used for seating.

The finest were imported complete from northern Italy, simpler from Holland, and plainer ones made at home, often embellished with imported carved panels in the front.

"Dower-chests"

"Dower-chests" are found, in which the carving includes the initials and sometimes the arms of the happy couple, with a date, presumably of the marriage; but such dated pieces have to be regarded with circumspection. In a genuine example, all the carving is in relief. If the carving is incised it is almost certainly much later.

Many of these old chests are seldom in one piece. As they went out of fashion they were relegated to outhouse storage, frequently broken up and the finer carved parts used as doors or other parts of some other piece (the resulting piece of furniture is a "knock-up").

In looking over any carved oak piece about which doubt might exist, the first thing to watch for is any sign of recessing for lock or hinges—the ineradicable mark of the "knock-up."

Oak furniture was seldom given any other finish than a good rubbing with wax.

NOTE: For convenience one applies the name of a timber to a period, but it must be remembered that the period relates to the fashions of the Court and its surroundings, changing earlier and more frequently than in the country. The styles of the oak period are found in many other timbers, and in much later periods than the Restoration, with which it is usual to usher in walnut. See page 4.

BUREAU with shaped front and walnut and colored marquetry on a base of riven oak (c. 1670). The pattern of flowers and foliage is formed by fine-sawn veneers.



(in ancient Egypt for coffins, for example).

VENEER AND MARQUETRY

INLAYS and overlays of fine wood for decoration have been used from the earliest times (in ancient Egypt for coffins, for example). In England the first use of the more exotic woods was to carve out a bit of the solid oak and insert another wood, forming a pattern and generally called chip-work.

Next came parquetry, in which more or less rectangular pieces of thin wood were glued to a base forming a simple pattern.

True marquetry, in which a curvi-

linear decorative pattern is formed by fine-sawn veneers, appears to have originated in Holland, much about the time when the "tulip-mania" swept the country, say, 1630 to 1640.

Everything had to be flowers, even furniture. Carving was on the way out, so the most colorful flower arrangements were produced in marquetry, birds and bees and butterflies, flowers and foliage in great profusion.

In English furniture the veneer and marquetry most sought for is in the period from 1690 to 1720, which we loosely call "Queen Anne."

To page 4

VENEER AND MARQUETRY . . . continued

Of all the types of marquetry produced in this period, that most wanted is the "seaweed" or "endive" pattern, a soberly drawn design of delicate foliages, further quietened by the natural toning down of the colors of the woods employed.

It is usually found on quite small side-tables, or cabinets on stands, and is highly prized; it is difficult to fake, the intricacy and delicacy of the marquetry being too much for the average faker.

Oysterwood

Another favorite is the "oyster," for which rather special crosscut veneers were prepared. These oysters (commonly of yew) were assembled together and fitted close, then glued down to the base in the ordinary way.

When associated with other fine work, oysterwood is very effective and much sought after, but it is not really difficult and there are a lot of fakes about.

The close, fine-burr walnut veneers which form such pleasing panels in Queen Anne work were also cut by handsaw from the burrs on the trunk before the log went to the pit-saw. These veneers are sometimes used to cover whole surfaces, more usually in elliptical "reserves" bordered off from the plainer surrounding.

These are sometimes faked, but are fairly easily detected, as the very fine close burr of the period appears to be quite unobtainable today.

The satinwood era (see page 9) was another high period for the veneerer, and especially the marqueteur. The great ambition was to produce a veneered surface curved in two planes, and this was only feasible by cutting the veneer into pieces as small as possible and drawing the design so that, as far as possible, each piece need only bend in one plane.

All marquetry on satinwood, of this period, is very keenly sought, as a glance at the saleroom prices shows—£U.K.19,000 for a pair of small commodes!



WHILE all European walnut is the same species, it is possible to distinguish types geographically, as Circassian walnut (the finest), Italian, French, and English.

Walnut is a moderately hard wood, much closer in texture than oak and much easier to work. When split and riven, walnut is extremely plain and is often mistaken for some other wood; but when sawn it shows a very pleasant liveliness of grain which becomes very decorative indeed near roots, branches, or burrs.

At the period we are talking of (the Restoration, William and Mary, Queen Anne) its cost was about ten times that of oak.

There is also American black walnut, a very fine timber indeed, which does not appear in Europe in this period, although it was a favorite for the best quality gunstocks from the middle of the 18th century till the present day; and African walnut, which has only a superficial resemblance to walnut, being a different species altogether, and does not appear in Europe before the third quarter of the 19th century.

As soon as the saw disclosed walnut's decorative possibilities it was taken up by the cabinetmakers, at first in northern Italy and then in the Netherlands, from whence its use spread to France, Spain, and Britain.

Its texture made possible a delicacy of carving and shaping unknown with

Walnut furniture

Restoration, William and Mary,
 Queen Anne

● In 1660 Charles II was restored to the throne of England. For the Merry Monarch's favorites and mistresses and the affluent gentry and merchants the status symbol was the new furniture of "walnut-tree" wood.

the tough, coarse oak, and the development of veneer-cutting and marquetry brought in entirely new ideas of decoration.

However it might be embellished, from now onwards the main feature of fine furniture was to be the beauty of the timber itself.

Early walnut chairs were very defective in construction. To get the desired effect of lightness, seats were often a flat frame covered with cane-work, the front legs being dowelled to the underside of the frame. Backs were very high, with little splay at the foot, so that chairs were most unstable as well as weak.

In consequence, very few chairs of the earlier period remain and these are superior examples.

As the period progressed chairs became wider, and shorter in the back; armchairs became much more usual, raising a social problem. One's social status was defined by the offer of an armchair or a "plain chair," and what did a hostess do when all her armchairs were occupied and a woman of very senior rank came in?

Men were always offered plain chairs, owing to the difficulty of the sword. While a gentleman might hand his walking-cane to a footman, he entered the drawing-room wearing his sword,

wig, and hat. Stools, often just as elaborately carved as the armchairs, were used by young men, and girls who had not been presented.

The "day bed" of the time of Charles II gave way (in Queen Anne's reign, 1702-1714) to the charming little two-back settee, or the "sopha" with a single stuffed back and fixed upholstered seat.

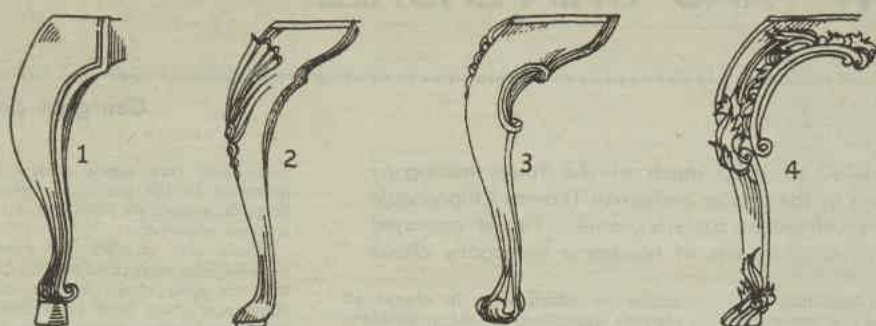
In the earlier part of the period much of the cabinet work, such as chests of drawers and bureaux, was imported, first from Holland and later from France, in lessening quantity.

Most of the imported cabinets were in marquetry, or elaborate veneering; the arts which the English craftsman was still learning. Most of the veneering and marquetry is on a base of riven oak, extremely stable, and there are very fair quantities to be found, especially of the Dutch (see picture page 3).

The more important importation was lacquer-work from China, or from Japan through China.

Lacquer is found in many forms; screens alone form a study in themselves; there do exist writing-desks of this period, entirely made and lacquered in China, and at a later period lacquer was applied to all sorts of furniture.

Of this period, however, the typical piece is a plain rectangular cabinet,



DEVELOPMENT OF THE CABRIOLE LEG

With walnut furniture came the introduction of the cabriole leg. 1. Late-17th-century leg is free of ornament and ends in a pied-de-biche or goat's hoof. 2. Typical Queen Anne and early Georgian (early 18th century) with plain carving and shell-carving on knee. 3. Early Chippendale, about 1740, with elaborate foot, usually dragon's-claw-and-pearl or lion's-paw-and-ball. 4. Late Chippendale, fully developed high rococo (see Mahogany, overleaf).

usually with five pairs of hinges, fitted with intricate drawers and little cupboard doors behind a pair of doors, and mounted on an elaborate stand of English or European manufacture.

Cabinets on stands are found in walnut also, the stands not so grand as those which support lacquer cabinets. But the cabinet-work of the period which is most desired is the small writing-table or dressing-table, and the bureau-bookcase, with a double-domed top and mirror doors.

The interiors of the bureaux are always very finely fitted, and the makers had a passion for secret drawers, none of which would give a modern burglar a moment's hesitation.

The mirrors fitted to the doors of the upper stage represent the largest plates it was possible to make at the glass-works at Vauxhall, and they were a very considerable part of the cost. It is very important that the glass should be original. The true Vauxhall plate can be readily distinguished; it is quite thin. The narrowest acceptable bevel is 1 in.

Long-case clocks become of importance in this period, and all the

most cherished examples, both for beauty and mechanism, were made between 1660 and 1725. Earlier clocks were made to be mounted on brackets on the wall.

Clock cases are found in marquetry, in lacquer, and in walnut. Brass or silver dials are expected; only in special cases is it worthwhile to collect a clock with a painted face.

The art of carving wood, so long practised, reached its ultimate height in this period under the hand of Grin-

In the Charles II period dolphins, plump mermaids, and sprawling amorini abound; under the influence of Marot finely cut foliage was the main feature, while the Gibbons school used fruit, flowers, and "trophies" of musical instruments.

Lime was the usual wood, coated with gesso and gilded. Gesso was basically whitening mixed in glue-size, but most workers had their secret additives.

Gilding was by the water process, after which the work was burnished

● As the period progressed chairs with arms became more usual and one's social status was defined by the offer of an "armchair."

ling Gibbons. He was discovered by John Evelyn (the diarist) in a lonely hut carving a masterpiece. Evelyn lost no time in introducing his protegee to king and court.

Daniel Marot, a Frenchman, was the leading exponent of carving and gilding. His small pieces, such as mirror frames, are quite charming.

Glass was very expensive, and even a small mirror justified an elaborate surround.

with ivory or bone. Flat surfaces were gone over with a little concave punch, producing a great number of incised rings about an eighth of an inch across, overlapping so as to give an impression of fish-scale.

This feature is important in establishing authenticity; if regilding has been carried out, the scaling disappears, and it is impossible to rescale.

Old gilding is frequently rubbed, on projections, but should never be regilt

unless it is so far gone as to be worthless as it stands. New gilding does not have the dry appearance of the old water-gilding, partly because of different methods and partly because of a different source of gold supply.

All carved and gilt work of the Queen Anne period is very desirable and harmonises well with almost any "period" interior, while giving the ensemble a definite "lift."

The Dutch influence was very strong at the beginning of the walnut period, but by Queen Anne's reign it had become completely English. The furniture which was being made was mostly for the still-modest manors of well-to-do English gentlemen who knew exactly what they wanted.

Of all collectors' pieces, the furniture of the Queen Anne period is perhaps the easiest to live with, well bred, dignified, unobtrusive.

The simple constructional lines enhance the rich veneer or marquetry; the pieces are seldom large, and when lifted a little with a carved gilt mirror or two a room of Queen Anne furniture imparts the happiest feeling of quiet, gracious living.



MAHOGANY—AND CHIPPENDALE

Georgian period

THERE are many accounts of the introduction of mahogany, mostly rather too fanciful.

One cause was doubtless the terrific frost of the winter of 1708-09 which killed at least three-quarters of the walnut trees in Europe. Some other timber had to be found.

Back to oak, perhaps? But the clock of fashion never goes back, though it may come round in time to the same place.

The year 1720 is acceptable as the date from which mahogany became regularly used; any earlier date for mahogany furniture must be regarded with the utmost reserve. By 1740 the age of mahogany was fully under way. (Most of the earlier mahogany coming into Britain was Cuban; it is very difficult to identify any Honduras before 1750.)

Early designs

In the earlier period the designs and the methods were precisely those used for walnut and generally restricted to chairs and small pieces.

The earliest mahogany piece I possess, to which I like to give a date of 1720, is a little "envelope" table on club cabriole legs, only 21in. square when opened; but the top is a full inch thick. The table I am writing on, four times the area and 42in. in diameter, has a top ¾in. thick, but the date is about 1790; the qualities of the wood were now fully understood.

Long after the prettiness of Honduras mahogany was fully appreciated, these split fitches of Cuban mahogany

- From about 1730 to 1780 much of the finest mahogany furniture was made by the master craftsman Thomas Chippendale or his exceedingly competent contemporaries. People displayed their taste and solvency in sets of handsome mahogany chairs.

were imported and pit-sawn into inch boards for tabletops. These were cut to length, planed to thickness, and sanded, all ready. They stood in the shop for no fewer than seven years, and every morning the junior apprentices rubbed them hard with linseed oil.

This made the perfect tabletop; the split Cuban mahogany could not warp, its surface was as hard as iron, and the burnishing with oil gave a surface not to be marked by any kind of heat.

The first exponent of mahogany was William Kent, the apostle of the Italian baroque, but it was Thomas Chippendale who became the greatest of the English masters — by infusing English reticence and charm into the clamant splendors of the French rococo.

(Most English furniture of the 18th century was, if not frankly copied, at least in great part derived from French furniture of the Louis XIV, XV, and XVI period.)

Chippendale's origins are obscure; his father is usually said to have been a chairmaker or else a picture-framer in Worcester. It seems probable that both father and son came to London before 1727, where the son established himself as a designer and maker of furniture in the new French style by 1735, or perhaps a few years later.

It would appear that he made the most of his skills as a cabinetmaker and carver, by producing furniture — commodes and writing-tables in par-

ticular — which were in almost all respects equivalents of the resplendent French furniture of the slightly earlier period, with one significant difference — instead of the elaborate ormolu mountings almost everything was beautifully carved on the solid mahogany.

(Ormolu is a bronze, but with a higher copper content. This makes a metal of a richer color and is somewhat softer, ideal for sculpting. Ormolu of this period is always fire-gilded.)

This pleased the quieter English taste and also the English pocket, for such ormolu mounts as the French artist Jacques Caffieri wrought cost much more than all the rest of the work.

In 1754 Chippendale published, by subscription, his folio book, "The Gentleman and Cabinetmaker's Director." It was very well received, a second edition found a ready sale, and in 1762 a third edition, considerably expanded, was published, all in folio.

The "Director" marks a period; a few such books had been published before, and very many more were to be published later; but this was the first really comprehensive book to put before both the patrons and the practitioners of the art (of furniture making) the whole of the possibilities that lay before them.

Diffusion of ideas was the chief service of the "Director." In these days, when a photograph taken in outer space appears in every newspaper next morning, it is difficult for us to under-

stand how very slowly designs could permeate to the provinces. News got through, sooner or later, but no illustrations whatever.

Hence the number of provincial workers who subscribed for the "Director," in spite of its high cost; they could now show their local customers the latest London designs, and, with a bit of luck, be able to make them up, even if they had never actually seen the models.

Chippendale died in 1779, and was succeeded in business by his son, also Thomas, who added but little to the stream of furniture history. When one says "Chippendale," one always means Thomas Chippendale II, the master; and usually we are thinking not so much of the man as of the epoch, about 1730 to 1780, when so much of the finest mahogany furniture was constructed, whether by the master or by one or other of his exceedingly competent contemporaries.

Chair styles

Indeed, it is the piece that matters, and if it is well made of the best materials, if every detail is meticulously executed, and if it has the aristocratic air, then it does not really matter whether it was made in the workshop of Chippendale or of such craftsmen as Ince and Mayhew and Gillow.

The chair is, perhaps, the most interesting piece of this period, and in so short a time an amazing variety of styles was produced.

It was, of course, a sedentary period; gentlemen would spend many hours at the dining-table over their wine, and then go on to as many more at the card-table. The chair was conspicuous; people would display their taste and

solvency in sets of handsome chairs before almost anything else.

There is, perhaps, nothing quite as handsome as a set of early Chippendale ribbon-back dining-chairs, with bold, even arrogant, cabriole legs, carved on knee and foot, and ample breadth of seat and height of back.

A favorite posture was sitting half-sideways, with one arm thrown over the back of the chair; whence developed the "yoke" type of back rail, which provided a comfortable rest for this arm, and remained a feature throughout the period, except for chairs in the Chinese taste, which were meant for ladies' withdrawing-rooms.

Writing-tables

The most important pieces of the period are the commodes and writing-tables, and it is in the carving of these that Chippendale showed his greatest superiority.

The highest price ever paid for a single English piece of furniture was the £U.K.43,050 given in London in 1965 for a writing-table from Harewood House, designed by Robert Adam and carved by Chippendale. It was, of course, an exceptional piece made in the very best style regardless of expense and in quite perfect condition.

A pair of marquetry commodes "in the French taste" by Chippendale were sold in London in 1966 for £U.K.19,000.

The card-tables of this period are very pretty and not too hard to find; they were made in large numbers. Faro, which was played at a large table, had

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The Australian Women's Weekly—June 12, 1968

THE CHAIR is, perhaps, the most interesting piece of the mahogany period. Chair and armchair, above right, with broad seats, carved backs, and bold cabriole legs, carved on knee and foot, are in the style generally thought of as Chippendale, although this master craftsman could work in any style to suit his customer (c. 1760). Armchairs, below, are from a set of eight "in the Chinese style" by Thomas Chippendale (c. 1770).



FURNITURE COLLECTING—Page 7



WALL MIRROR, one of a pair in gilt pine by Thomas Chippendale. The son of a carver, his own carved work is only surpassed by Grinling Gibbons, master carver to George I. The mahogany card-table, 3ft. wide, is much in the style of Chippendale, but was probably made in another cabinetmaker's workshop (c. 1760). Whist was the fashionable new card game.



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MAHOGANY . . . continued

gone out of fashion in private houses, relegated to the gambling clubs and lower places; whist, known a hundred years before, began to be studied seriously about 1730, and four-handed games became the done thing.

The typical card-table has a single fold-over with two fly-legs; when open, it has in each corner a circular depression to hold a candlestick, and to the right front of each player an oval scoop-out for stake-money.

They are to be found, however, with ingenious concertina action, serpentine sides, fine carving, and any of those refinements very greatly enhances the interest for the collector.

"Wig-stands"

The popular little pieces usually called "wig-stands" are, in fact, wash-stands; the circular hole in the top contained a basin, the stand at the foot carried a jug, and the two little drawers in the centre doubtless held soap and toothpowder. The 18th century got along with very little washing.

The 20th century, accustomed to wallow in warm water, could not really believe that people would wash in a pint and, therefore, invented a totally imaginary use for these stands.

The same applies to the *torchere*, the small table on a pole about 5ft. high, on a tripod, supposed to have been used as a candle-stand. In my view the *torchere* would more probably be used to elevate for view, in some corner or alcove, a bust or treasured bowl.

A genuine Chippendale period *torchere* is quite a rarity, although there

are hundreds of fakes around, mostly knocked up out of bed-posts.

A favorite small Chippendale piece is the "silver table," sometimes on a tripod, sometimes rectangular on four legs, always with a little gallery round it to protect the bijouterie displayed.

In a later period this gallery is in brass, but Chippendale always made it in wood.

These "silver" or "gallery" tables are always charming, especially those with rails fretted in Chippendale's Chinese style, and should be acquired when opportunity offers.

Long-case clocks of this period, when in mahogany, seem to have lost much of the elegance of their walnut predecessors (Queen Anne). Their place had been taken by small, elegant French clocks to stand on writing-table, mantelshelf, or sideboard.

An interesting variant of English Chippendale is Irish Chippendale, no doubt made in Dublin. There is such a similarity about all Irish Chippendale that it has been suggested it was all from the workshop of one Theophilus Jones, but this is only because there is no other Irish cabinetmaker of this period known to us.

No Irish cabinetmaker subscribed for the "Director"; yet it must be that a copy was obtained, for all Irish Chippendale is very much "Director" designs, somewhat muted. The carving is not so deep and sharp, all the legs are weak in the knees, everything seems flattened and softened.

For all this, it is very acceptable and much sought after; there is a charm of its own about Irish Chippendale.

The Australian Women's Weekly — June 12, 1968



THE CLASSICAL REVIVAL . . . Satinwood

Later Georgian —

IT was also the year Robert Adam returned from the Grand Tour with a portfolio of drawings of Roman remains and, much more important, an excellent address book of acquaintances made in the best salons of Naples and Paris.

Already the Revival was on its way in Paris, and who better fitted to bring it to England than this Scottish architect, of no "lang pedigree" perhaps but of impeccable manners and style, and so fluent in both French and Italian.

Every landed proprietor who had made the Grand Tour wanted to have a new house built in the Grand Manner, and here was an architect, whom he could, indeed must, receive as a gentleman and not as a tradesman, who could not only design a perfectly classical house but also the furnishings of it down to the carpets and sideboards and chairs.

This attitude paid, and by 1762 Robert Adam was Architect to the King.

Although perhaps a majority of the furniture made during this period was still of mahogany, it was the time when the best "court" furniture was veneered with satinwood, and satinwood is always associated with the new classical style.

Satinwood is very hard and close-grained, and therefore takes the most brilliant finish of any wood. It is sometimes found in the solid, especially in little light chairs, but while so dense it is very short in the grain, liable to snap

off, and it is always seen to best advantage in veneer.

While it can be found in very showy "fountain" or "rainbow" grains, that which has always found most favor is a restrained ripple or roe, very pleasing, indeed. The color is a pale gold cream, which varies very little with age, unlike most timbers. It was the ideal medium in which to express the cool elegancies of the Classical Revival.

It is, of course, absurd to ascribe such a movement to one man; it was already well under way in France; the discoveries at Herculaneum and later at Pompeii had stirred a wide interest in the Roman Classical. Every young gentleman of any aspirations had to spend some years of his early twenties on the Grand Tour, which always included a year in Italy.

Richer youths travelled with a tutor, who was certain to be a classical scholar and would try to impart his own interests to his pupil. Some, in their travels, gathered no more than a taste for gambling and wenching, but the vast majority came back with minds greatly extended.

The usual tour began in Holland, went on through Germany to Italy, and terminated in Paris, so that the last impressions would be of the Parisian tastes guided by the exquisite perceptions of Madame Pompadour, mistress of Louis XV.

There was thus a field ready ploughed for Robert Adam to sow, and to be reaped by Hepplewhite, Sheraton, and the lesser Chippendale.

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● Beautiful, elegant furniture designed by Robert Adam, Sheraton, and Hepplewhite is typical of this period, which began about 1760, the year of George III's accession, and was inspired by Classical Rome.

SATINWOOD CARD TABLE is an example of Robert Adam's elegant designs (c. 1780). A comparison with the card table on page 8 will show how marked was the change in taste.



FURNITURE COLLECTING — Page 9



THE CLASSICAL REVIVAL . . . continued

THE classical influence showed itself not in rigidly straight lines but in the restraint of shaping to the most delicate curves, and the total absence of carvery.

Decoration was restricted either to the sheer beauty of the finest timber to be found in the world, or to marquetry.

The finest pieces as a rule are in marquetry, for two reasons: the charm of the decoration in the hands of a

master, and also because the finest pieces had often, on doors and gables, very delicate curves in two planes. It is very difficult indeed to veneer two-plane curves with large sheets of veneer; it is very much easier with marquetry in tiny scraps cunningly applied.

Although this period is always associated with the names of Adam, Hepplewhite, and Sheraton, of these only

Hepplewhite was an active master cabinetmaker.

There were, naturally, hundreds of masters who did not publish books; Sheraton gives a list of 252, from whom he had no doubt culled his ideas.

So great was the demand for the finest furniture that there was still a considerable immigration from the Continent, very much to the enrich-

ment of the English craft. Some of the very finest pieces of "English" furniture were, in fact, made by foreigners working in London.

One of these was Pierre Langlois, and a pair of "English marquetry commodes" by him were sold for 19,000 guineas in 1966.

At this time the whole world was being searched for rich and rare timbers and marbles. The art of veneer-cutting had advanced considerably, so that there was no timber which could not be sliced by the saw; in particular, the Honduras mahogany yielded crotches and curls of striking beauty.

The East Indian woods, such as satinwood and padouk, were very expensive, and thus on the less important pieces we find them used as cross-banding to mahogany.

Painted furniture

Scagliola, consisting mainly of ground gypsum and isinglass, spread on wood and allowed to harden, was used instead of the costly marble.

Instead of marquetry, the plain satinwood was often decorated by painting, and here Adam called upon the friends he had made in Italy as well as in England: Piranesi, Zucchi, Angelica Kauffmann, Pergolesi, and Cypriano, all well-known masters.

These substitutes, or rather alternatives, are by no means to be despised. In 1966 a famous London dealer paid 6200 guineas for a pair of console tables with scagliola tops; and another, equally famous, at the same sale paid 6500 guineas for a set of Adam-painted furniture, consisting of two sideboard



SHERATON period sideboard (left) with clock and knife boxes. Above is another pair of Sheraton knife boxes. These attractive items are in demand, especially with the original fittings, as shown. They are often converted into cellarettes or cabinets for stationery.

tables, two pedestals with knife urns, and a wine-cooler.

A very wide variety of chairs was produced during this period, but perhaps the most typical is the Hepplewhite shield-back, with its plain undercarriage of square-tapered legs and stretchers, and its curvilinear back of delicate design and workmanship.

When made by Hepplewhite or one of his London contemporaries, it is impossible (at least for me) to imagine any higher combination of elegance and strength. It is typical of the English genius to evolve a completely satisfactory compromise which becomes a style in its own right.

The two- and three-back settees of the Chippendale era were continued during this period, sometimes extending to five-back "rout seats."

Perhaps the best and certainly the largest collection of these can be seen in Bath, both in the Pump Room and the Assembly Rooms. These were made in 1771 by John Walter, of Westgate Street, Bath, and another local master, Robert Coxhead, had orders for chairs (in batches of fifty), mahogany tables, card-tables, and tea-tables, most of which are still in use.

Much more remote than Bath was Lancaster, yet here was established a little enclave of really good cabinet-making. Here was Robert Gillow, who combined rum-importing with cabinet-making and sent his furniture by sea to London, where it apparently had a ready sale.

His son Richard was taken into partnership and given charge of the new London warehouse.

There is a general prejudice against Gillow furniture as being insipid copies of the designs of others. However, Robert Adam entrusted a great deal of work to the firm and it is probable that a large part of furniture which can only be called "Adam" was made in Lancaster.

Sideboards

In this period was also developed the sideboard as we now know it. Adam designed the usual side table but flanked it with a tall pedestal and an urn. These may have been originally purely ornamental, but later the pedestals developed doors and the urns were adapted as knife boxes.

It was an easy transition to the pedestals supporting the table, and there now emerged what is usually called the Sheraton sideboard, although all the best ones were made — perhaps by William Shearer, perhaps by the Seddons — before Sheraton was ever heard of in the best cabinetmaking circles.

The early ones are not large; they show their origin definitely by having the table at a lower level than the supporting pedestals and usually have a brass rail at the back.

I have seen these with their original green cotton curtain and wondered what the precise purpose might be; until I moved into my present abode, where the wine-coolers are kept on the upper stage of the sideboard and a dark line has developed behind each, where the edge of the wine-cooler touches the wall. The reason for the rail and the curtain is obvious.



HEPPLEWHITE shield-back chair combines elegance with strength, with its plain undercarriage of square-tapered legs and stretchers and its curvilinear back of delicate design. Note how the pineapple- and ribbon-decoration is used to tie together the back splats, which would otherwise be too weak for their purpose.

As the period progressed, the top of the sideboard became larger, extending over the pedestals in a single flush surface. Then the rail was replaced by a low cupboard with sliding doors, and now we have the "stage sideboard."

The low cupboards in the upper stage were used for condiments as a rule, the large drawers in the table held napkins, and the cupboards at the ends housed the chamber-pots, a necessary furnishing of every well-appointed dining-room. A foreign traveller criticised the barbaric habit of the English of having the pot passed around the table by a servant instead of the gentlemen withdrawing to the sideboard.

There is more than one facet to the social custom of sitting four hours over the port after the cloth had been

drawn (and the ladies had gone to the with-drawing room).

Almost all these sideboards are in fine mahogany with bandings of satinwood; the all-satinwood sideboard is always of the earliest period, fine, rare, and desirable.

A striking feature of this period is the proliferation of small pieces of furniture; work-tables, looking-glasses, knife-boxes, bracket clocks, writing-tables for the boudoir, bedside tables, all the trifles that had become necessities for the new way of living.

The collector is always avid for the smallwares of this period; you can scarcely go wrong, and you can always find place for a lot of it.

Much, of course, has been altered by later generations, and every departure from "original condition" infers a very considerable drop in price.



Regency and rosewood

Early 19th century —

- At the close of the 18th century women threw off their petticoats and stepped out in muslin sheaths. This naturally gave rise to a much narrower chair in the style we call Regency, after the Prince Regent, later George IV.

IN fact, after the French Revolution of 1789 dress underwent its most sudden and startling revolution in history.

Swords were no longer worn; gone were the ample breeches and wide-skirted coats, to be replaced by the tightest of trousers and swallow-tails.

Ladies who would have felt uneasy without half a dozen petticoats now sallied boldly forth in a wisp of muslin, perhaps with a large muff used more for decorum than hand-warming.

Topless dresses were seen in the streets of Paris. At a somewhat gay Parisian party a lady stripped and her clothing was weighed, the total, including shoes, being less than 4oz.

Bonaparte's expedition to Egypt stirred the imagination of all the French. There arose an intense interest in everything Egyptian and Indian. French furniture became massive and powerful as if hewn from stone.

Secretaires and tall cabinets were built with the gables leaning inwards, like the pylons of an Egyptian temple; beds had massively solid ends, settees and chairs solid sides; a light armrest would be supported by a sphinx fit to carry a bridge-pier.

In England these new fashions in furniture did not find favor for many

years. The women eagerly adopted the clothes, hence the narrow chair, which was ideally adapted to the sheath dress.

This was, however, the only concession to trans-Channel fashions, and for the first quarter of the 19th century furniture continued in the delicate style of the Regency, and very properly so, for it was to George IV, before, during, and after his period as Prince Regent (1810-20), that we owe the style.

Exquisite taste

George was a man of the most exquisite taste. With the aid of the third Marquess of Hertford he was a large purchaser of the Louis XV and XVI furniture sold off by the revolutionary government of France. His example was followed by other rich noblemen.

During the whole period of the influence of George IV, most furniture reflected the taste of the best French period, as translated into English by Adam, Hepplewhite, or Sheraton.

Evolution went on, of course; for chairs and other furniture the curved leg came into vogue. It could be roughed out very cheaply and easily on the steam-driven bandsaws recently invented.

The "Cumberland" table, named after the Regent's uncle, also came into fashion. In this the clutter of legs in the Sheraton table was replaced by a

single strong pillar, supported by four legs of the new pattern.

The favorite for the best new furniture at this period and for long after was rosewood from Brazil.

When new, this is dark red and black, but it fades more quickly than any other wood, eventually coming to a pale brown and yellow.

A hard, close-grained wood, it can take a very high polish, and has always been a favorite for pianos. It is sometimes used in the solid in chair- or even table-legs, but usually as veneer.

The development of the economical slicer after 1830 led to very thin veneers being laid on inferior foundations, and thus, to the Victorian, "veneered" became a term of reproach, but as long as veneer was produced only by the saw it was well understood that it was used only for the best furniture.

Regency furniture is remarkable for lightness and delicacy, combined with strength. I have a workbox of about 1810; the leg tapers from 1½ in. to ¾ in. This delicacy is very difficult to copy and may be taken as a sure sign of authenticity.

The 19th century was a literate age, but more than that every civilised person wrote many letters every day.

The telephone is so much a part of all our lives nowadays that it is perhaps difficult fully to envisage a time when the only means of communication was by letter.

For neighbors in town, notes were always flying to and fro, either by servants or the penny post, and the furniture to facilitate the writing assumed a wonderful variety.

The most important was the "Carlton

House" writing-table, named after the residence of the Prince of Wales, and, some say, designed to his ideas. Here the busy writer sat surrounded on three sides by banks of drawers, shelves, slides, and secret compartments. These Carlton House tables are usually very plain, but of the highest quality.

One method of providing occasional writing accommodation was the secretaire chest-of-drawers in which the top drawer was pulled out a little, when the front could be swung down on brass quadrants. The rear of the drawer was fitted with shelves, vertical compartments, and small drawers.

"Campaign" chests

These were made in large quantities and several grades, and were very popular in small London lodgings. At that time there were a great many young bachelors, many of them officers, living in London. Their rooms were usually few and small, so that multi-purpose furniture became not only essential but fashionable.

Another reason for the fashion in miniature furniture was the long war with France, from 1793 to 1815, with two short intermissions. Whether serving on land or sea, officers might expect to be away for years, and the "campaign chest" was evolved to hold all the clothes one might require.

It was made in two parts, each of four drawers, very strongly made, each section having brass corners all round.

Very large numbers of campaign chests must have been made and many have survived. They are in demand, however. Some were made with one drawer fitted as a secretaire, and these are the ones most sought.

VICTORIANA

From about 1840—



MID-VICTORIAN prie-dieu chair with the original tapestry and velvet covering. Having passed their century these chairs are much desired.



DAVENPORT in fine rosy mahogany. Elaborately fitted inside and made to the highest standards of cabinet work, it is typical of the small Victorian pieces now eagerly sought after.



THE social phenomenon of Victoria's reign was the rise of the manufacturing and commercial classes to wealth, power, and position.

Mere tradesmen, whose fathers might have sought the patronage of some upper servant of a lord, could now aspire to a seat in the country, a seat in parliament, and a handle to the name; and to decide whether or not to invite the lord to dinner.

London was rapidly being built up; the City merchant no longer lived over his warehouse, but in the freer air of Bloomsbury, or as far as Bayswater.

All these substantial dwellings had to be furnished, in a style consonant with the solidity of the owner's credit; and there were thousands of excellent cabinetmakers ready and willing to carry out their patrons' commands—readier, perhaps, for the merchant than for the lord, because his cash was usually readier, too.

No better craftsmen have ever existed, and the quality of their work is unsurpassable. So long as they stuck to simplifications of Regency and later Empire they turned out splendid jobs, which anybody would like to have.

But ornament began to rear its ornamental head. For the first time since Jacobean days, the woodcarvers were really let loose; hundreds of them, each determined to show how much better he was than Grinling Gibbons.

They would exercise their craft in a quiet way on chairs and tables, but what they really liked was to work their wicked will on an 8ft. sideboard or bookcase or bedstead.

Foliage sprouted in the most improbable positions; naked nymphs came out of the woodwork like termites.

Great fun; but the extraordinary thing is that people took it seriously.

However, the reaction had already set in. At the Paris Exhibition of 1867 the South Kensington Museum bought a large cabinet in the Adam style with Wedgwood plaques, by Wright and Mansfield, of London. This revival went swingingly for the next 20 years and it is enough to say that most of these Victorian reproductions of a century before are very well made and quite worth acquiring.

Art nouveau

Toward the end of the century suddenly emerged L'Art Nouveau. For 20 years a group of artists, headed by William Morris, had been working away at a new conception of furniture, or rather a re-conception of an old one. All extraneous ornament was to be discarded, and all furniture was to be completely functional, plain oak, excellently joined, rubbed with wax.

Unfortunately what was excellent when put together by an artist-craftsman became a very different matter in the hands of the mass-production furniture factories. Bits of beaten copper were tacked on the outside. Leaded lights appeared in cabinet doors. Machine-run mouldings proliferated.

However, if one came across a severely simple piece or set of art nouveau furniture, very well made of well-matched timber, it might be worth acquiring, especially if the designer's name is known.

MORE VICTORIANA — Marble-topped table with turned pedestal base was made about 1840-1850, the grandmother and grandfather chairs about 1865. Walnut canterbury (music stand) below has carved turned uprights and an inlaid veneered drawer, which are typical of Victorian furniture about 1875. Table and chairs belong to Mr. and Mrs. M. Hunter, Emu Plains, N.S.W., the canterbury to Mr. and Mrs. W. McColl, Regentville, N.S.W. They will be among interesting exhibits at the Antique Show in aid of the Penrith Preschool Association at Melrose Hall, Emu Plains, N.S.W., on June 14, 15, 16.



IT can be very difficult to understand why a piece of furniture may fetch ten or a hundred times as much as one having an almost identical description.

The answer is perfectly simple: it depends on how closely it is to the piece originally made, as compared with how much has been done to it since.

In furniture, at least, virginity has its advantages. The Harewood writing-table, referred to earlier, had an indubitable pedigree, and every certainty that it was untouched since its creation; hence its record price of £U.K.43,050.

In general, however, it must be accepted that every piece of furniture that has stood domestic use for two, three, or four hundred years has been repaired or replaced to some extent, and it's a matter of how much repair or replacement you are willing to accept.

Here it is advisable to define the terms repair, knock-up, reproduction, fake.

Repair is simple: a piece has been damaged or worn, and has been repaired. A "knock-up" is when quite a major part has been supplied from another piece, more or less contemporary, also called a "marriage"; for example, a table-top may be married to a set of legs from another table altogether.

A reproduction is a piece made in good faith with the intention of reproducing all or some of the features of an antique, but leaving the maker in new condition.

THE CRITICAL EYE

A fake is much the same as a reproduction, but with the intention to deceive; it is always treated to give it an appearance of considerable age, commensurate with what it purports to represent.

Genuine repair is the easiest to accept, depending on its extent and how well it has been done. The commonest repair is the replacement of drawer-handles.

It is quite extraordinary how, in all periods, people have thought to modernise a chest of drawers, for example, by putting a set of modern handles on it. I have seen quite a nice

where the drawers are certain to be used many times a day.

Wear and repair on the running parts of drawers must be accepted as the natural concomitant of age; it is the absence of wear you have to worry about.

Very often the backs of furniture meant to stand against a wall are made of inferior timber, and this may have rotted or become worm-eaten so that it has had to be replaced. This replacement is a matter for thought.

In the first place, the best pieces were made with their backs as good as their fronts, however much plainer.

● Is that interesting piece of furniture a perfect antique or is it a repair, a "knock-up," a reproduction, or perhaps an out-and-out fake?

smallish Sheraton job, which had had the original swan-neck handles replaced by a set of Victorian cocus-wood knobs; then by imitation Queen Anne handles with back-plates, then by chromium-plated knobs, and, finally, back to very "repro" swan-necks again. All the time the woodwork remained the same, affronted by this gewgawry, like a great lady in five-shilling pearls.

It is, however, a consideration that if it is obvious there have been several sets of handles on the job, it's bound to be the period all right; too much trouble otherwise for the faker.

Drawers get by far the most wear of any part of the furniture, and both the drawer-runner and the member it runs on may be worn quite away, especially in pieces such as sideboards,

At one time I would accept quite readily a piece that had had a back replaced, but I should not do so now, unless it was otherwise highly desirable and attractively cheap. One can learn a lot from backs. For example, a walnut longcase clock of mine, about 1720, has no fewer than twenty-nine holes in a small area of the back, where it has been repeatedly nailed to the wall in its many removals in a quarter of a millennium.

This is unfakable evidence, this is human interest; and all would be lost if the back were renewed.

Beech was frequently used for the frames of chairs, especially if upholstered, often with a mahogany slip on the outside. Unfortunately, beech is very susceptible to woodworm and frequently

the damage is such that the only possible repair is to take the chair to pieces and rebuild it with fresh beech or some less susceptible wood, especially where the chair is upholstered all over.

Such a rebuild is usually given away by the corner-braces being of a later type than the period of the chair.

In the oak ages chairs did not have any corner-braces; in the walnut period these consisted of two quite small fillets glued firmly both to the rail and the leg-square; in the Chippendale period the brace was a fillet about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. square, rebated into the rails about 6 in. away from the leg; the Regency brace was a block carefully fitted both to leg-square and to both rails, and firmly glued into position. In none of these types was there any metal screw.

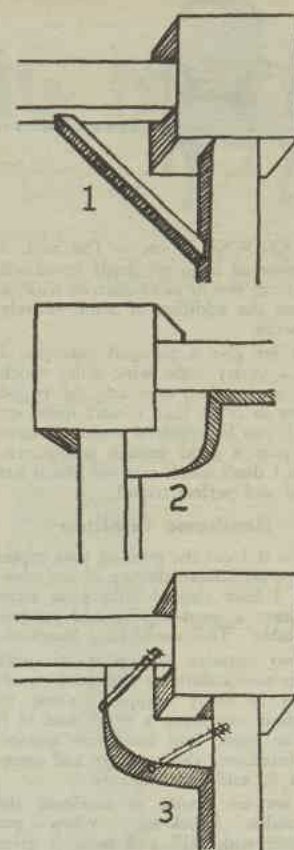
In Victorian and later chairs the corner-block is a stout piece of hardwood, checked out to pass the leg-square which it does not touch, and glued and screwed to the adjoining rails.

These blocks were cut out by machinery, and every chair-maker had a bag of them under his bench.

In the case of upholstered furniture where the legs are a little loose, it was established practice for the upholsterer to wrap the joint with well-glued canvas.

I should scarcely regard this as a defect at all, but rather as a proof of age. The piece is old enough to have the joints work a little loose, and it has been re-covered by an experienced upholsterer.

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FRAME-BRACING of chairs can be a guide to their age. 1. Chippendale: Strut half the depth of rail and about 9 in. long. 2. Regency: One carefully shaped block glued to leg and both rails. 3. Early-Victorian: A block glued and screwed to both rails but clear of the leg.



THE CRITICAL EYE . . . continued

A "KNOCK-UP" is, as I've said, a piece of furniture made up of old parts from two or more sources, with or without the addition of some entirely new work.

Let me give a personal example: I have a pretty little wine-table, which has been knocked over and the tripod broken so often that I can't quite see how it can be repaired again. I have also quite a good enough pole-screen, which I don't much care for, but it has a neat and perfect tripod.

Handsome furniture

Now if I cut the pole off that tripod and mount instead the top of the wine-table, I have cleared some junk away and have a good-looking and serviceable table. This would be a knock-up.

Now consider the piles of junk which accumulate in the back warehouses of many antique dealers; by judicious marriages, a great deal of it can be made into handsome serviceable furniture, which can be, and sometimes is, sold very cheaply.

I see no reason to condemn the reasonable knock-up. When put together with skill and taste, it gives the young collector, the less rich and less experienced collector, a chance to get the feel of antique furniture at a price he can afford.

The "reproduction," which the trade always shortens to "repro," may be anything from a handmade copy of an old piece, using the same technique, tools, and materials, to a mass-production of ten thousand "Regency wine-tables."

There is no difficulty about the modern repro, although some unscrupulous

dealers have been known to get mass-produced pieces and knock them about a bit until they look older, dirty them in various unsavory ways, and sell them as Sheraton or Chippendale, or any name that suits the customer; but nobody with the least knowledge is going to be caught this way.

On the other hand, there was in England in the last quarter of the 19th century a very strong vogue for reproductions of the styles of a century earlier, and very large quantities of furniture were made "in the classical style."

These were by no means cheap fakes; quality varied, but many were very fine pieces of furniture, copied from the best examples by masters of the craft, the workmanship in no way inferior.

Such pieces, nearly a century old, are themselves becoming antiques.

In general, these Victorian reproductions may be told very easily by the timbers used; American ash for drawer sides and bottoms, Californian yellow pine for carcass-work, African mahogany for doors, thin sliced veneers, none of which were available before 1850.

The process of steaming and slicing logs for veneers began in Paris about 1830, but it took some time before sliced veneers were generally acceptable. To this day the hard, intractable timbers — satinwood, rosewood, ebony, curl mahogany, and the finest quartered oak—are saw-cut into veneers.

It is not difficult to distinguish, if one can find an edge. Sliced veneer is under a millimetre thick, usually 0.8 or less, while sawn veneer is "over the mil," usually 1.4 or more. Really early

Some reproduction furniture, notably mid-Victorian copies of Georgian pieces, are nearly a century old and are themselves becoming antiques. You can tell them by the timbers used.

hand-sawn veneers may be as much as 3mm.

A sound knowledge of timber is a great asset. I was once asked an opinion on a set of ladder-back Chippendale chairs which were being offered as "period" by a most respected dealer; I turned them down.

They were beautiful jobs, correct in every visible aspect, but they were made of African mahogany, the very best Lagos, but not used in England until after 1850.

The microscope confirmed the timber, and when the upholstery was lifted from one of them the Victorian corner-blocks were a "dead give-away."

When the late Professor Lorimer and his family restored Kelly Castle in Fife (starting about 1880) and it came to furnishing, it was decided to have copies made of a very fine Chippendale dining-chair. True to the principles of l'art nouveau, these were to be in plain unstained oak, wax-polished.

"Amcroach" Chippendale

The work was entrusted to the local wheelwright (Wheeler, in Amcroach), an unpretentious country man, but a craftsman of the highest skill and taste.

He made a splendid job of these reproductions, and a demand arose for them among the local lairds and newcomers; but he would make them only in unstained waxed oak.

I can foresee that about A.D. 2100 the cognoscenti will talk as learnedly

about Amcroach Chippendale ("genuine Wheeler, I assure you") as they now do about Irish Chippendale ("I think Theophilus Jones").

The fake does not need to cause much worry nowadays. The mass-produced repro that has been beaten with a bag of tacks, scuffed on the edges with a file, stained inside and underneath, a gas-jet applied momentarily to the brass-work is still basically a mass-produced repro that is going to deceive nobody who has read this book.

Under modern conditions, to make a really good fake of a really good piece is going to cost more than the genuine antique.

There was a period, however, between 1880 and 1914, when there was a very strong demand, reinforced by high prices, for furniture of the highest class from the 18th century, particularly in the rococo style.

At the same time both timber and labor were very cheap indeed, and in the East End of London there arose quite a trade in making fakes of the highest class. Perhaps the heyday was from 1905 to 1914, when a large number of Polish craftsmen left their country because of political difficulties.

No doubt they were quite unaware that the fine pieces over which they toiled so long for mere bread were being sold for many thousands of pounds in Mayfair.

These fine fakes have now a value of their own, like Megeeren's forgeries of Vermeer's paintings.